THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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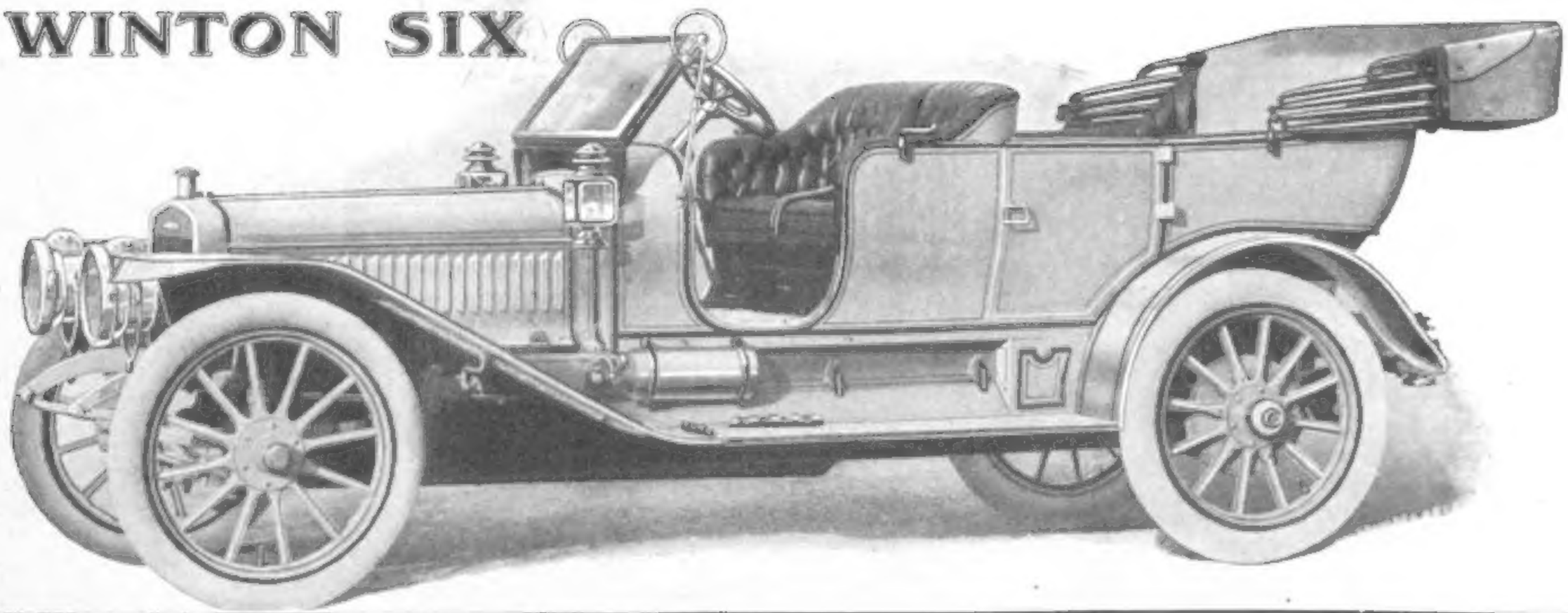
DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

WINTON SIX



Purchasers Buy From Choice, But— Competitors Follow From Necessity

Winton Six cars have won many fine compliments.
Best of all, from the men who buy and drive them.
But from another source comes praise that is worth noting.
We mean from competing manufacturers.

Taking Risks

Every maker likes to be a leader.
Likes to set the fashion, to outdo his competitors.
But to take the lead usually means to assume risks.
And most makers hesitate at risks.

Mr. Winton Went Ahead

Well,
Mr. Winton isn't a hesitator.
When satisfied that he is right, he goes boldly ahead.
That's why he became the first American manufacturer to market a gasoline motor car. Date of sale, March 24, 1898.
Also, that's why he became the first American manufacturer to produce *Sixes exclusively*.

A Bit of History

It was in 1907 that Mr. Winton convinced himself that no other type of motor could equal the excellence of the Six.
At that time there was no Six on the market worth talking about.
Hence, to market a Six meant a tremendous amount of uphill work, for all other high-grade makers were making fours, and it looked to able men in the trade that fours were to be the standard quality product.
But Mr. Winton knew better.

Sixes Exclusively

Despite the four's public favor and the combined strength of the makers of fours, Mr. Winton ceased making four-cylinder cars at once, devoted the big Winton plant to the exclusive manufacture of Sixes, and set out to tell car buyers *why the Six* excelled every other type.
Readers of advertising know how consistently these facts have been set forth.
At first other makers laughed. To them the Six was a freak or a fad, or both.
But the public became interested. And our first year's output of Sixes found buyers.
Then we sold another year's output—much more easily.

A World's Record

Incidentally, we put our Sixes to a test, in which ten cars, in the hands of their individual owners, ran 65,687 miles on a total upkeep expense of $15.13.
That was a world's record.
By this time the Six had ceased to be a freak and a fad, and was fast becoming a very real reality.

Another World's Record

The third year's output of Winton Sixes sold more readily still—demonstrating that the Six was rapidly winning the hearts of buyers.
A condition promoted by the fact that our second annual test showed that 20 Winton Sixes, in the hands of their individual owners, had run 184,190 miles on a total upkeep expense of $142.43.
Another world's record.
And that brings us down to date.

Plenty of Sixes Now

Recall that from 1907 to date the Winton Company has been making *Sixes exclusively*.
Note that in these years the Winton Six has set and held new world's records for low upkeep expense.
Observe that the Winton Company is the only one in America that has ever told the public *why* the Six excels other types, or ever offered to prove it.
And now note—
That practically every high-grade maker in America has now begun advertising to sell you a six-cylinder car of his own make.

Convinced the Trade

In other words, while the Winton Company has been convincing you, Mr. Buyer, of the superiority of the Six, it has fully convinced its competitors.
Not by argument alone.
Nor by theory alone.
But by declaring that the Winton Six could do things no other car had ever done before, and *by proving* those declarations with the car itself.

Demand Did It

Purchasers buy various cars from choice, but competitors follow another's lead only from necessity.
In this case that necessity was one of *demand*—demand on the part of *buyers*.
For no manufacturer, after he has settled down to the profitable manufacture of a supposed standard model, likes to be awakened to the fact that it isn't standard at all, and that he'll have to make something altogether new.
Especially since all new models are always experimental for a year at least, and sometimes longer, and may prove highly expensive and sadly disappointing to both maker and buyer.

In the Right Direction

Nevertheless, conditions are precisely as we have stated them.
Lots of new Sixes on the market now, thanks to the success of the Winton Six.
And we are heartily glad our competitors have seen the light.
We wish them success—they're moving in the right direction.
We hope that every Six on the market will prove as genuinely successful as the Winton Six, for this car, now in its fourth consecutive year of good work, has never required more than refinement of detail—has never needed a single radical change in construction.

Only Motor That Cranks Itself

This record of Winton Six success is an insurance policy to every buyer—insurance of satisfactory service, low upkeep expense, and pride of ownership.
Besides that, the Winton Six is the only car in the world whose motor *cranks itself*. Air pressure does it, and it's a great convenience.

The Car Itself Is Proof

We could tell you many things about the quality of the Winton Six, but you can best learn its quality from the car itself, by comparing it, point for point, with the best other car you know of, without any reservation whatever as to price.
The 48 H. P. Winton Six, with five-passenger body, sells at $3000. We made the car first (the very best it could be made), and then set the price at the lowest possible figure that would return us a reasonable profit. And so we say, make no reservation or allowance for price. We want you to expect in the Winton Six not only more quality than in any other car of equal price, but more quality than you are likely to find in cars of higher prices.

Meanwhile, let us send you our 1911 catalog.
It bristles with facts of importance to every car buyer.
The coupon will bring you a copy.

Send catalog mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

_____
_____
_____
_____

To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

The Winton Motor Car. Co.

Licensed under Selden Patent

121 Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.

Our Own Branch Houses

NEW YORK	Broadway at 70th St.
CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 13th St.
BOSTON	Berkeley at Stanhope St.
PHILADELPHIA	246-248 No. Broad St.
BALTIMORE	209 North Liberty St.
PITTSBURG	Baum at Beatty St.
CLEVELAND	Huron Road at Euclid Ave.
DETROIT	998 Woodward Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS	16-22 Eighth St. N.
SAN FRANCISCO	300 Van Ness Ave.
SEATTLE	1000-1006 Pike Street

A Word to Dealers

Occident Flour is far superior to other flours. If you want to sell goods that give your customers absolute satisfaction, you must carry Occident Flour. Write us today.

A Trial Costs You Nothing—

if Occident Flour doesn't *prove* itself to be just as superior and just as economical as we say it is.

We simply make the flat statement that Occident Flour is superior in quality to any other flour now on the market.

And if we cannot positively *prove* this *at our risk*, the trial will not cost you a penny.

Of course, such a flour *must* be sold for a little more than ordinary flour. But we have found the people ready and willing to pay the difference to get the quality.

That is why Occident Flour is such a great success.

OCCIDENT FLOUR

—Made So Much Better It Must Cost More

Explanatory Note: *Usually reasons for extra quality are given in advertisements. It would take a book to give the reasons for Occident quality—to explain about the hard, glutinous wheats used—our unique methods of cleaning, washing and drying these wheats—the many intricate processes of separating and purifying the flour particles—our laboratories where chemists and bakers study, test and safeguard the Occident product. We give you far greater assurance of better satisfaction with Occident Flour than mere reasons in advertising. We give you the very best reason—proof in the flour itself by trial at our risk.*

The great Occident business has been built up on high-quality, high-priced flour.

Our Offer

Try a sack of Occident Flour, making as many bakings as you wish. If you are not satisfied that it is better than any other flour you can buy, your money will be returned *without argument.*

All we ask is that you tear off the coupon and hand it to your grocer. Tear it off now and you won't forget. If your grocer does not sell Occident Flour, he can easily get it for you. If he won't, send us the coupon, or a postal giving your own and your grocer's name and address.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

Special Offer Coupon

Mr. Grocer: I want to accept the Russell-Miller Milling Co.'s trial offer on Occident Flour, at their risk, as they advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is understood that if I do not find Occident Flour to be all that its millers claim it to be, my money will be refunded—no charge for flour used in the test.

Name _____

Address _____

Grocer's Name _____

Grocer's Address _____

(Grocer's name and address MUST be filled in)

Special Notice to Grocer:—We will protect you fully in this guarantee. If any Occident sacks are returned through dissatisfaction with the flour, you are authorized to refund the full purchase price and we will reimburse you for same. RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING CO.

Buy This Christmas Gift Today

WHAT to give for Christmas should be decided on *now* and bought now. Then you'll avoid the rush and be comfortable.

Holeproof Hosiery for men, women and children not only means hosiery comfort and style for the recipient, but means *freedom from holes and darned places until next July.*

There's a great range of colors, four weights and four grades to choose from. Our dealers are showing our new *Silk* Sox in addition to the regular line. We guarantee three pairs of these silk sox *three* months and sell the three pairs for $2.00.

Don't judge "Holeproof" by other brands which are guaranteed, but are vastly different.

"Holeproof" are light, soft and attractive; not heavy, cumbersome and coarse.

We pay an average of 70c per lb. for 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island yarn. 2-ply common yarn can be bought for 40c.

But 3-ply, like ours, is stronger and finer. The hose can be, therefore, thinner and lighter.

Cotton hose any better than "Holeproof" cannot be made today.

From every standpoint they're the very utmost that is possible now.

These are the *original* guaranteed hose.

38 years of hose-making experience goes into every pair we turn out.

One cannot expect such quality in the "inexperienced" brands.

One shouldn't judge "Holeproof" by them.

"Holeproof" have been sold for the past twelve years under our six months' guarantee.

All who fail to try them do themselves and "Holeproof" an injustice.

Let a dealer show you the quality and the wide assortment today. Then buy a box for each member of the family.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Six pairs of the regular lightweight Holeproof Sox sell for $1.50, with a guarantee for six months; lightweight (mercerized), $2.00.

Six pairs of Holeproof Lustre Sox (finished like silk), guaranteed six months, cost $3.00.

Three pairs of Holeproof Silk Sox, guaranteed three months, $2.00.

Six pairs Women's Holeproof Stockings, guaranteed six months, sell for $2.00. Lustre Stockings (mercerized), $3.00.

The Children's Stockings are $2.00 for six pairs, guaranteed.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or we'll ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
528 Fourth Street
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic.

Holeproof Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Are Your Hose Insured?

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CAN MR. TAFT COME BACK?

By Samuel G. Blythe

THE most amazing feature of the campaign that ended on November eighth in the defeat of the Republican party was the absolutely negative position of President Taft.

Here was a man who had been elected President only two years before by an overwhelming majority; who went into office with the kindest wishes for success from everybody, whether Republican or Democrat; who was conceded to have great ability and great experience; whose character was and is unimpeachable; who was and is the "titular head" of the Republican party—and yet, so far as his personality, his accomplishments, his administration, his future program, his success or failure, were concerned, he was given no more consideration and no more thought as a determining factor in the result than he would have been had he remained governor-general of the Philippines or a federal judge in Ohio.

The political orators could arouse no enthusiasm for him. The political writers could get no response to the use of his name or to exhortations to support him. Nobody took the trouble to condemn him. Nobody thought it worth while to praise him. His Cabinet ministers made no impression with their speeches. The use of his name and his pictures at headquarters and at meetings was purely perfunctory. The Democrats apparently thought it a waste of time to assail him. He cut no figure, except in the broad, general sense that he is a Republican President and thus in line for his share of the licking that was coming to his party.

In a trip that ended the day before election and covered most of the middle-western and western states I found this condition universal. Nobody had an unkind word to say of Mr. Taft; but, again, nobody had a kind word to say of him, except his appointees—and some of those were non-committal. He wasn't considered in the picture. A nice man—yes. An able man—yes. A clean man—yes. All that any person could wish, but as a President—nothing. An absolutely negative proposition.

None of the rancor that resulted in overturning the House of Representatives and substituting a Democratic majority of about sixty for a Republican majority of more than forty was directed at Mr. Taft. The people were after the general scheme of things, after the Republican party as a whole, except where the Republican party had put itself in line with the spirit of the times, as it had in some of the states. That Mr. Taft had proved himself not to be in line with the spirit of the times was not considered. The people still like Taft personally. They have infinite respect for the office he holds. They are sorry for him, and they eliminated him from consideration, looking at him, perhaps, as a man who meant well but didn't get started right. It was a most galling exhibition of that pity that is worse than condemnation or assault. It was as it was a year ago: a fine, jolly fellow, but ——

Why the President Should be a Politician

NOW the facts are that Mr. Taft got a good portion of his legislative program—an excellent program—through Congress at the session that ended last summer. To be sure, this was in a great measure because the Republicans read a word or two of the handwriting on the wall and wanted to do something—anything—to help justify themselves before the people. Although Mr. Taft was friendly and worked with the Republican leaders in the Senate and the House, they were not friendly with him in the sense of being loyal, for they found they could use him; and they used him, with a consequent loss of respect and admiration. Taft is not a politician, and the useful as well as the great President of the United States must be a consummate politician, else he will fall a victim to the wiles of the politicians of his own party, just as Taft did. Our scheme of government is entirely political. Wherefore the head of our Government must be a politician.

Taft abhors politics. Likewise Taft abhors details. It is not so long ago that he said, in substance, that the physical pleasures of the Presidency often seemed to outweigh the administrative duties—that is, Taft likes the job, the power, the elevation, the opportunities; but the work of it all, the toil and the trouble, irk him. Moreover, at the present time Mr. Taft has no idea of not being a candidate for the nomination in 1912. At least, that was his frame of mind a day or so before election. Whether the results of the election will revamp that ambition remains to be seen.

There are two years and a few months remaining of Mr. Taft's Administration. During that time there will be held the concluding session of the Sixty-first Congress, which is Republican and which will go out of existence on March fourth next, and the two sessions of the Sixty-second Congress, the long meeting of which will not conclude much before the nominations for President are made in 1912, and the short session of which will be held after the Presidential election and will therefore have no effect on Mr. Taft's fortunes—whether he is to succeed himself, or whether he runs and is defeated, or whether he does not run at all. Regarding Mr. Taft's idea as to his own renomination, he takes the position that if he is wanted as the candidate all will be well and good. He will make the race whether he can win or lose, considering that the right thing to do, instead of declining should the party continue in its present weakened condition. So the vital periods in the forthcoming two years of his Administration will be the three months of the last session of the Sixty-first Congress, which convened on December fifth, and the nine months that elapse before the Sixty-second and Democratic Congress gets to work, in December, 1911.

The task that confronts Mr. Taft is not only the rehabilitation of his party but the rehabilitation of himself. The situation and the problem are entirely up to him. The men in Congress and throughout the country with whom he saw fit to ally himself during the first two years of his Administration have been thoroughly discredited by the people, many of them being eliminated entirely. They cannot come back. They have lost power, influence, prestige and place. They are done. Though their rebuke must be construed, in a way, as a rebuke of the President also, the conditions are entirely dissimilar, paradoxical as that may seem. The people would not have these men back again if they could. They have cast them out, but—and here is the essential feature of the entire situation—the people would be glad to have Mr. Taft back if they could get him. They do not consider him the villain in the play. They look on him as the hero who has been led astray through his own credulity and complaisance.

The Contributing Editor as a Contributing Incident

NOTWITHSTANDING the tremendous Democratic landslide, the people are still tolerant of Mr. Taft. They do not hate him or reproach him or abhor him. They think he has good qualities and they are eager to have him display them. If, when he returns from Panama—where he should never have gone at this time, by the way, in view of events—he takes hold and takes hold right he will find he has the backing of the people still, although they will be somewhat wary until he proves up finally. That trip to Panama does not argue well, because the place for Taft, who is the head of his party, after such a disaster was in Washington, where he could get actively and immediately at the task of making a cohesive fighting force out of the disorganized and defeated army of which he is the general, instead of postponing that beginning, if there is to be a beginning, for a trip he could just as well take next spring or any other time.

If Taft had remained at home and had, the day after election, put out a strong rallying cry and announced a new program in accordance with the trend of politics and political and public sentiment in this country, as unmistakably indicated in the elections, he would have gone a long way toward becoming an individual President, instead of remaining for another length of time a Presidential individuality. The people would have liked that. When you come to analyze them the results of this election are not so much a Democratic as a Republican victory. Nearly all of the insurgent Republicans, running on progressive platforms, won their fights. The reactionaries are the ones who were so generally defeated; and they were defeated by Republicans and not by Democrats. Take the case of Stimson in New York. Dix didn't get as many votes as Hearst did in 1906, when he ran for governor, and Stimson got almost two hundred thousand less votes than Hughes. Republicans did not become Democrats. They did not vote.

The Republican party is not disintegrated by this landslide election. Mr. Taft can, if he chooses, rally around him almost a majority of the voters of this country. All he has to do is to cut loose from the alliances that he unthinkingly made.

Probably, until Mr. Taft's return from Panama, nobody will be in his confidence, with the possible exception of his brother, Charles P. Taft, who went with him. Probably also, Mr. Taft knew pretty well what was coming, for he put out his Thanksgiving proclamation two days before election; and probably, a third time, there is a large element of personal satisfaction—personal, because of the terrific rebuke administered to Theodore Roosevelt. However, the relations of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft are not of national importance except because of the national importance of the two men. They are not Republican doctrine or Democratic doctrine. They are the result of ambitions of one pitted against the place of the other.

It would not be astonishing if Mr. Taft attributed the disaster to his party to Mr. Roosevelt. Many other people do. That, so far as Mr. Taft is concerned—if it is the case—is a quibble. It may be that Mr. Roosevelt was rebuked, but Mr. Taft can take no satisfaction from that if he looks at the situation clear-headedly. The principal rebuke was administered to the Republican party, to the tariff policy of that party, to the men with whom Mr. Taft aligned himself and the system and interests they represent; and Mr. Roosevelt was a contributing incident as well as a contributing editor.

Leaving the Roosevelt part in the campaign for consideration at another time, it is only necessary to say that, if Mr. Taft rests on the face-saving theory that Roosevelt was entirely responsible, he will gain nothing in the estimation of the people, but continue negative to the end. If he takes a broad view of it and seeks out the errors of his party—and himself—and tries to correct them, he will have a chance. It all depends on Taft.

The full story of the gradual gathering in of Taft by the Aldrich and Cannon crowd has never been told and never will be; but there are a few incidents of those two years that can be related at this time which show how a well-meaning man, not a politician, can be roped, tied and branded before he knows there is anybody about with a lariat.

There is, I am told, a letter in this country today, written by Mr. Taft, in which this sentence occurs: "I will revise the tariff or break up the Republican party." Passing by the obvious conclusion that the thing came out the other way about and Mr. Taft did not revise the tariff and did break up the Republican party, there is no doubt that Mr. Taft meant that when he wrote it, which was before he was inaugurated or shortly after. What happened? Exactly what will happen every time a man in the Presidential office thinks he is dependent on the support of leaders in Congress instead of knowing the leaders in Congress are dependent on his support. Mr. Taft had been Secretary of War. He had been before Congress on many propositions connected with the War Department and, before that, with the Philippines. He had found the only way to get what he wanted from Congress was to get it with the aid and by the consent of the leaders, who were, broadly speaking, Aldrich and his men in the Senate and Cannon and his men in the House.

The President Takes Some Bad Advice

RIGHT there is where he made his fatal mistake. He failed to distinguish his office of President, and what he could do with it and in it, from the office he had held as Secretary of War. He did not discriminate. He did not realize that, though a Secretary of War must ask, a President can and should demand. Therefore, instead of doing business with the Aldrich crowd and the Cannon crowd, he let the Aldrich crowd and the Cannon crowd do business with him.

Perhaps it was a natural mistake. He was extremely anxious to put into effect some of the measures advocated in the platform on which he ran and outlined in his message to Congress. He followed a man in the Presidency who had established for himself the reputation of doing things, and he was anxious to get an individuality, to do something for himself and for the country. The quickest and easiest way, it seemed to him, to get his measures enacted into law was to solicit the coöperation of the men who controlled, or had the reputation for controlling, the majority of votes in the Congress. He invited them to help. He didn't order them to. He was polite and pleasant about it instead of rough and arbitrary.

They came willingly enough. Had Mr. Taft not been so complaisant he would have noticed they came even too willingly. These foxy old gentlemen, who had been in Congress for years, knew the power of the President far better than the President knew it himself. They wanted him on their side instead of being forced to be on his side. So they came, all smiles and protestations, and before the job was over they had fooled and mystified him to such an extent that they passed and he signed exactly the kind of a tariff bill they had determined on long before they had had any conference with Mr. Taft on the subject whatsoever; and, having the whip hand, they forced Mr. Taft to defend the law he signed and to defend them. He did it because he couldn't do anything else.

They had him then. They were working him instead of working with him. So they brought along another proposition. They asked him to discipline the Insurgents, the men who had fought the tariff bill, who had opposed the wish of the President, who had voted against the bill. They held these men up before the President as monsters who sought to destroy the President and the Republican party, using with great skill the argument that any man who was opposed to what the President wanted was a traitor to the President and deserving of no political or personal consideration.

"What can I do?" asked the President.

"Deprive them of their patronage," advised the old leaders. "Don't give them any offices. Everything is fair in politics. Cut them off and you'll see them crawling back to the support of these other measures you are so anxious to have passed."

When One Should Not Love One's Enemies

THE President consented. If he had thought over the matter, or if he had any but rudimentary political sagacity, he would have known, the instant this proposition was put up to him, that the people would not stand for reprisal of this kind in a country where every man is guaranteed freedom of speech and freedom of action. Still, the President agreed, for Uncle Joe Cannon and Senator Aldrich and some others were insistent. The campaign of reprisal began. Post-offices and other recommendations for office from the Insurgent Representatives and Senators were held up, campaigns were made against them in their districts; it was made known that the President was against these men and sought to have them eliminated from public life merely because they had opposed his tariff bill—or, rather, the tariff bill they made his—and some of his other measures. The final determination came one night at a conference between the President, Cannon and Hitchcock. Cannon urged. Hitchcock advised against. Cannon had his own way and the Insurgents began to get their "discipline."

There was a protest in the country when this came out; but, even though the story was guaranteed to be truthful and the results were apparent, there were many people who did not believe the President of the United States would stoop to such petty politics. Then, later, came the famous letter, written by Norton to somebody somewhere, in which the acknowledgment was made that the President had been depriving Insurgents of patronage and otherwise punishing them, but that he had turned over a new leaf and wasn't going to do so any more. He would treat them all as Republicans hereafter, the letter said—just as if the President or anybody else can read a man out of a party! A member of Congress is responsible to his constituents, not to the President.

When this letter was printed there was a roar from one end of the country to the other—two roars, in fact. One was from the people who did not think such a thing possible, and the other was from the people who knew it was possible and had been in progress, but thought it utterly foolish to admit it—and unnecessary, too, which is worse than foolish in the eyes of politicians. Perhaps Mr. Taft is not to be blamed entirely for the publication of this letter, although he can escape none of the blame for administering the punishment. He had a new secretary at the time—Norton—who wrote the letter; and it has been stated that Taft did not know the letter would be given out for publication and was considerably angered thereby. However this may be, the letter was published and the people, instead of denouncing Taft, said: "Fooled again! Will that man never learn what those people are doing to him and with him? Poor fellow!"

Now that is a line of conversation calculated to make anybody, even a complaisant and detail-hating President, pound the table and get purple in the face. They didn't get angry with him or chastise him or condemn him. They just pitied him. Poor fellow! Wow!

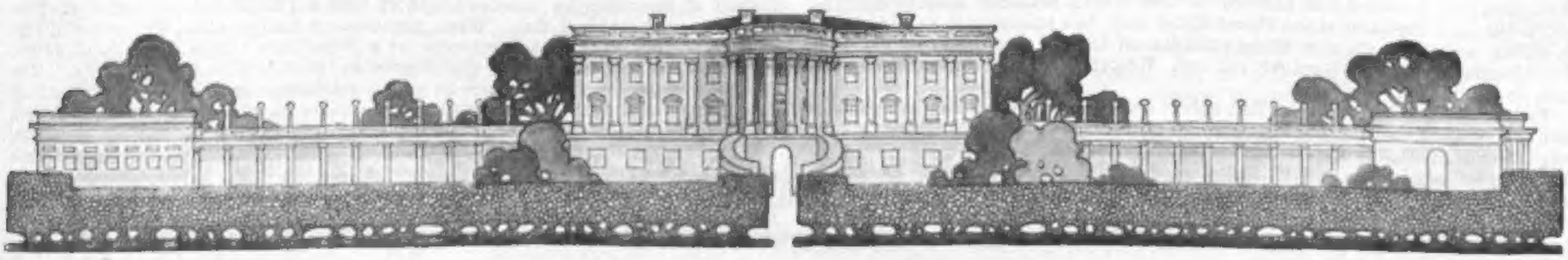
Meantime Uncle Joe Cannon had been rampaging up and down through Kansas—and they corked him and sent him home to his district and told him to stay there; and Murray Crane, who appeared to have more time than any one else, took over the job of advising, leading and directing. It was principally Crane who got rid of Carpenter as secretary and put in Norton. Crane gumshoed around and put up jobs and took them down, was sagacious as need be, and had a considerable amount of success so far as getting Taft to do what he wanted him to do was concerned.

Notwithstanding the pious preachment in the letter about the Insurgents, by the terms of which all Republicans were to be considered as Republicans hereafter, Murray took a hand now and then—or had the President take it, which amounts to the same thing. Miles Poindexter was running for United States Senator out in Washington, and Miles had a reputation for radicalism that he had carefully fostered and increased as opportunities offered. John L. Wilson, former Senator from Washington, and Judge Burke, both standpatters, were before the people for the same job. Word came to Wilson, direct from Beverly, that either he or Burke should retire, so as to concentrate the opposition against the unpleasant Poindexter. Wilson demurred; but at the eleventh—yes, almost at the twelfth—hour, imperative word came from Beverly that one or the other should get out, and Wilson made the sacrifice—and Poindexter ran away with the primaries, which he would have done in any circumstances. The old-line advisers couldn't see that. They didn't know what was going on.

That sort of politics shows the kind of advice Mr. Taft has had. He stood for that so-called convention up in Wisconsin, where a totally non-representative gathering of anti-La Follette Republicans, so far as the sentiment in the state was concerned, indorsed Taft—tariff bill and all—and La Follette calmly went out and cleaned up the state and won on every point. Moreover, the advice under which Mr. Taft operated—which led him to the signing of the tariff bill, to the disciplining of the Insurgents, to the Ballinger mess, and all of the score of other blunders of his Administration—was given to him by men who were opposed to his nomination, who worked against him in every conceivable way, who raised large sums of money to defeat him in the Chicago convention and who are no more his friends today than they were then. Curiously enough, Mr. Taft's theory seems to have been—up to this time, at any rate—that it was not necessary to do anything for or hear anything or take any advice from the men who were his friends and who stood by him from the start, but that it was most important to conciliate the men who were against him and to conciliate them by doing exactly what they said.

The Flash in the Pan of November Eighth

THE ethics of the forgive-your-enemies business are splendid, but the running of a government and the leading of a party are not ethical in the same sense. Those are practical. The pity of it all was that the enemies who were taken into confidence by the President and made the fair-haired boys were all so barnacled, so stupid, so out of touch with what was going on in the country. Any impartial observer of political events knew there was a revolution on the way. The facts were fully set forth in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST last March and April. Still, these men would not see and could not be persuaded to see. They poohpoohed it. The Grand Old Party had been in power for years and years and it was firmly entrenched. These demonstrations were merely flashes in the pan. They amounted to nothing. There was no great underlying sentiment. The boys would all rally on election day. And Taft believed it! He thought they knew. He took their words. The result is that he now finds himself with a defeated and demoralized party on his hands, due in a large degree to the tariff bill he signed and the consequent platform pledges that were broken; to the high cost of living for which the people feel that the tariff bill is responsible, in a way, at least; with a Democratic House of Representatives to struggle against and a Presidential election two years away, for which there are several Democrats available as candidates—and good timber too. *(Concluded on Page 48)*



The Shanghaied Son-in-Law

A POET GETS A TASTE OF THE SIMPLE LIFE

By EDGAR JEPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

JOSEPH P. MALLETT was breakfasting in the morning room of his London house in rich content. He had come to Europe for rest and refreshment after a glorious financial campaign in which, having banged together the heads of the Bourses of the world—to speak figuratively—for rather more than two months, he had wrested from them four million dollars and stored them away in gilt-edged securities. Moreover, as he breakfasted his eyes rested with the fond appreciation of a connoisseur on the famous Botticelli, the last masterpiece he had added to his collection; and the admiration of the connoisseur was in no degree lessened by the satisfaction of the man at having himself devised the scheme by which this treasure had been smuggled out of Italy under the very eyes of a jealous government.

She and the Poet Had Fallen in Love With One Another

Then, on the conclusion of an admirably grilled sole, at the very height of his content, the door opened and his daughter Elizabeth came in, her pretty face set in a very tragic expression.

"Hello, little girl! What's brought you to London? I thought you were settled in Budleigh Salterton for the next month," cried the millionaire, rising hastily; and he hugged her with affectionate vigor.

"It's—it's Algernon," said Elizabeth with a little sob. "He's left me."

"The deuce he has!" cried the millionaire.

"Forever," said Elizabeth with another sob.

"Oh, has he? We'll see about that," said the millionaire, smiling with dangerous eyes. "You sit down now and have some breakfast; and after that you can tell me all about it."

"I don't want any breakfast! I couldn't eat any!" cried Elizabeth.

"Breakfast first—trouble afterward. I don't hear a word till you've had a meal. You must have been traveling since five this morning, and you're worn out," said the millionaire firmly.

Elizabeth again protested, but her father had his way. He rang for tea and toast, helped her divest herself of her cloak, drew the hatpins out of her hat, settled her at the table and poured out her tea. Then, while she ate two pieces of toast, he finished his breakfast.

There was but little likeness between them. Elizabeth was beautiful and delicate, clear-skinned, with deep, liquid eyes like mountain pools; her lips were full and scarlet, her nose was straight and admirably formed, her face was intensely alive with changing emotions; she was instinct with the charm of some strange, fragile, precious thing. Nature had moulded her father's face carelessly, in a hurry. It was nearly square, with rugged features: the nose like a chunk of granite; the brows thrust forward; the lips thin, pink lines; the eyes of the same color as those of Elizabeth, but hard, unwinking and rather dull; and the square chin of the same granite formation as the nose. Were it possible for a multimillionaire to be ugly, ugly Joseph P. Mallett would have been. When he was still there was little suggestion of power about him; when he was interested or speaking there was too much; but for all that he had a melodious, well-modulated voice, with some delightful notes in it.

He talked to Elizabeth about her journey, the opera, his new masterpiece, their friends in London, till she had finished her tea and toast. Then he said: "Well, little girl, let's hear what you quarreled about."

"I didn't quarrel—Algernon quarreled," Elizabeth protested. "It began about my frocks. I was wearing them narrow, like everybody else; and he said it was conventional, and wanted me to wear them loose and flowing—like Mrs. Singleton-Byng."

"Who is Mrs. Singleton-Byng?" said her father quickly.

"She's a great friend of Algernon's. They have so much in common—she's very artistic and she writes poetry herself. He wanted me to wear loose frocks like hers, so as to have beautiful lines of drapery about me——"

"Algernon's a fool," said the millionaire, looking at Elizabeth's slender and beautifully proportioned figure.

"And I said my figure was better than lines of drapery. And he said I didn't appreciate the longing of the poet's soul for beauty. And I said if I wasn't beautiful enough for him he'd better find somebody who was. And he talked about the beauty of the soul and the soul's seeking true kinship——"

"He is a fool!" said the millionaire with genuine fervor.

"He's nothing of the kind! He really felt it!" cried Elizabeth. "And then we had a dreadful row. We said horrid things—for two days. I was sorry for it afterward. But he went off, and I've been perfectly miserable ever since—three whole days. Suppose something's happened to him—he may have committed suicide!"

"He's not such a fool as all that, though you have been pampering him," said her father. "Where's the letter he left for you?"

"How do you know he left a letter?" said Elizabeth.

"They always do," said the millionaire patiently.

She opened her wristbag reluctantly, drew out of it a letter and gave it to him. He found it damp, for she had wept over it many times. Also he found it everything that was mournful and calculated to wring her tender heart; his fingers itched to wring the writer's neck.

At the end of it he said: "It must have taken him hours to write this. How old is Mrs. Singleton-Byng?"

"Ever so old—at least thirty," said Elizabeth.

"And what's she like?"

"She's tall and dark and fat," said Elizabeth. "But what do you want to know about her for?"

"Nothing—nothing at all—I was just wondering," said the millionaire hastily.

"You think she has had something to do with his running away! If I thought he had gone to that horrid creature I'd never speak to him again—never! And it's perfectly horrid of you to suggest it!" cried Elizabeth.

"I don't—I don't," said her father hastily; "but he may let her know where he is, and the first thing to do is to find him. What's her address?"

"No. 9, Bargrave Mansions, Kensington."

"Good," said the millionaire. "And now, if I recover Algernon for you, you must stop pampering him. That's what's the matter with him—pampering."

"He is so delicate and sensitive," sighed Elizabeth.

"Never mind; make him work."

"You can't make a poet work. He has to wait for inspiration," said Elizabeth.

"That's what makes Algernon's poetry so thin," said the millionaire with an illumined air. "A good poet works like a nigger. You stand over Algernon and keep him at it."

"I might try," said Elizabeth, but not hopefully.

"You've got to. You've been pampering him in idleness on your fifty thousand pounds a year and he's had nothing to do but cultivate a divine discontent—with you. Now you run away and buy some new frocks—narrow ones; and in the course of a week or two I'll restore your Algernon to you—in his right mind."

"You'll be gentle with him: he is so delicate and sensitive," said Elizabeth anxiously.

"I'll treat him like a lamb," said the millionaire grimly.

He refrained from increasing her anxiety and weakening her filial respect by pointing out that he had spent most of the last five-and-twenty years skinning those frolicsome but confiding creatures.

She kissed him and went; then he sat pondering for a while. He had not been pleased with her marriage to Algernon Scrymgeour. It had come of her enthusiasm for painting; she had believed that she had a genius for that art, and had practiced it in the studio of Brangwyn with a delightful earnestness and vigor. Her father had let her have her way; for, though the newspapers of both hemispheres proclaimed him a cosmopolitan, he clung firmly to American essentials and, though he saw to it that she had everything in the way of education Europe had to offer, he was careful to give her spirit its fullest, freest expansion.

Out of her painting had come her marriage. Algernon Scrymgeour had been the center of a circle of the admiring young; into that circle her fellow students had brought her, and she and the poet had fallen in love with one another with a passion and violence proper to their years. With a sigh for his lost dream of a sturdy and accomplished son-in-law, who would help him bang together the heads of the Bourses of the world, the millionaire had acquiesced in the marriage. He knew everything that was to be known about the European marriage-market; he did not admire it, and he held very strongly the national belief that it is best even for the mistress of millions to marry for love. Perhaps he was biased in the matter, for he had married for love himself.

From the social point of view there was little to be said against the marriage; for all that he was a poet, there were only two uncommonly bad lives between Algernon and a peerage. The thing that most troubled the millionaire was that he had no warm admiration for Algernon's poetry. The son of a millionaire himself, he had imbibed all the culture that Oxford and European travel and society had to offer before he had settled down to the serious business of skinning lambs; and he knew poetry as he knew pictures. He found Algernon's poetry thin. If he must have a poet for a son-in-law he would have preferred him to be a genuine poet and not a writer of charming verse.

However, the important thing was that Algernon should make Elizabeth happy; and until this morning the millionaire had believed that he was doing so.

It was the question of how to secure her happiness rather than of how to restore Algernon to her that kept him pondering for nearly an hour, and he had devised no plan for doing so when he went to the telephone, rang up

"If He Wants to Come to Me He Can Come!"

the private inquiry agency he used in his financial affairs and bade it find Algernon.

Elizabeth returned to lunch listless and dispirited; she had no real heart for shopping. Once more the millionaire's fingers itched to wring the poet's neck. He assured her that the morrow would bring news of her lost husband and set himself to charm away her despondency. He took her to Hurlingham, to dinner at the Ritz, to an amusing play, to supper at the Savoy. He tired her out and she slept well. The morrow brought no news of the vanished poet; nor did the next day, nor the next. The millionaire devoted himself to the distraction of Elizabeth with all his amazing energy. For ten days he kept her in a perpetual whirl, but she could not be distracted. She drooped—and his fingers itched and itched for the poet's neck. He found it quite easy, however, to keep the private inquiry agency distracted; he rang it up and damned it exhaustively three times a day. It increased its staff, but it did not find Algernon.

On the morning of the eleventh day Joseph P. Mallett saw in the literary pages of the daily papers column reviews of the new volume of Algernon's rival, the poet Wilkins. He asked Elizabeth the name of Algernon's bookseller and found that he was his own. At noon he came into the bookstore and the chief bookseller ran to greet him.

"I want to send a copy of Theodore Wilkins' new volume of poems to my son-in-law, Mr. Algernon Scrymgeour," said the millionaire.

"We're this very moment packing one up to send to him. His wire reached us a quarter of an hour ago," said the bookseller, "and we're getting it off by the one o'clock post."

"Yes; I suppose there's only one delivery at that out-of-the-way hole. Can you tell me at what time his letters do reach him?" said the millionaire.

The chief bookseller bade one of his clerks find out from the post-office guide at what hour letters were delivered at Twinkmouth. The millionaire received the information with an unsmiling face; but, as he came out of the store, he chuckled at his knowledge of poets—Algernon had been bound to have his rival's poems.

He motored quickly home and at once dispatched his accomplished but moon-faced valet, Forbes, to Twinkmouth to spy out the land. Then he rang up the private inquiry agency, cursed it exhaustively once more and relieved it of its task. Then he sought out Elizabeth.

"I've found out where Algernon is," he cried triumphantly.

Elizabeth's eyes shone with a sudden, bright light. She flushed; then she said coldly: "Have you?"

"I thought you'd be wanting to rush off to recover him," said the millionaire, a little dashed by her lack of enthusiasm.

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" cried Elizabeth with spirit. "If he wants to come to me he can come!"

"It's—it's Algernon. He's Left Me"

"Yes; you're quite right. That's the right spirit," said the millionaire.

But he observed that the right spirit did not restore the color to her pale cheeks or stimulate her failing appetite, or fill her with any happiness perceptible to his inquiring eyes. When, that night, she had gone dispirited to bed he addressed his vigorous mind to the discovery of some method of closing the widening breach. It was two o'clock in the morning before his plan came to him, and he found from his largest atlas that the village of Twinkmouth was fifteen miles north of Mulling's Island.

Not four people in the world knew that Mulling's Island was the property of the millionaire, and only Forbes knew that he used it to obtain the great draughts of rest and quiet and healthful life he found needful to maintain his fine energy in all its vigor—draughts that produced those mysterious disappearances from human ken, which inspired such a useful uneasiness in the bosoms of the Bourses. He had long abandoned hope of eluding the keen, untiring eyes of the fierce reporters of his native land, and ceased to use its wilds for these purposes; he had found the tamer, more domesticated reporters of England far easier to elude.

The next morning a long wire came from Forbes. It had been dispatched from Byehampton, a town twelve miles from Twinkmouth, and brought the information that Algernon was staying at the Twinkmouth inn, that he spent his days with Mr. and Mrs. Singleton-Byng and took all his meals at their villa.

Joseph P. Mallett took the twelve o'clock train to Byehampton, bearing with him a large case of provisions. Forbes and an electric launch awaited him in Byehampton harbor, and they crossed to Mulling's Island. Forbes hoisted the heavy case of provisions on to the millionaire's broad back, and with uncommon ease he bore it to the house, which stood in a rather bare garden fifty yards from the beach. They unpacked the case of provisions and made a meal. An hour later the millionaire went for a swim. After that he dressed simply in a fisherman's jersey and trousers, and with a boyish zest assumed a shaggy red wig. The keen eyes of the fierce reporters of his native land would not have recognized him, much less any untrained mortal.

They embarked on the electric launch, and soon after five o'clock they moored her to the steps of the little Twinkmouth jetty. Forbes kept out of sight. Confident of his disguise, the millionaire strolled through the village and past the villa of the Singleton-Byngs. In the garden he saw his son-in-law, a man and a lady. Wishing to inspect the lady whose spirit Algernon found so akin to his own, the millionaire made a circuit of the house and fetched up against a tall hedge that ran along the bottom of the garden. Through it he had an excellent view of the three people in the garden. He perceived that Mrs. Singleton-Byng was, as Elizabeth had said, tall and fat—a mud-faced woman, with a roving eye. He failed to perceive any beauty in the flowing draperies in which she was wallowing, and his opinion of his son-in-law's taste sank and sank.

Mr. Singleton-Byng was a weary-looking man, plainly subdued to a perpetual meekness by sustained intercourse with his high-souled wife; but Algernon's face most arrested the attention of the millionaire. He had not seen it for three months and it had changed woefully. Formerly it had been a beautiful face of fine lines, with a touch of austerity in it; it had been the one possession of his son-in-law he had envied. Now it was puffy and the lines were blurred. The whites of his once so clear blue eyes were yellowish. The millionaire fancied that his nose and lips had thickened, and that the fine golden hair, which fell nearly to the collar of his coat, was losing its luster.

He withdrew quietly from the hedge. Five yards away from it he said under his breath: "Liver—liver—he'd quarrel with an angel." He spoke with conviction. Ten yards away he said: "We must change all this." He said it grimly.

For the rest of the afternoon he and Forbes lay in the launch, a hundred and fifty yards out, smoking and reading. At seven o'clock they saw Algernon come down to the little inn. At half-past seven they saw him come out

Two Large Hands Seized His Arms in a Powerful Grip

of it in evening dress and take his way up the village street. With some alacrity they brought the launch to the jetty and were presently making a hearty meal of bacon and eggs in the parlor of the inn. From nine until a quarter to eleven they sat at the head of the jetty, smoking and talking. Forbes was a well-informed though moon-faced man; he had seen men and cities and knew the secrets of courts.

At a quarter to eleven they strolled up the silent village street and sat on a gate within view of the Singleton-Byng villa. At a quarter past eleven the poet came from the presence of his Egeria and her suppressed husband and betook himself to his inn. The two sailormen who walked down the street in front of him did not excite his interest. He passed them at the bottom of the street and was turning the corner of the inn when, of a sudden, two large hands seized his arms in a powerful grip and he found himself rushing down the jetty before a resistless propulsion.

The surprise and the pace set his wits in such a flutter that he did not even think to yell. Then he was further propelled down the jetty steps in a reckless, breakneck fashion, which bade fair to plunge him and his propeller into the sea. He escaped the plunge by tumbling into the stern of the launch in a very bruising way. A man of considerable weight sat down on him with extraordinary carelessness—but heavily—and deftly thrust a handkerchief into his mouth just as he opened it to voice his sorrows. In half a minute his hands were bound behind his back. Then he recognized his father-in-law's mellow laugh.

The launch ran out to sea and for the next four hours plowed the viciously heaving main. During that painful time everything detachable left the interior of the poet. When at last he set foot on Mulling's Island it behaved to him more like a rocking-horse than a fixed but protruding portion of the everlasting hills. He was shoved rather than assisted along to the house, up the stairs to a poky little servant's bedroom and locked in. His fastidious soul, used to the lofty chambers provided by the money of Elizabeth, was not in a state to be revolted by this confined garret. He could only cling tightly to the rocking bed till he fell asleep.

He awoke next morning rather dizzy, but with a clamoring appetite. With a shiver of disgust he proceeded to put on his crumpled shirt and crumpled evening dress, because they were all he had to put on. Then he hammered on the locked door in a very peremptory fashion. For nearly an hour no heed was paid to his knocking; and during all that time he had to listen to the almost hysterical complaints of his appetite, powerless to fill the void of which it complained. Then Forbes opened the door, led him down to the kitchen and informed him respectfully that he had to get his own breakfast. The poet was too hungry to rebel against the menial task. He made the coffee—very badly—and fell upon the bread and jam like a starving wolf. It was but poor, insipid fare for a man of his cultivated palate, but he was surprised at the strides his appetite had made in the night.

When he had finished Forbes told him that Mr. Mallett wished to speak to him; and fortified by the meal the poet came into the presence of his father-in-law with a burning soul.

He did not give the millionaire time to say anything. Forthwith he began to pour out upon him the vials of his wrath.

The millionaire listened to him in dull silence. When the vials were empty he said: "I've heard you praise the simple life, Algernon, and you're going to get it—crude. It's what you want. The three of us are going to make a little social experiment in that way of living. Each of us will have to do his share of the work of our little community. You can begin by washing up the breakfast things."

"I'm not going to wash dishes for a kidnapping blackguard like you!" cried the poet, careless of the idle forms of diplomacy.

"I think you are," said Joseph P. Mallett, unmoved. "In our simple little paradise the rule is: No work, no food. Moreover, a man who deserts an affectionate wife who allows him five thousand pounds a year isn't fit to

eat with his fellow creatures. You'll take your meals by yourself and you'll have the privilege of cooking them first—not that you'll get much to cook. I have hopes—some hopes—that a course of the simple, hardy life will make a man of you. If it doesn't I shall take you three miles out to sea—I can swim six comfortably—in the launch and sink her. It will be better for Elizabeth to be a widow than married to a hog who can't appreciate her."

He spoke without warmth, but earnestly. The poet believed him, cursed him with the utmost freedom and flung out of the house.

He set about exploring Mulling's Island and found it disappointing. It was a third of a mile across and its shores were cliffs not more than forty feet high, but sheer. There was a narrow inlet that led to a small stone quay to which the launch was moored by a padlocked chain. On the headland at the mouth of the inlet was a large notice-board. On it the poet read the simple but distinct legend:

BEWARE OF THE MANIAC

HE THROWS ROCKS

He did not think that any one would land with undue haste. He found a sunny nook, sat down and let his soul boil its fill. He gazed furiously at the white cliffs of Albion, which rose very alluring on either side of Byehampton, seven miles away.

There were six cigarettes in his case. Thoughtlessly he smoked them all. His resolve never to put dishcloth to crockery grew firmer and firmer. At noon he saw his father-in-law go down to the sea and set about swimming round the island. For ten minutes he considered earnestly the question of braining him with a rock thrown from the cliffs. He realized sadly that it was not possible—his arm had lost its boyhood's knack; he would ingloriously miss. He brooded gloomily on his wrongs and longed for the stimulating companionship of Mrs. Singleton-Byng.

At two o'clock his appetite gave him a gentle reminder—not so very gentle either. At three o'clock it was remonstrating severely with his proud, unbending spirit. By four o'clock it was querulously insistent. At five o'clock it was vociferating furiously. His proud spirit seemed somewhat ineffectual to still its base clamor. His appetite gave him no leisure to long for the stimulating companionship of Mrs. Singleton-Byng. By half-past five it had won over to its side the rest of his being and his proud spirit yielded to the pressure. He went to the kitchen.

He satisfied himself that all the food was locked up before he set about the degrading task. It took him longer than he expected, and all the while his appetite roared at him passionately for having let so many golden hours glide idly and emptily by. He was faint with hunger by the time he had done. Then he shouted to Forbes, who was fishing from the edge of the cliff. Forbes came; the poet sprang upon him wolfishly, dragged him into the kitchen, showed him the clean crockery and demanded food. In a dull, phlegmatic way Forbes opened the larder and brought out a loaf of bread, a pot of jam and coffee. Algernon cut a giant slice of bread and covered it with jam before he set about making the coffee. As he made it he ate like a wolf. In happier days he would have regarded the simple meal with the scorn of scorns; today he found it delicious.

He went back to his sunny nook, replete and once more rebellious; once more he let his soul boil its full. The tide was low. He saw Forbes and the millionaire go down to the sands at the mouth of the inlet with a drag-net. They waded into the sea and dragged it from headland to headland. They caught fish. Algernon was full and uninterested. At nine o'clock he turned sleepy and went in. Forbes informed him respectfully that he would have to wash the supper things before he had breakfast. His soul boiled up afresh; he went to bed revolving plans of murdering his father-in-law, with every circumstance of unspeakable barbarity.

The next morning he rose earlier than he had risen for years, hungry. He lighted the fire in the kitchen himself, with a considerable expenditure of wood, in order to get hot water for washing the crockery and to have the kettle boiling for coffee at the earliest possible moment. He was annoyed to find that bread, jam and coffee were his allotted breakfast portion. Unpoetic as are chops, his vivid imagination pictured six stout ones on a dish as very agreeable things; but he ate a great deal of bread and jam and found that he was improving in the coffee-making art. None the less the two large soles that Forbes grilled for his own and his master's breakfast filled him with bitterness.

After breakfast he was summoned to the presence of his father-in-law and at once said several unpleasant things about kidnapping and the law of the land.

Joseph P. Mallett ignored them. He said: "The simple life is progressive; its object is to produce the healthy mind in the healthy body."

"Damn the simple life!" said the poet curtly.

"I'm not enough of a psychologist to be able to produce the healthy mind with any certainty. Besides, for anything I can gather from your verse you may be suffering from some form of suppressed genius; in which case it might be useless to attempt it," said his father-in-law in a musing tone. "But I can produce the healthy body and I'm going to. You haven't bathed yet."

"I don't bathe," said the poet.

"You're wrong; you do," said the millionaire in a tone of conviction. "Leastways, if you don't bathe of yourself we'll throw you over the cliff and you'll get ashore as best you can. You'll bathe at ten o'clock and after you've bathed you'll till the earth."

The poet assured him with fervent conviction and in picturesque but heated language that he would neither bathe nor till the earth. Then he flung into the kitchen and washed up the breakfast crockery. The degrading task restored him to a truer appreciation of the relative value of things. As he lay in his sunny nook, craving for tobacco, he perceived that his father-in-law would enjoy throwing him over the cliff; he made up his mind to rob him of the pleasure. At ten o'clock gloomily he fetched a towel, gloomily he bathed. When he came out of the sea, which had not proved so unpleasant, he found that his shirt and evening dress had disappeared. In their place lay a fisherman's jersey and a pair of rough trousers. He donned them—there was nothing else to do; but he cursed them, for the jersey tickled the delicate skin of his arms and neck in a fashion excruciating.

"I Gave Up Hope Long Before You"

As he went wriggling back to the house Forbes met him at the garden gate and proffered a spade.

"Mr. Mallett's compliments, sir; and will you please dig the patch he has marked out with those four sticks? He asked me to say that there is no dinner till you've done it," he said.

The poet waved aside the proffered spade with a haughty gesture, went up to his bedroom, removed the tickling jersey and lay on his bed, brooding darkly. About ten minutes after twelve he suddenly heard the still, small voice of his appetite. He quivered. He knew to what a raging volume of compelling sound that still, small voice would swell. He resumed the hateful jersey, went down into the garden and began to dig hastily. The patch of garden seemed small enough.

Ten minutes later he was perspiring freely, and the patch had grown larger. He perceived with horror that his appetite had grown too. The beads of sweat gathered thickly on his brow and he dug madly on. The sweat ran down his face and his back began to ache. Whenever he stopped to rest, his appetite reproached him impatiently. Cursing it with rich, impassioned eloquence, with careful attention to the *mot juste*, did not seem to give pause to its querulous insistence. It was half-past one when he turned the last spadeful of earth. He was very feeble—only his appetite was really strong and raging—and he was all one villainous ache. Forbes gave him a plateful of boiled potatoes with his bread and jam, and he perceived that the simple life endowed boiled potatoes with an undreamed-of and delicious flavor.

II

THAT afternoon, as he lay in his sunny nook, the poet for the first time turned the cold light of his reason on to the situation. From the island there was no escape, and he found himself helpless in the grip of two implacable tyrants—his father-in-law and his appetite. Reflection assured him that his appetite was the more powerful and ruthless of the two; he must bow to it. There was nothing against letting his proud spirit burn; but for the time being it must content itself with burning—it must not direct his action. He abandoned himself to dreams of the horrible vengeance he would take on his father-in-law when once he got free. Vengeance on his appetite was out of the question; it was connected with him too intimately. He awoke from these dreams to the painful fact that he was craving for tobacco. It was twenty-eight hours since he had smoked his last cigarette, and he had been accustomed to smoke thirty a day.

Then his father-in-law passed within twenty yards of his sunny nook, smoking an excellent cigar. The fragrance of it, floating to the poet on the warm air, seemed divine. He saw the millionaire go down to the harbor, board the launch and set out toward Byehampton. The smell of the cigar still lingered in the poet's nostrils. It stimulated his fine creative imagination; slowly his proud spirit turned from dreams to the practical.

Forbes, moon-faced and serene, sat fishing from the edge of the cliff at a point from which he could watch the harbor and the house. The poet rose and strolled toward the middle of the island, vague memories of the reading of his boyhood thronging his mind. He passed from the range of the vision of Forbes behind a clump of trees, dropped to the ground and began to crawl toward the house in the stealthy fashion of a red Indian stalking a foe. He did not feel his grave poetic dignity injured by the groveling process; he was thinking earnestly of tobacco. Once, indeed, when he raised his head above a low ridge to make sure that Forbes' unhealthy curiosity had not been roused by his disappearance from his nook, he made a hideous grimace at the broad back of that faithful but unconscious servant, a grimace worthier of a small boy than a poet. When at last the house was between him and the watcher he rose and walked swiftly to it. On the sideboard in the dining room stood a very large cigar box. He raised the lid with trembling fingers. It was nearly full. He took two cigars—two cigars would never be missed—and hurried to the door with his booty; but his fine creative imagination, after a rest of nearly three months, had gotten firmly to work. He stopped and looked at the cigar box, frowning; his eyes wandered round the room. They fell on a pile of novels. In a flash of genius he combined the books and the cigars. He returned to the box, measured the height of the cigars in it with his eye carefully and then emptied it. He took three of the novels from the bottom of the pile and put them in the box, filled up the empty space at the end of them with cigars and covered them with layers of cigars till the box was restored, to all seeming, to its original fullness. Nearly fifty cigars were left on the table. He had not nearly enough pockets in which to carry them away; he opened the cupboard at the bottom of the sideboard and found in it a biscuit can with a dozen biscuits in it. He put the biscuits in his trousers pockets, the cigars in the tin and left the house. He took his spade and, keeping the building between himself and Forbes, walked into the interior. Two hundred yards from the house he buried the tin of cigars at the foot of a pine, in a dry, sandy soil that would not spoil their condition.

Three cigars he carried away with him, fetched a circuit and came back to his sunny nook openly and ostentatiously from the direction in which he had left it. He

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WOMEN IN BOHEMIA

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

Their Enthusiasm for Life Was Like Wine

BOHEMIA for women is like a house on the stage of a theater, marked "practicable." Whether it be a stately building with marble porticos or a rose-covered tea-house with a Hungarian band glittering through the palms, once you are behind the front it reveals bare, staring walls and naked props, a sense of emptiness and desolation.

The women who inhabit Bohemia are "different." A good many who never arrive at Bohemia begin by thinking they are different. Countless high-school girls have their romantic and melancholy moods in which they confide to each other their feeling that they are not like the rest of the girls. Some of them fancy that they are unjustly treated by their parents. Seeking the cause, they hit upon the solution that they must have been adopted; and so they go about in mournful happiness because they are marked out by life with a lot so unlike that of their companions. Others, reading Marie Bashkirtseff, discover that she has voiced their own feelings and that, therefore, they are going to have careers as painters and artists, and numerous exciting encounters with titled men and ardent lovers.

The majority of these young romantics recover from their attacks by the time their schooldays are over. Some adequate young man, anything but titled and perhaps not even an ardent lover, occupies the attention of each and they settle down to flats and domesticity; and they are very much surprised in seventeen or eighteen years if their daughters turn out to be morbid.

No Use for the Commonplace Man

BUT a few women really are different. They are of the sort who were considered queer at school and not clubable, or if by virtue of superior beauty or money or leadership they were in clubs the other girls felt obliged to restrain them and reform them—and perhaps apologize for them. In the eighth grade they would be the ones to announce that Casabianca was a little fool for assuming that his father would wish him to be burned rather than disobey; and in the high school they would distress their teachers by reading Madame Bovary, which they only partially understood. They are endowed with a heavy share of that overworked and elastic quality, temperament. They either have brains or near-brains. They are vivid, eager, full of vitality and athirst for experience. Some of them are almost purely intellectual, caring only for ideals and causes and not especially for men and women and marriage. Most of them, however, are not only emotional but strongly idealistic. They expect somehow to love and be loved perfectly. Having in themselves largeness of nature, they look for a response from men equally large. Commonplace men would not understand. They pass by these and their offers; they are waiting for the great lovers.

Meanwhile they must spend their exuberant vitality. If they were men they might be sowing wild oats. As they are women, and nice women—for their Bohemia is respectable—they find some work to do. Part of their vigor goes into this and part into generous spending of themselves on other people. All of this commonly goes by the name of "living."

Their un-Bohemian *sisters* live too. They have the natural life of a girl at home, with a few household duties, pleasant associations with father and mother, brothers and sisters, calls from friends, parties and concerts and weddings. Everything is exciting because they are young, but nothing is excessively intense and everything is taken as a matter of course, because "all the other girls" are spending their time in just the same way. It is group psychology.

But the Bohemian woman lives intensely and individually. She favors the "large" life and her fetish is to feel. She would consider herself narrow if she felt only her own life. As a rule, she enters generously and sincerely into the life of others. She reads the papers and flames over the tragedy of Russia. She throbs over the exciting history Portugal and Spain are making. She cares about the progress of the airships. It is all life—life that is being made so wonderfully in just her particular decade. She has no duties toward father or mother; for, as a rule, she does not live at home. There are no old people or babies in her world—just a number of palpitating, isolated units like herself; but she thrills with devotion toward these other units, cares about their lives and would share her last possession with them, for the true Bohemian has little sense of property. Though waiting for the great lovers, it is very possible that their interest in experience may lead them to make experiments with commonplace men and with other men who will perhaps turn out to be the great lovers. Until it is too late they do not realize that the commonplace men make the perfect havens for that future of theirs on which they do not count; and until it is too late they do not discover that the average man Bohemian has not in him the makings of the great lover—he is not prone usually to concentrate on one woman. If he is, he generally turns to one who is not in Bohemia. When he does love a woman Bohemian her sisters take that fact as a realization of the ideal—if for one of them, why not for another? It is certainly true that marriages in Bohemia, when they are happy, seem indeed little short of ideal.

The Kingdom of Bohemia is situated in any great city—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, all of them are a background for the people who "live." The women are usually writers and artists, with some reformers—actresses, too, though their Bohemia is frequently of a different class from the Bohemia of a writer. Other professional women do not have time to live in the Bohemian way. Teachers, doctors and lawyers have no energy after their round of work to sit up half the night in studios and cafés. Their definition of life does not include burning the candle at both ends. But the women with strongly marked temperament and personality feel that they must have the stimulus of gay talk and jolly suppers, crowds and light and music.

Though Bohemia is a kingdom, it is not in its details spacious. Bohemians, since they like crowds, must endure tight fits. A Western married woman, with temperament, became restless and accepted an invitation to spend a week with two friends living in Bohemia, New York. The cause of her restlessness was apparently having everything she wanted—a devoted husband, four charming and healthy children, a strong constitution and plenty of money. She went East as eagerly as ever her pioneer ancestors went West. She was met at the train by one of her Bohemian friends and enthusiastically greeted.

"Shall I have my trunks sent right up?" she asked.

"Trunks!" cried the Bohemian, not concealing her dismay. "Oh, my dear, was that word plural?"

"Why, yes," faltered the guest; "I supposed ——"

"Possibly the janitor will let it stand in the hall, though I don't know. The trunks are piled three high now, and that's all he allows; but I'll tell you, we'll stand them on end; and then perhaps he'll not notice that we sneaked in one more. Your second one we may be able to get into the room of a friend next door to us. Oh, we'll manage, dear."

Slightly dashed, the newcomer followed her friend to the street car.

"If I had sold my last story we'd have a taxi," said the hostess.

The spirits of the guest rose; that sounded like what she had heard of Bohemia. When they arrived at their destination she found it to be on a side street, not very far from a famous square. The tiny apartment of the two Bohemians was situated on the fourth floor of a brownstone building, on the first floor of which was a furrier's shop. There was no elevator and the two had to climb narrow stairs, badly lighted, and pass down a long corridor to the back of the house, where they edged gingerly past the three trunks.

Where the Slim Sit and the Plump Stand

THE hostess threw open a door and laughter, pleasant voices and lights streamed forth: Bohemia triumphant. There were two rooms full of good-looking, good-humored people, mostly under thirty-five. As far as the guest could discover, the slim ones sat and the plump ones stood. Certainly there was almost perfect adjustment between their bodies and the meager amount of space into which the Bohemians had to crowd themselves. The adaptation was effected unconsciously.

The new arrival almost decided that the introductions that were made to her depended not on probable congeniality so much as on her own bulk and the size of the corner where she sat.

There were more women than men and the women seemed a trifle older than the men. The newcomer got the impression that the men had just begun to strike their gait. Her hostess made quick characterizations, such as:

"Mr. Burke has just got his first play accepted. He's had a frightful time tramping to the offices of managers for the last year, but now he thinks he has arrived. The play is really corking.

"Mr. Herron, the one with red hair, is beginning to do some covers for the really big magazines; stunning work.

"The girl with the eyes and the drooping hat? Oh, that's Kitty Shirley, a health officer. No, she can't write a thing, but she can talk. She throws around phrases as if they were so much dirt. She is a regular fund of inspiration for heaps of us. The only difficulty is that sometimes half a dozen of us will come out in print at the same time with the same epigram."

Her Range Was a Chafing Dish

The guest looked and enjoyed. The talk was really brilliant; different enough from the pleasant but unilluminating remarks she was accustomed to hearing at dinners, teas and receptions. No one can doubt the fire and sparkle of Bohemia. If it satisfies Bohemians for a while so much the more is it calculated to daze outsiders. Here sat a man, a socialist, straight from Los Angeles, who could tell the true inwardness of the strike, which the newspapers were studiously concealing. There stood a reporter who had been with Roosevelt

when he spoke for Beveridge. One woman lived on the East Side and acted as picket during the strike of some garment-workers the while she collected material for a series of articles on the working girl. Another had just won a prize in a literary contest.

The writers were all producing—nothing permanent, perhaps; but still they were creating day by day. The reformers were adding their little quota in the effort toward social betterment. They were tremendously interested in what they were doing and yet they did not seem especially self-centered. Above all, their enthusiasm for life was like wine. It was real, too. The spectator had lived long enough to realize that plenty of people pretend to like what they do not and to laugh at difficulties by way of minimizing the price life exacts for everything. She could tell the difference between the smile that is a duty and the smile that comes from a heart so lavish of happiness or zest that it could not be grave. No wonder she was thrilled with Bohemia. She did not realize that she was seeing young Bohemia and that young Bohemia is young merely because it has just begun to feel the sense of power and believes it is sophisticated, and is sure it can handle life. The spectator knew nothing of old Bohemia because it is never on exhibition.

Tea and crackers were the refreshments, not meant to do anything except indicate that material hospitality was given and accepted. Some Bohemians care a good deal for food; the average are interested in it apparently only now and then. Finally all the people went away except three men who were to stay for dinner.

"I'd like to go to my room," whispered the visitor.

"You can't," returned the hostess. "You are in it now, with these three men. That couch is your bed. Step into the bathroom, if you want to, and wash your face."

Shopworn Bohemia

DURING the next fifteen minutes the guest discovered that the apartment consisted of the two rooms in which she had been and a bath. One of the rooms served as kitchen and bedroom, the other as living room and bedroom. While one of the hostesses chatted with the men in the living-bedroom the other got the dinner in the kitchen-bedroom. Her range was a small coal-oil stove and a chafing dish; her pantry and sideboard were a mahogany cabinet, three feet high by one foot wide, and a shoebox under the bed. Her table was a slim folding affair that also went under the bed. While the Bohemian worked, the guest on invitation explored fully. The closet was crowded; every inch under the couches was occupied by hat-boxes and shirtwaist boxes; there was even a box cunningly fixed under the seat of the one armchair. Even the top of the lower sash of the window was used as a shelf. The bathroom was storeroom and dressing room.

No one could fail to appreciate that the whole was an intellectual triumph of planning. There was certainly not a jot of waste room. The two Bohemians doing hard intellectual work had about as much space to live in as is occupied by half the porch of an average house in a small town. The little rooms were not larger than ten feet by nine; one couldn't take three full steps in them without having to veer round something. All the skill in the world could not keep them from looking crowded.

When the dinner was served every one was cramped, and agility and laughter could not multiply elbowroom. The dinner was good; of the four courses, soup, meat, salad and ice-cream, only the meat course was difficult. That consisted of lamb chops cooked on the coal-oil stove, one chop apiece allowed; the vegetables were warmed-up chip potatoes and warmed-up canned peas. If it were not for the delicatessen shop and the canning factories Bohemia would have to go where it could breathe fresh air and get proper food. The talk kept up at its usual high pitch and the cigarettes and light wine only accelerated the key. Phrases sparkled, epigrams crackled; schemes for revolutionizing the stage, the magazines, politics and the human race were exchanged in earnest or in jest. The visitor was breathless and happy.

That night she slept on the largest couch, which sagged in the middle like a sailor's hammock. One of the Bohemians had the second couch, while the other slept on a shirtwaist box and three pillows. All night the street boomed through the windows in the ears of the guest, and with the dawn the milkman clinked her awake. Bohemia looked a little shopworn in the morning. For breakfast they had grapefruit and bananas, bread and coffee. Conversation was less spontaneous and the hostesses had work to do. The visitor, however, knew that by afternoon Bohemia would be flowering again—and she was content.

She was likewise content at the end of a week to go home. Laughter at bad luck and inconveniences, returned manuscripts and drawings, had lost its effect of fine carelessness. She had discovered that continued brilliant talk can be just as monotonous in effect as continued pleasant or merely soporific talk. She wanted to rest her nerves. She was appalled at the carelessness her women friends showed in regard to their food and their health. They had money enough to board properly, but it was too much trouble always to cook and equally too much trouble to walk to a good restaurant. They ate tinned food and crackers at irregular times. For exercise they depended solely on walking, trusting to tonics if they ran down in health or spirits. To the visitor they seemed to live in just as pitiful fashion as hall-bedroom chorus girls who were forced to the edge of starvation. She thought of her big bathroom and wide staircases and ample brass bed, of her plump children and of the light that would be in the back of her husband's eyes when he met the train to welcome her on her return.

"Do you like it—really?" she asked her friends on the last night of her stay. The goodby party they had given her was over; the last footsteps were dying on the stairs.

The Woman Realizes at Last That the Lights are Dim and the Roses Faded

"Of course we like it," replied one; "we never have a dull minute."

The visitor remembered the morning hours; however, she kept her thoughts to herself.

"But," she pursued, "you cannot deny that the crowdedness of things here is not good for you."

"You can't be with people without being crowded," they told her. "Besides, it is necessary to be here. The editors know our telephone numbers, and they can find us at once if they want anything done in a hurry."

"Oh, come," said the visitor; "I haven't been watching you and listening to you for a week for nothing. It is the rarest thing in the world for any one to get a hurry call like that from the magazines. The editor could always wait a few hours before seeing you; if you were living in the country a telegram would soon bring you to him."

"Oh, the country! It's too lonely," was the reply. "Nobody would come to one in the country."

"Nobody would come!" exclaimed their friend. "Is all this talk I have heard about good-fellowship just sound and fury, signifying nothing? Don't your friends really care enough to spend an hour or two getting to you?"

Bohemia had no reply to make to that. Its life is dependent on the city. When Bohemians go to the country they cease to be Bohemians. Gone is the excitement and life, the glitter and laughter. Instead of exciting companionship there are one or two close friendships. Instead of the intense living there is peace and quiet. While Bohemia is young it does not want peace and quiet; it wants to live. With the years, living changes its connotation.

The Clipped Wings

DOMESTICITY is a great dissolver of Bohemia. In New York at one time there was a houseful of brilliant folks—writers, artists and reformers; people who made a little impression even on New York. There were two married couples, but all the others were unattached. Perhaps that colony always had in it the core of domesticity; for, though the Italian cook's wife waved a knife at the Russian waitress who was flirting with the cook, and though the butler drank on occasions—even the servants being individualities—the housekeeping and cuisine were well managed. Some of the best-known people in the world stopped in the drawing room of that colony on their way East or West to enlighten the nations. It was Bohemia, poised, charmed, breathless with thought and emotion; Bohemia, with soaring pinions outspread!

Domesticity clipped the soaring pinions. One married couple decided to take their children to the country. The other couple, happy in the prospect of a baby, wanted also to go to the country, where they could brood over their joy alone. Four of the unmarried members had swum through seas of flirtation and found each other; and their first conscious step was to plan for flats by themselves. Two or three of the men sought sweethearts outside. There were not enough congenial souls left to carry on the colony.

Almost the same thing happened in Chicago. A number of men and women, chiefly socialists and reformers, with a sprinkling of artists and writers not yet far enough advanced in reputation to emigrate to New York, were anxious to get close to the people; so they lived in a crowded ward in a number of flats of a model apartment house built for the common people. If by their occupancy of eight flats, consisting each of four rooms and a bath at sixteen dollars a month, they were crowding out the common people for whom the apartment was built, perhaps they atoned for their thoughtlessness by their society. They were a clever, cosmopolitan lot. They knew labor conditions from China to Peru. The men had worked in

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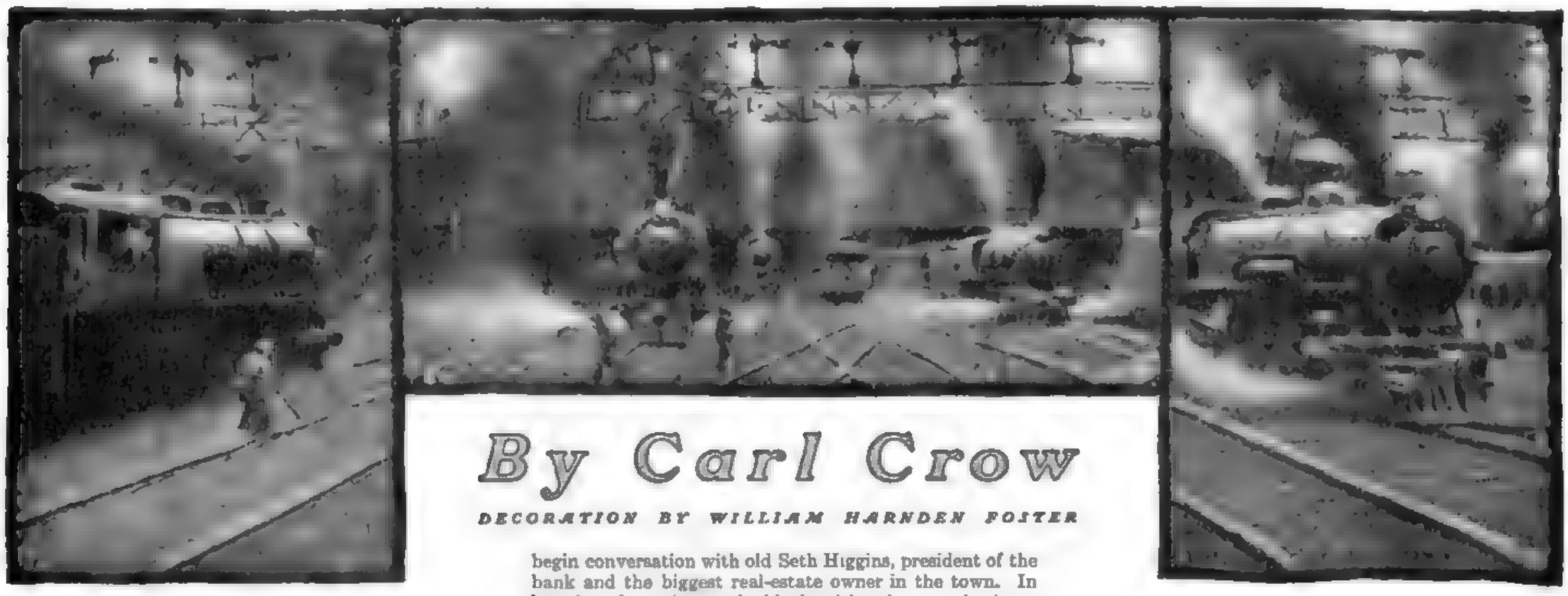
BUILDING A RAILROAD



By Carl Crow

DECORATION BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

AT THE age of thirty Claude Hopkins decided to go into business for himself. He had acquired large experience in business and had been very successful as a salesman, but he had very little capital and no credit. He considered the matter carefully and finally decided that, to one in his situation, the business of railroad building offered opportunities that were as good as any.

Now when a railroad is built it brings vast benefits to all who live in its territory. It opens up a new country and increases the value of farmland ten to one hundred per cent. It connects with small inland towns and immediately enables them to compete with bigger towns and draw trade from a larger territory. It builds new towns, and the land whereon they are built increases ten to a hundred fold in value. It connects with undeveloped coal fields and quarries and timber; and the owners of these properties, which were valueless without transportation, grow rich through their development.

Not only do these benefits follow the construction of a railroad but many precede it. From the time the persuasive railway promoters confide to the country bankers their intention to construct a railway, until its last spike is driven, "the business pulse of the community is quickened," as the Boone County Herald so aptly expresses it. All manner of men are benefited thereby, each according to that which he already possesses. The landowner, selling his land at an advanced price, is able to increase his balance at the bank. This enables the merchant to borrow more and to enlarge his stock of goods. His business grows and he is able to send his son away to college. Thus we might with tedious investigation discover the fact that a Yale or Harvard football victory was determined by the driving of a spike on a new railroad in Missouri.

Mr. Hopkins Enters Paradise

THE business of railroad building is one that requires a fine financial sense, for one's skill may be measured by the completeness with which all benefited by the road are made to pay for the increased wealth that the construction of the railroad brings them. This may be why those who have no money to invest often make the best promoters.

West of the Great Southern Railway lay the towns of Panolia and Paradise, eighteen and twenty miles distant from the railway and only five miles apart. Each town claimed a population of one thousand, though neither was blessed with a railroad. All supplies were hauled by wagon from New Troy, the nearest railroad town. This was a tedious and expensive process, which made the cost of things in Panolia and Paradise much greater than on the railroad. However, both were prosperous towns, for they were surrounded by many fertile valley farms; and though the residents knew of the luxuries and frivolities of county-seat towns, these were not ever-present tempters to empty their pocketbooks. Many had acquired small-town opulence while living there. They had always expected a railroad, though some had grown gray and raised large families while waiting for it.

One early fall day a stranger drove into Panolia in an automobile and stopped in front of the bank, which the stranger entered. Those outside who looked through the plate-glass window saw the stranger introduce himself and begin conversation with old Seth Higgins, president of the bank and the biggest real-estate owner in the town. In less than five minutes the blacksmith, who was shoeing a farmer's horse at the other end of town, knew that a stranger was talking to Seth Higgins about a plan to build a railroad into town. After ten minutes of talk the cashier of the bank came out and pushed through the crowd on the sidewalk to the general store of Eb Johnson. Mr. Johnson soon emerged from the store and joined the pair in the bank. The assistant cashier went out and in response to his summons the miller, the hotel proprietor, the druggist and a couple of local capitalists met at the bank, where they were introduced to Mr. Claude Hopkins, promoter of the New Troy, Western & Gulf Railway, an enterprise calculated to put Panolia on the map in type of a size at least as large as that boasted by New Troy.

Hopkins explained his mission in great detail. He came, he said, as the representative of Eastern capitalists who were looking for an opportunity for good railroad investment and had long observed this garden spot, which for some reason the railroads had passed by. However, he wanted it understood that his plans were of the most tentative nature. No definite route had been selected for the road, and the only thing definitely settled was the fact that it would connect with the main line of the Great Southern and with certain undeveloped coal fields two hundred miles distant. Panolia was on one of a dozen possible routes and Hopkins had come to give them an opportunity to secure the road. To do this it would be necessary to have a special survey made. The cost of this, Mr. Hopkins estimated, would amount to about two thousand dollars, a sum that was very promptly pledged by Mr. Higgins and his fellow business men.

Hopkins cautioned them to say nothing of the plan and then drove on to Paradise, where a similar conference was held with similar results.

Surveying parties were soon on the ground running lines across meadows, through fields and over little streams, causing an immense amount of curiosity among the farmers and maintaining a professional silence as to their work or their destination. In the small towns new railroad rumors were started every day, only to be denied on the following day. On Monday it was said that the road would go through Panolia and would leave Paradise far inland. On Tuesday the report was that Paradise would be the favored town, and on Wednesday it was reported that both towns would be connected by the road. All of these reports kept up interest in the project. Opinions on it varied, from that of Henry Woods, the dyspeptic shoemaker, who openly laughed at the suggestion of a railroad, to that of Sam Drake, the blacksmith, who added three hundred dollars to the price of a vacant lot, which had been on the market for five years, because he believed the coming of the railroad made the property more valuable. The apparent oscillation of the fortunes of the town, like the career of the hero in a novel, marked the climax of an increasing amount of interest.

While the survey was in process Hopkins spent very little time in either town and the citizens of these embryo cities were left in ignorance of his plans, except as hints were gathered from the movements of the surveyors.

In time the survey was completed. It led, according to report, from the town of New Troy through the valley to Panolia and thence through a gap in the hills to Paradise. Soon after this rumor became current Hopkins himself arrived in town with a suitcase full of blueprints and profile maps. A conference in the back room of Mr. Higgins' bank followed, at which Hopkins outlined the plan whereby the road would be constructed. He asked first that right-of-way be secured free of expense to the capitalists he was representing, along the entire route. In addition he asked a bonus of fifty thousand dollars each from Panolia and Paradise. New Troy, having one road already, would not be so much benefited by the construction of another one; from that town he asked only a bonus of twenty-five thousand dollars. From the owner of several thousand acres of timber, whose property had been of potential rather than actual value, he asked only for three hundred and sixty acres of land whereon he might establish a new town with the coming of the railway. At the announcement of these terms there was the usual amount of quibbling and complaint, but in the end all agreed. To the timber-owner Hopkins pointed out the ease with which he could swerve the line of railway, leaving the timber two miles distant; and it required no traffic expert to realize the saving which would be effected by giving the promoter the land and securing the shorter haul. When Panolia held back he suggested the eagerness with which Paradise would seize an opportunity to secure the road alone, and a similar argument was effective when Paradise threatened to abandon its hope of greatness.

How Railroads Increase Town Property

WITH these terms agreed to, every one worked together to secure the bonus; and though some who could well afford to give much gave very little, others gave more than might have been expected of them, with the result that the amount was finally completed. Rails and ties were ordered and paid for out of the bonus fund and contracts let for grading. The first spike was driven with a great deal of ceremony and after that many others were driven with haste and no ceremony, so that a track was soon built to a sawmill erected on the site of the new town, whereon Hopkins sold many lots. A lease executed to the Great Southern sent trains over this track to haul lumber to the main line, which gave Hopkins' branch a marketable value that made it possible to float an issue of bonds. With it the line was completed to Panolia and Paradise and those towns entered on a new era of growth. In the course of time Hopkins sold his property to the Great Southern, which extended it and made it a part of a great trunk system; but that is a story for another day.

Investigate the bonuses paid out by growing towns for new railroads and very soon you will find the totals running up into the millions. In the West property-owners expect to pay them, just as you would expect to pay for your groceries or your coal. The only question raised is in regard to the amount demanded.

Large as some of the bonuses are, very few of them have ever proved poor investments, for the increase in the value of real estate caused by the coming of the road will often more than exceed the entire cost of construction. The average town of six thousand population has an assessed valuation of five million dollars. The coming of an additional road will increase the value of this property ten per cent, or five hundred thousand dollars. It may draw heavily on the bank deposits of a town like this to pay out

a bonus of one hundred thousand dollars, but the money always comes back and usually very soon after the completion of the line is assured. If you owned a strip of land five miles wide and one hundred miles long, which is not so large as some of the remaining cattle ranches, you could build a railway traversing the center of the strip and find it a profitable investment, even if the earnings on the road were not enough to meet the interest on bonds. As the promoter cannot in this simple and direct way secure to himself the benefits that follow the construction of the road, he very naturally seeks to collect as fully as possible from them. This ability makes him a good promoter.

Partly because it makes the proposition more alluring and partly because his work tends to turn his mind toward big enterprises, the promoter usually sets out to construct a new system of railways, cheerfully undertaking tasks which would make Wall Street gasp. The particular part on which he is working is to be only a part of the long lines of shining rails that will bring prosperity to the towns they touch and create vast new factors in the railway game. Study a railroad map of the country closely and you will see how easy this is to do on paper. Competing interests in building our railways have followed no rules possible for the layman to discover. Two or three lines exist where only one is needed and none is to be found where fertile level land promises good tonnage and cheap construction. The routes are puzzles to which many solutions are apparent, but few feasible. Here is a missing link that we may span and hold the key to a new trunk system in our twenty miles of new track; there are great beds of kaolin and lignite, ready to keep box-cars busy as soon as they are brought within reach of dump-cars or wheelbarrows; here is a mountain to be tunneled—and you have a little empire of prosperous farms; cross this river and you will command the tonnage of huge coalbeds which have never been touched. It is a fascinating business. The matter of building a hogproof fence might be more important, but it cannot be approached with that fine large enthusiasm with which one contemplates the achievement of a railroad.

Several classes of railway promoters exist. Some of them promote merely to be promoting and with the intention of selling the property as soon as possible to some one who thinks there will be dividends in the operation of the road. Others are seized with the ambition to ride in private cars over their own systems and hope to become presidents of the lines on which they turn the first spadeful of dirt. A few have visionary ideas of the construction of vast new systems. I know a distinguished-looking old gentleman who has been working for years on the promotion of a road that will run in a straight line from Ontario to the city of Mexico. He will talk to you in terms of millions, but if you ever meet him you will find him grateful for an invitation to luncheon. A still smaller number know the roads they are promoting will never be built, but hope to be able to sell the right-of-way and franchise rights—which cost them nothing—to established roads which want to keep out competition.

A promoter of this kind operated successfully in the Middle West for many years. His specialty was to secure a right-of-way and pledges of bonuses for the construction of electric lines between prosperous towns already connected by steam roads. On the eve of apparent success in the construction of the road, he would sell the right-of-way to the owners of the steam line, who were only too glad to postpone competition. One day this promoter visited the scenes of some of his former work and found electric lines in process of construction. He soon learned that there was more money in actually building the lines than in using them as clubs to extort money from the railways; at that point another member was added to the ranks of the legitimate promoters.

There is a place in Texas where a stranger known as a railway promoter would not be safe on the streets after dark. His profession is more unhealthful than that of a horsethief or a cattle-rustler. Several years ago this community was without a railway, a condition that the residents resented as being unjust and unfair. One day a promoter came with a proposal. The promoter, I believe, was honest, but he had small knowledge of the game. He didn't need it here, for he had stumbled on a few thousand people ready to mortgage their homes for a railroad. Three towns put up large bonuses and one of them added a large sum to secure the shops. Farmers along the line, looking forward to better markets and the cheerful toot of a locomotive in the cotton-patch, gave right-of-way; and some of them promised to grade that part of the road that went through their farms. Surveys were rushed and everything went forward with the joy and precision of a circus parade. The promoter, if he had known the game, could have sold bonds and built a road; but he was hazy about this part of the business and decided to build the road himself, own and operate it as one might own and operate a lawn-mower. By accepting the aid of the farmers, by adopting prairie construction and fifty-two-pound rails, the bonuses would build the road and leave a few thousand over to start on equipment. As a matter of fact, his construction cost him $3839.95 a mile, divided as follows:

Rails	$1782.00
Angle irons	140.80
Bolts	140.80
Spikes	284.35
Ties	792.00
Surveying and laying, including such grading as was done	500.00
Supervising and tools	200.00
	$3839.95

When the road was completed he bought a locomotive for forty-five hundred dollars, a couple of repainted coaches for six hundred dollars each, and a dozen box-cars at three

(Concluded on Page 56)

The Innocence of Father Brown

The Wrong Shape—By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

CERTAIN of the great roads going north out of London continue far into the country a sort of attenuated and interrupted specter of a street, with great gaps in the building, but preserving the line. Here will be a group of shops, followed by a fenced field or paddock, and then a famous public-house, and then, perhaps, a market garden or a nursery garden, and then one large private house, and then another field and another inn, and so on. If any one walks along one of these roads he will pass a house which will probably catch his eye, though he may not be able to explain its attraction. It is a long, low house, running parallel with the road, painted mostly white and pale green, with a veranda and sun blinds and porches capped with that quaint sort of cupolas like wooden umbrellas that one sees in some old-fashioned houses. In fact, it is an old-fashioned house, very English and very suburban in the good old wealthy Clapham sense. And yet the house has a look of having been built chiefly for the hot weather; looking at its white paint and sun blinds one thinks vaguely of pugrees and even of palm trees. I cannot trace the feeling to its root; perhaps the place was built by an Anglo-Indian.

Any one passing this house, I say, would be namelessly fascinated by it; would feel that it was a place about which some story was to be told. And he would have been right, as you shall shortly hear; for this is the story—the story of the strange things that did really happen in it in the Whitsuntide of the year 18——.

A Queer, Crooked, Oriental Knife, Inlaid Exquisitely in Colored Stones and Metals

Any one passing the house on the Thursday before Whitsunday at about half-past four P. M. would have seen the front door open and Father Brown, of the Community of St. Mungo, come out smoking a large pipe in company with a very tall French friend of his called Flambeau, who was smoking a very small cigarette. These persons may or may not be of interest to the reader; but the truth is that they were not the only interesting things that were displayed when the front door of the white-and-green house was opened. There are further peculiarities about this house which must be described to start with, not only that the reader may understand this tragic tale, but also that he may realize what it was that the opening of the door revealed.

The whole house was built upon the plan of a T, but a T with a very long cross-piece and a very short tail-piece. The long cross-piece was the frontage that ran along in face of the street with the front door in the middle; it was two stories high and contained nearly all the important rooms. The short tail-piece, which ran out at the back immediately opposite the front door, was one story high and consisted only of two long rooms, the one leading into the other. The first of these two rooms was the study in which the celebrated Mr. Quinton wrote his wild Oriental poems and romances. The farther room was a glass conservatory full of tropical blossoms of quite unique and almost monstrous beauty, and on such afternoons as these glowing with gorgeous sunlight. Thus when the hall door was open many a passer-by literally stopped to stare and gasp; for he looked down a perspective of rich apartments to something really like a transformation scene in a fairy play: purple clouds and golden suns and crimson stars that were at once scorchingly vivid and yet transparent and far away.

Leonard Quinton, the poet, had himself most carefully arranged this effect; and it is doubtful whether he so perfectly expressed his personality in any of his poems. For he was a man who drank and bathed in colors, who indulged his lust for color somewhat to the neglect of form, even of good form. This it was that had turned his genius so wholly to Eastern art and imagery; to those bewildering carpets or blinding embroideries in which all the colors seem fallen into a fortunate chaos, having nothing to typify or to teach. He had attempted, not, perhaps, with complete artistic success, but with acknowledged imagination and invention, to compose epics and love stories reflecting the riot of violent and even cruel color; tales of tropical heavens of burning gold or blood-red copper; of Eastern heroes who rode with twelve turbaned miters upon elephants painted purple or peacock green; of gigantic jewels that a hundred negroes could not carry but which burned with ancient and strange-hued fires.

In short—to put the matter from the more common point of view—he dealt much in Eastern heavens, rather worse than most Western hells; in Eastern monarchs whom he might possibly call maniacs; and in Eastern jewels which a Bond Street jeweler—if the hundred staggering negroes brought them into his shop—might possibly

not regard as genuine. Quinton was a genius, if a morbid one, and even his morbidity appeared more in his life than in his work. In temperament he was weak and waspish, and his health had suffered heavily from Eastern experiments with opium

His wife, a handsome, hard-working and indeed overworked woman, objected to the opium, but objected much more to a live Indian fakir in white and yellow robes whom her husband insisted on entertaining for months together, a Vergil to guide his spirit through the heavens and the hells of the East.

It was out of this artistic household that Father Brown and his friend stepped on to the doorstep; and to judge from their faces they stepped out of it with much relief. Flambeau had known Quinton in wild student days in Paris, and they had renewed the acquaintance for a week-end; but apart from Flambeau's more responsible developments of late, he did not get on well with the poet now; choking one's self with opium and writing little erotic verses on vellum was not his notion of how a gentleman should go to the devil. As the two paused on the doorstep before taking a turn in the garden, the front garden gate was thrown open with violence, and a young man with a billycock hat on the back of his head tumbled up the steps in his eagerness. He was a dissipated-looking youth with a gorgeous red necktie all awry as if he had slept in it, and he kept fidgeting and lashing about with one of those little pointed canes.

"I say," he said breathlessly, "I want to see old Quinton. I must see him. Has he gone?"

"Mr. Quinton is in, I believe," said Father Brown, cleaning his pipe; "but I do not know if you can see him. The doctor is with him at present."

The young man, who seemed not to be perfectly sober, stumbled into the hall, and at the same moment the doctor came out of Quinton's study, shutting the door and beginning to put on his gloves.

"See Mr. Quinton?" said the doctor coolly. "No; I'm afraid you can't. In fact you mustn't on any account. Nobody must see him; I've just given him his sleeping-draught."

"No, but look here, old chap," said the youth in the red tie, trying affectionately to capture the doctor by the lapels of his coat. "Look here. I'm simply sewn up, I tell you. I ——"

"It's no good, Mr. Atkinson," said the doctor, forcing him to fall back. "When you can alter the effects of a drug I'll alter my decision," and settling on his hat he stepped out into the sunlight with the other two. He was a bull-necked, good-tempered little man with a small mustache, inexpressibly ordinary, yet giving an impression of capacity.

The young man in the billycock, who did not seem to be gifted with any tact in dealing with people beyond the general idea of clutching hold of their coats, stood outside the door as dazed as if he had been thrown out bodily, and silently watched the other three walk away together through the garden.

"That was a sound spanking lie I told just now," remarked the medical man, laughing. "In point of fact, poor Quinton doesn't have his sleeping-draught for nearly half an hour. But I'm not going to have him bothered with that little beast, who only wants to borrow money that he wouldn't pay back if he could. He's a dirty little scamp, though he is Mrs. Quinton's brother, and she's as fine a woman as ever walked."

"Yes," said Father Brown. "She's a good woman."

"So I propose to hang about the garden till the creature has cleared off," went on the doctor; "and then I'll go in to Quinton with the medicine. Atkinson can't get in, because I locked the door."

"In that case, Doctor Harris," said Flambeau, "we might as well walk around at the back, by the end of the conservatory. There's no entrance to it that way, but it's worth seeing even from the outside."

"Yes, and I might get a squint at my patient," laughed the doctor; "for he prefers to lie on an ottoman right at the end of the conservatory amid all those bloody-red poinsettias. It would give me the creeps. But what are you doing, Father Brown?"

Father Brown had stopped for a moment and picked up out of the long grass, where it had almost been wholly hidden, a queer, crooked, Oriental knife, inlaid exquisitely in colored stones and metals.

"What is this?" asked Father Brown, regarding it with some disfavor.

"Oh, Quinton's, I suppose," said Doctor Harris carelessly. "He has all sorts of Chinese knickknacks about the place. Or, perhaps, it belongs to that mild Hindu of his whom he keeps on a spring."

"What Hindu?" asked Father Brown, still staring at the dagger in his hand.

"Oh, some Indian conjurer," said the doctor lightly; "a fraud, of course."

"You don't believe in magic?" asked Father Brown without looking up.

"Oh, crikey! magic!" said the doctor.

"It's very beautiful," said the priest in a low voice; "the colors are very beautiful. But it's the wrong shape."

"What for?" asked Flambeau, staring.

"For anything. It's wrong shape in the abstract. Don't you ever feel that about Eastern art? The colors are intoxicatingly lovely; but the shapes are mean and bad—deliberately mean and bad. I have seen wicked things in a Turkey carpet."

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Flambeau, laughing.

"They are letters and symbols in a language I don't know, but I know they stand for evil words," said the priest, his voice growing lower and lower. "The lines go wrong on purpose—like serpents doubling to escape."

"What the devil are you talking about?" said the doctor with a loud laugh.

Flambeau spoke quietly to him in answer: "The Father sometimes gets this mystic's cloud on him," he said; "but I give you fair warning that I have never known him have it except when there was some evil quite near."

"Oh, rats!" said the scientist.

"Why, look at it!" cried Father Brown, holding out the crooked knife at arm's length as if it were some glittering snake. "Don't you see that it is the wrong shape? Don't you see that it has no hearty and plain purpose? It does not point like a spear. It has not the sweep of a scythe. It does not look like a weapon. It looks like an instrument of torture."

"Well, as you don't seem to like it," said the jolly Harris, "it had better be taken back to its owner. Haven't we come to the end of this confounded conservatory yet? This house is the wrong shape, if you like."

"You don't understand," said Father Brown, shaking his head. "The shape of this house is quaint, it is even laughable. But there is nothing wrong about it."

It Was the Same Irregular Shape

As they spoke they came around the curve of glass that ended the conservatory, an uninterrupted curve, for there was neither door nor window by which to enter at that end. The glass, however, was clear, and the sun still bright though beginning to set, and they could see not only the flamboyant blossoms inside but the frail figure of the poet in a brown velvet coat lying languidly on the sofa, having apparently fallen half asleep over a book. He was a pale, slight man with loose chestnut hair and a fringe of beard that was the paradox of his face, for the beard made him look less manly. These traits were well known to all three of them; but even had it not been so it may be doubted whether they would have looked at Quinton just then. Their eyes were riveted on another object.

Exactly in their path, immediately outside the round end of the glass building, was standing a tall man, whose drapery fell to his feet in faultless white, and whose bare, brown skull, face and neck gleamed in the setting sun like splendid bronze. He was looking through the glass at the sleeper and he was more motionless than a mountain.

"Who is that?" cried Father Brown, stepping back with a hissing intake of his breath.

"Oh, it is only that Hindu humbug," growled Harris. "But I don't know what the deuce he's doing here."

"It looks like hypnotism," said Flambeau, biting his black mustache.

"Why are you unmedical fellows always talking bosh about hypnotism?" cried the doctor. "It looks a deal more like burglary"

"Well, we will speak to it, at any rate," said Flambeau, who was always for action. One long stride took him to the place where the Indian stood. Bowing from his great height, which overtopped even the Oriental's, he said with placid impudence:

"Good evening, sir. Do you want anything?"

Quite slowly, like a great ship turning into a harbor, the great yellow face turned and looked at last over its white shoulder. They were startled to see that its yellow eyelids were quite sealed as in sleep. "Thank you," said the face in excellent English. "I want nothing." Then, half opening the lids so as to show a slit of opalescent eyeball, he repeated: "I want nothing." Then he opened his eyes wide with a startling stare and said: "I want nothing," and went rustling away into the rapidly darkening garden.

"The Christian is more modest," muttered Father Brown. "He wants something."

"What on earth was he doing?" asked Flambeau, knitting his black brows and lowering his voice.

"I should like to talk to you later," said Father Brown.

The sunlight was still a reality, but it was the red light of evening, and the bulk of the garden trees and bushes grew blacker and blacker against it. They turned around the end of the conservatory and walked in silence down the other side to get around to the front door. As they went they seemed to strike something as one startles a bird, in the deeper corner between the study and the main building; and again they saw the white-robed Hindu slide out of the shadow and slip around toward the front door. To their surprise, however, he had not been alone. They found themselves abruptly pulled up and forced to banish

The Doctor and the Priest Fell Into the Room

their bewilderment by the appearance of Mrs. Quinton, with her heavy golden hair and square, pale face, advancing on them out of the twilight. She looked a little stern, but was entirely courteous.

"Good-evening, Doctor Harris," was all she said.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Quinton," said the little doctor heartily. "I am just going to give your husband his sleeping-draught."

"Yes," she said in a clear voice. "I think it is quite time." And she smiled at them and went sweeping into the house.

"That woman's overdriven," said Father Brown. "That's the kind of woman that does her duty for twenty years and then does something dreadful."

The little doctor looked at him for the first time with an eye of interest. "Did you ever study medicine?" he asked.

"You have to know something of the mind as well as the body," answered the priest. "We have to know something of the body as well as the mind."

"Well," said the doctor, "I think I'll go and give Quinton his stuff."

They had turned the corner of the front façade and were approaching the front doorway. As they turned into it they saw the man in the white robe for the third time. He came so straight toward the front door that it seemed quite incredible that he had not just come out of the study opposite to it. Yet they knew that the study door was locked.

Father Brown and Flambeau, however, kept this weird contradiction to themselves, and Doctor Harris was not a man to mask his thoughts on the impossible. He permitted the omnipresent Asiatic to make his exit and then stepped briskly into the hall. There he found a figure which he had already forgotten. The inane Atkinson was still hanging about, humming and poking things with his rushy cane. The doctor's face had a spasm of disgust and decision, and he whispered rapidly to his companion, "I must lock the door again or this rat will get in. But I shall be out again in two minutes."

He rapidly unlocked the door and locked it again behind him, just balking a blundering charge from the young man in the billycock. The young man threw himself impatiently on a hall chair. Flambeau looked at a Persian illumination on the wall; Father Brown, who seemed in a sort of daze, dully eyed the door. In about four minutes the door was opened again. Atkinson was quicker this time. He sprang forward, held the door open for an instant and called out, "Oh, I say, Quinton, I want——"

From the other end of the study came the clear voice of Quinton, in something between a yawn and a yell of weary laughter

"Oh, I know what you want. Take it, and leave me in peace. I'm writing a song about peacocks."

Before the door closed half a sovereign came flying through the aperture, and Atkinson, stumbling forward, caught it with singular dexterity.

"So that's settled," said the doctor and, locking the door savagely, he led the way out into the garden.

"Poor Leonard can get a little peace now," he added to Father Brown. "He's locked in all by himself for an hour or two."

"Yes," answered the priest, "and his voice sounded jolly enough when we left him." Then he looked gravely around the garden and saw the loose figure of Atkinson standing and jingling the half-sovereign in his pocket, and beyond, in the purple twilight, the figure of the Indian sitting bolt upright upon a bank of grass with his face turned toward the setting sun. Then he said abruptly, "Where is Mrs. Quinton?"

"She has gone up to her room," said the doctor. "That is her shadow on the blind."

Father Brown looked up and frowningly scrutinized a dark outline at the gaslit window.

"Yes," he said, "that is her shadow," and he walked a yard or two and threw himself upon a garden seat.

Flambeau sat down beside him, but the doctor was one of those energetic people who live naturally on their legs. He walked away, smoking, into the twilight and the two friends were left together.

"My Father," said Flambeau in French, "what is the matter with you?"

Father Brown was silent and motionless for half a minute; then he said: "Superstition is irreligious, but there is something in the air of this place. I think it's that Indian—at least partly."

He sank into silence and watched the distant outline of the Indian, who still sat rigid, as if in prayer. At first sight he seemed motionless, but as Flambeau watched him he saw that the man swayed ever so slightly with a rhythmic movement, just as the dark treetops swayed ever so slightly in the little wind that was creeping up the dim garden paths and shuffling the fallen leaves.

The landscape was growing rapidly dark, as if for a storm, but they could still see all the figures in their various places. Atkinson was leaning against a tree with a listless face; Quinton's wife was still at her window; the doctor had gone strolling around the end of the conservatory; they could see his cigar like a will-o'-the-wisp, and the fakir still sat, rigid and yet rocking, while the trees above him began to rock and almost roar. Storm was certainly coming.

"When that Indian spoke to us," went on Brown in a conversational undertone, "I had a sort of vision, a vision of him and all his universe. Yet he only said the same thing three times. When first he said 'I want nothing' it meant only that he was impenetrable, that Asia does not give itself away. Then he said again 'I want nothing,' and I knew that he meant that he was sufficient to himself, like a cosmos that needed no God, neither admitted any sins. And when he said the third time 'I want nothing' he said it with blazing eyes. And I knew that he meant literally what he said; that Nothing was his desire and his home; that he was weary for Nothing as for wine; that annihilation, the mere destruction of everything or anything "

Two drops of rain fell; and for some reason Flambeau started and looked up as if they had stung him. At the same instant the doctor down by the end of the conservatory suddenly began running toward them, calling out something as he ran.

He Was More Motionless Than a Mountain

As he came among them, like a bombshell, the restless Atkinson happened to be taking a turn nearer to the house front; and the doctor clutched him by the collar in a convulsive grip. "Foul play!" he cried. "What have you been doing to him, you dog?"

The priest had sprung erect and had the voice of steel of a soldier in command.

"No fighting!" he cried coolly. "We are enough to hold any one we want to. What is the matter, Doctor?"

"Things are not right with Quinton," said the doctor, quite white. "I could just see him through the glass, and I don't like the way he's lying. It's not as I left him, anyhow."

"Let us go in to him," said Father Brown shortly. "You can leave Mr. Atkinson alone. I have had him in sight since we heard Quinton's voice."

"I will stop here and watch him," said Flambeau hurriedly. "You go in and see."

The doctor and the priest flew at the study door, unlocked it and fell into the room. In doing so they nearly fell over the large mahogany table in the center at which the poet usually wrote, for the place was lit only by a small fire kept for the invalid. In the middle of this table lay a single sheet of paper evidently left there on purpose. The doctor snatched it up, glanced at it, handed it to Father Brown and crying, "Good God! look at that," plunged toward the glass room beyond, where the terrible tropic flowers still seemed to keep a crimson memory of the sunset.

Father Brown read the words three times before he put down the paper. The words were: "I die by my own hand, yet I die murdered." They were in the quite inimitable, not to say illegible, handwriting of Leonard Quinton.

Then Father Brown, still keeping the paper in his hand, strode toward the conservatory, only to meet his medical friend coming back with a face of assurance and to collapse. "He's done it!" said Harris.

They went together through the gorgeous, unnatural beauty of cactus and azalea and found Leonard Quinton, poet and romancer, with his head hanging downward off his ottoman and his red curls sweeping the ground. Into his left side was thrust the queer dagger that they had picked up in the garden and his limp hand still rested on the hilt.

Outside, the storm had come at one stride, like the night in Coleridge, and garden and glass roof were darkened with driving rain. Father Brown seemed to be studying the paper more than the corpse; he held it close to his eyes and seemed trying to read it in the twilight. Then he held it up against the faint light and, as he did so, lightning stared at them for an instant so white that the paper looked black against it.

Darkness full of thunder followed, and after the thunder Father Brown's voice said out of the dark: "Doctor, this paper is the wrong shape!"

"What do you mean?" asked Doctor Harris with a frowning stare.

"It isn't square," answered Brown. "It has a sort of edge snipped off at the corner. What does it mean?"

"How the deuce should I know?" growled the doctor. "Shall we move this poor chap, do you think? He's quite dead."

"No," answered the priest; "we must leave him as he lies and send for the police." But he was still scrutinizing the paper.

As they went back through the study he stopped by the table and picked up a small pair of nail-scissors. "Ah!" he said with a sort of relief; "this is what he did it with. But yet——" and he knitted his brows.

"Oh, stop fooling with that scrap of paper," said the doctor emphatically. "It was a fad of his. He had hundreds of them. He cut all his paper like that." And he pointed to a stack of sermon paper still unused, on another and smaller table. Father Brown went up to it and held up a sheet. It was the same irregular shape.

"Quick, sir!" Father Brown said. "And here I see the corners that were snipped off." And to the indignation of his colleague he began to count them.

"That's all right," he said with an apologetic smile. "Twenty-three sheets cut and twenty-two corners cut off them. And, as I see you are impatient, we will rejoin the others."

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TO KILL A MAN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Don't Move! Keep Your Hands on the Table!"

THOUGH dim night-lights burned, she moved familiarly through the big rooms and wide halls, seeking vainly the half-finished book of verse she had mislaid and only now remembered. When she turned on the lights in the drawing room she disclosed herself clad in a sweeping negligee gown of soft rose-colored stuff, throat and shoulders smothered in lace. Her rings were still on her fingers, her massed yellow hair had not yet been taken down. She was delicately, gracefully beautiful, with slender oval face, red lips, a faint color in the cheeks, and blue eyes of the chameleon sort that, at will, stare wide with the innocence of girlhood, go hard and gray and brilliantly cold, or flame up in hot willfulness and mastery.

She turned the lights off and passed out and down the hall toward the morning room. At the entrance she paused and listened. From farther on had come not a noise but an impression of movement. She could have sworn she had not heard anything, yet something had been different. The atmosphere of night quietude had been disturbed. She wondered what servant could be prowling about—not the butler, who was notorious for retiring early save on special occasions. Nor could it be her maid, whom she had permitted to go that evening.

Passing on to the dining room she found the door closed. Why she opened it and went in she did not know, except for the feeling that the disturbing factor, whatever it might be, was there. The room was in darkness; and she felt her way to the button and pressed it. As the blaze of light flashed on she stepped back and cried out. It was a mere "Oh!" and it was not loud.

Facing her, alongside the button, flat against the wall, was a man. In his hand, pointed toward her, was a revolver. She noticed, even in the shock of seeing him, that the weapon was black and exceedingly long-barreled. He was a well-built man, roughly clad, brown-eyed, and swarthy with sunburn. He seemed very cool. There was no wabble to the revolver and it was directed toward her stomach, not from an outstretched arm but from the hip, against which the forearm rested.

"Oh!" she said. "I beg your pardon. You startled me. What do you want?"

"I reckon I want to get out," he answered with a humorous twitch to the lips. "I've kind of lost my way in this here shebang; and if you'll kindly show me the door I'll cause you no trouble and I'll sure vamoose right away."

"But what are you doing here?" she demanded, her voice touched with the sharpness of one used to authority.

"Plain robbing, miss; that's all. I came snoopin' around to see what I could gather up. I thought you wa'n't to home, seein' as I saw you pull out with your old man in an auto. I reckon that must 'a' ben your ma, and you're Miss Setliffe."

Mrs. Setliffe saw his mistake, appreciated the naïve compliment and decided not to undeceive him.

"How do you know I am Miss Setliffe?" she asked.

"This is old Setliffe's house, ain't it?"

She nodded.

"I didn't know he had a daughter, but I reckon you must be her. And now, if it ain't botherin' you too much, won't you show me the way out?"

"But why should I? You are a robber, a burglar."

"If I wa'n't an ornery shorthorn at the business I'd be accumulatin' them rings on your fingers instead of being polite," he retorted. "I come to make a raise outa old Setliffe and not to be robbing womenfolks. If you get outa the way I reckon I can get out."

Mrs. Setliffe was a keen woman and she felt that from such a man there was little to fear. That he was not a typical criminal she was certain. From his speech she knew he was not of the cities, and she seemed to sense the wider, homelier air of large spaces.

"Suppose I screamed?" she queried curiously. "Suppose I made an outcry for help? You couldn't shoot me—a woman?

She noted the fleeting bafflement in his brown eyes. He answered slowly, as if working out a difficult problem

"I reckon, then, I'd have to choke you and maul you some bad."

"A woman?"

"I'd sure have to," he answered, and she saw his mouth set grimly. "You're only a soft woman; but you see, miss, I can't afford to go to jail. No, miss, I sure can't. There's a friend of mine waitin' for me out West. He's in a hole and I've got to help him out." The mouth shaped even more grimly. "I guess I could choke you without hurting you much to speak of."

Her eyes took on a baby stare of innocent incredulity as she watched him.

"I never met a burglar before," she assured him, "and I can't begin to tell you how interested I am."

"I'm not a burglar, miss. Not a real one," he hastened to add, as she looked her amused unbelief. "It looks like it, me being here in your house; but it's the first time I ever tackled such a job. I needed the money—bad. Besides, I kind of look on it like collecting what's coming to me."

"I don't understand," she smiled encouragingly. "You came here to rob; and to rob is to take what is not yours."

"Yes and no, in this here particular case. But I reckon I'd better be going now."

He started for the door of the dining room, but she interposed; and a very beautiful obstacle she made of herself. His left hand went out as if to grip her, then hesitated. He was patently awed by her soft womanhood.

"There!" she cried triumphantly. "I knew you wouldn't."

The man was embarrassed.

"I ain't never manhandled a woman yet," he explained, "and it don't come easy. But I sure will if you set to screaming."

"Won't you stay a few minutes and talk?" she urged. "I'm so interested. I should like to hear you explain how burglary is collecting what is coming to you." He looked at her admiringly.

"I always thought womenfolks were scairt of robbers," he confessed; "but you don't seem none."

She laughed gayly.

"There are robbers and robbers, you know. I am not afraid of you, because I am confident you are not the sort of creature that would harm a woman. Come, talk with me a while. Nobody will disturb us. I am all alone. My—my father caught the night train to New York. The servants are all asleep. I should like to give you something to eat. Women always prepare midnight suppers for the burglars they catch—at least they do in the magazine stories. But I don't know where to find the food. Perhaps you will have something to drink?"

He hesitated and did not reply, but she could see the admiration for her growing in his eyes.

"You're not afraid?" she queried. "I won't poison you, I promise. I'll drink with you to show you it is all right."

"You sure are a surprise package of all right," he declared, for the first time lowering the weapon and letting it hang at his side. "No one don't need to tell me ever again that womenfolks in cities is afraid. You ain't much—just a little, soft, pretty thing; but you've sure got the spunk and you're trustful on top of it. There ain't many women, or men either, who'd treat a man with a gun the way you're treating me."

She smiled her pleasure in the compliment, and her face was very earnest as she said:

"That is because I like your appearance. You are too decent-looking a man to be a robber. You oughtn't to do such things. If you are in bad luck you should go to work. Come, put away that nasty revolver and let us talk it over. The thing for you to do is to work."

"Not in this burg," he commented bitterly. "I've walked two inches off the bottom of my legs trying to find a job. Honest, I was a fine, large man once—before I started looking for a job."

The merry laughter with which she greeted his sally obviously pleased him and she was quick to note and take advantage of it. She moved directly away from the door and toward the sideboard.

"Come, you must tell me all about it while I get that drink for you. What shall it be? Whisky?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said as he followed her, though he still carried the big revolver at his side and glanced reluctantly at the unguarded, open door.

She filled a glass for him at the sideboard.

"I promised to drink with you," she said hesitatingly; "but I don't like whisky. I prefer sherry."

She lifted the sherry bottle tentatively for his consent.

"Sure!" he answered with a nod. "Whisky's a man's drink. I never like to see women at it. Wine's more their stuff."

A Sneer Was on His Lips

She raised her glass to his, her eyes meltingly sympathetic.

"Here's to finding you a good position— "

But she broke off at sight of the expression of surprised disgust on his face. The glass, barely touched, was removed from his wry lips.

"What is the matter?" she asked anxiously. "Don't you like it? Have I made a mistake?"

"It's sure funny whisky. Tastes like it got burned and smoked in the making."

"Oh! How silly of me! I gave you Scotch. Of course you are accustomed to rye. Let me change it."

She was almost solicitously maternal as she replaced the glass with another and sought and found the proper bottle.

"Better?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. No smoke in it. It's sure the real good stuff. I ain't had a drink in a week. Kind of slick, that—oily, you know; not made in a chemical factory."

"You are a drinking man?"

It was half a question, half a challenge.

"No, ma'am, not to speak of. I have rared up and ripsnorted at spells, but most unfrequent. But there is times when a good stiff jolt lands on the right spot kerchunk, and this is sure one of them. And now, thanking you for your kindness, ma'am, I'll just be pulling along."

But Mrs. Setliffe did not want to lose her burglar. She was too poised a woman to possess much romance, but there was a thrill about the present situation that delighted her. Besides, she knew there was no danger. The man, despite his jaw and the steady brown eyes, was eminently tractable. Also, further back in her consciousness glimmered the thought of an audience of admiring friends. It was too bad not to have that audience.

"You haven't explained how burglary, in your case, is merely collecting what's your own," she said. "Come, sit down and tell me about it—here at the table."

She maneuvered for her own seat and placed him across from her. His alertness had not deserted him, as she noted, and his eyes roved sharply about, returning always with smouldering admiration to hers, but never resting long. And she noted likewise that while she spoke he was intent on listening for sounds other than those of her voice. Nor had he relinquished the revolver, which lay on the table between them, the butt close to his right hand.

He was in a new habitat that he did not know. This man from the West, cunning in woodcraft and plainscraft, with eyes and ears open, tense and suspicious, did not know that under the table, close to her foot, was the push-button of an electric bell. He had never heard or dreamed of such a contrivance and his keenness and wariness went for naught.

"It's like this, miss," he began in response to her urging. "Old Setliffe done me up in a little deal once. It was raw, but it worked. Anything will work full and legal when it's got a few hundred millions behind it. I'm not squealin' and I ain't taking a slam at your pa. He don't know me from Adam and I reckon he don't know he done me outa anything. He's too big, thinking and dealing in millions, to ever hear of a small potato like me. He's an operator. He's got all kinds of experts thinking and planning and working for him, some of them, I hear, getting more cash salary than the President of the United States. I'm only one of thousands that have been done up by your pa; that's all.

"You see, ma'am, I had a little hole in the ground—a dinky, hydraulic, one-hoss outfit of a mine. And when the Setliffe crowd shook down Idaho and reorganized the smelter trust, and roped in the rest of the landscape, and put through the big hydraulic scheme at Twin Pines, why, I sure got squeezed. I never had a run for my money. I was scratched off the card before the first heat. And so, tonight, being broke and my friend needing me bad, I just dropped around to make a raise outa your pa. Seeing as I needed it, it kinda was coming to me."

"Granting all that you say is so," she said, "nevertheless it does not make housebreaking any the less housebreaking. You couldn't make such a defense in a court of law."

"I know that," he confessed meekly. "What's right ain't always legal. And that's why I am so oncomfortable asettin' here and talking with you. Not that I ain't enjoying your company—I sure do enjoy it—but I just can't afford to be caught. I know what they'd do to me in this here city. There was a young fellow that got fifty years only last week for holding a man up on the street for two dollars and eighty-five cents. I read about it in the paper. When times is hard, and they ain't no work, men get desperate. And then the other men who've got something to be robbed of get desperate, too, and they just sure soak it to the other fellows. If I got caught I reckon I wouldn't get a mite less than ten years. That's why I'm hankerin' to be on my way."

"No; wait." She lifted a detaining hand, at the same time removing her foot from the bell, which she had been pressing intermittently. "You haven't told me your name yet."

He hesitated.

"Call me Dave."

"Then, Dave"—she laughed with pretty confusion—"something must be done for you. You are a young man and you are just at the beginning of a bad start. If you begin by attempting to collect what you think is coming to you, later on you will be collecting what you are perfectly sure isn't coming to you. And you know what the end will be. Instead of this, we must find something honorable for you to do."

"I Beg Your Pardon. You Startled Me. What Do You Want?"

"I need the money and I need it now," he replied doggedly. "It's not for myself, but for that friend I told you about. He's in a peck of trouble and he's got to get his lift now or not at all."

"I can find you a position," she said quickly; "and—yes, the very thing—I'll lend you the money you want to send to your friend. This you can pay back out of your salary."

"About three hundred would do," he said slowly. "Three hundred would pull him through. I'd work my fingers off for a year for that—and my keep and a few cents to buy tobacco with."

"Oh! You smoke! I never thought of it."

Her hand went out over the revolver toward his hand as she pointed to the telltale yellow stain on his fingers. At the same time her eyes measured the nearness of her own hand and of his to the weapon. She ached to grip it in one swift movement. She was sure she could do it and yet she was not sure; and so it was that she refrained as she withdrew her hand.

"Won't you smoke?" she invited.

"I'm 'most dying to."

"Then do so. I don't mind. I really like it—cigarettes, I mean."

With his left hand he dipped into his side pocket, brought out a loose wheat-straw paper and shifted it to his right hand, close by the revolver. Again he dipped, transferring to the paper a pinch of brown, flaky tobacco. Then he proceeded, both hands just over the revolver, to roll the cigarette.

"From the way you hover close to that nasty weapon you seem to be afraid of me," she challenged.

"Not exactly afraid of you, ma'am; but, under the circumstances, just a mite timid."

"But I've not been afraid of you."

"You've got nothing to lose."

"My life," she retorted.

"That's right," he acknowledged promptly. "And you ain't ben scairt of me. Mebbe I am overanxious."

"I wouldn't cause you any harm." Even as she spoke her slipper felt for the bell and pressed it. At the same time her eyes were earnest with a plea of honesty. "You are a judge of men. I know it. And of women. Surely, when I am trying to persuade you from a criminal life and to get you honest work to do ——"

He was immediately contrite.

"I sure beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. "I reckon my nervousness ain't complimentary."

As he spoke he drew his right hand from the table and, after lighting the cigarette, dropped his hand by his side.

"Thank you for your confidence," she breathed softly, resolutely keeping her eyes from measuring the distance to the revolver and keeping her foot pressed firmly on the bell.

"About that three hundred," he began. "I can telegraph it West tonight and I'll agree to work a year for it and my keep."

"You will earn more. I can promise seventy-five dollars a month at the least. Do you know horses?"

His face lighted up and his eyes sparkled.

"Then go to work for me—or for my father, rather; though I engage all the servants. I need a second coachman ——"

"And wear a uniform?" he interrupted sharply, the sneer of the freeborn West in his voice and on his lips.

She smiled tolerantly.

"Evidently that won't do. Let me think. Yes. Can you break and handle colts?"

He nodded.

"We have a stock farm and there's room for just such a man as you. Will you take it?"

"Will I, ma'am?" His voice was rich with gratitude and enthusiasm. "Show me to it. I'll dig right in tomorrow. And I can sure promise you one thing, ma'am: you'll never be sorry for lending Hughie Luke a hand in his trouble ——"

"I thought you said to call you Dave," she chided forgivingly.

"I did, ma'am; I did. And I sure beg your pardon. It was just plain bluff. My real name is Hughie Luke. And if you'll give me the address of that stock farm of yourn, and the railroad fare, I'll head for it first thing in the morning."

Throughout the conversation she had never relaxed her attempts on the bell. She had pressed it in every alarming way—three shorts and a long, two and a long, and five. She had tried long series of shorts and once she had held the button down for a solid three minutes; and she had been divided between objurgation of the stupid, heavy-sleeping butler and doubt if the bell were in order.

"I am so glad," she said; "so glad that you are willing. There won't be much to arrange, but you will first have to trust me while I go upstairs for my purse." She saw the doubt flicker momentarily in his eyes and added hastily: "I am trusting you with the three hundred dollars."

"I believe you, ma'am," he came back gallantly. "Though I just can't help this nervousness."

"Shall I go and get it?"

(Concluded on Page 40)

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

By Corra Harris

Author of A Circuit Rider's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

At Last I Heard the Click of the Latch on the Front Gate

III

THE summer after we were married was an eventful one in Adam's career. He was somewhat in the position of the original Adam when, the morning after his creation, he was called out to name the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the fishes under the sea. I have never thought much of this first man as a husband and father, but the way he met this emergency seems to indicate that he was a person of brains, and that he had a gift for language that has never been equaled by any of his descendants. My own Adam was hardly less resourceful in meeting the situation that confronted him. This was not the Edenic problem of naming jackasses so much as it was the more difficult one of managing them for his own ends. The first Adam was not expecting to be elected to the legislature any time soon, or he might have been more embarrassed than he was as registrar.

Adam's methods were simple. In that lay their strength. For example, until the very day he appeared in the political arena he continued to publish editorials upon noble themes, mostly patriotic. They were like some preachers' sermons, so heavenly minded, so remote from the real scarlet of the human heart, that they eased the conscience of sinners. In spite of the futile rumblings of Colonel Middlebrook, the people of Boone County forgot that a certain railroad-rate question must be settled at the next meeting of the legislature, and that the railroad interests lacked only one vote at the last session to carry their point in the law. They were much more interested in that column in the Banner that the editor devoted to A History of the Heroes of Boone County, in which some member of every family in it figured—usually in battle array, shooting Yankees at every jump.

And it was the first time since Booneville boasted a newspaper that the comings and goings of the "mud-sock gang," barefooted farmers and distillers living back in the hills, were recorded along with those of the "leading citizens." The truth is, Colonel Middlebrook's departure to Nashville to attend some committee connected with his duties as a member of the legislature might be overlooked in the Banner. (No matter how much the Colonel strained himself upon the top rung of the ladder in Booneville, Adam was apt to miss the performance, which appeared for some reason to be far more galling to him than Mr. Bailey's vituperations had ever been.) But if Bud Williams entered the town riding his mule that went "Te-haw! te-haw! te-e-e-haw-ah-honk!" as it trotted across the square, the name of Williams shone in the next issue of the paper along with other "Prominent Citizens in Town." And the fact that Budd wore a blue "hickory" shirt, that he had no saddle on his mule, that his long legs hung so low he could almost pat the ground with his bare feet, and that he seemed to be in an ambuscade composed by his own fiery red whiskers, made no difference in the adorning adjectives employed in this announcement.

Being a genial democrat was as near as Adam ever came to being a Christian. The outward appearance is much the same, like the features of two brothers who differ astoundingly in character. It was on his inside that he fell as far short as though he had been gorged with forbidden fruit and were in a state of perpetual hiding from God. It is, I believe, one of the conditions of political success still in this country. You cannot run for sheriff, or for the legislature, or even for the governorship, on the principles with which you make the race for a harp and crown in another world, no matter how much you may quote Scripture in your political speeches. Adam never tried it. He had no inner modesty, no deference to other worlds. His mind was pointed toward the place he wished to reach in this one, and that was the only point in it. His conscience was an arrow, not a conscience.

Immediately after our marriage he made his first political campaign, a miniature one confined to Boone County. And this was really our wedding tour. He had been entered by his friends, apparently much against his wishes, in the race against Colonel Middlebrook for representative, and he was coming up in it with a leaping, thin flanked speed that made him the hero of the county. No one could have recognized in this political roadster, with his coat-tails flying back over the dashboard of the temporary platform of his party, the simple-minded idealist who had adorned the columns of the Banner with sentimental editorials about the "Lost Cause." The Banner itself was changed, like a lady who has lost her illusions and is not ashamed. It was bedizened, scandalously decorated with campaign eloquence and "lost to the principles of true democracy," as Colonel Middlebrook pointed out. Also he referred to Adam as the "serpent he had nursed in his bosom." He was thinking of the enthusiasm with which the courthouse gang had received him when he first became editor of the Banner.

Chicken fighting ceased to be the side show and diversion at barbecues that year. Colonel Middlebrook and Adam West were invited to hold a joint debate instead. There was usually a rude platform upon which the speakers sat facing the crowd. The crowd was composed of farmers and their wives, young beaux and their sweethearts, with a thick sprinkling of "town people" toward the front—"political heelers" they are called now—and a rim of the "mud-sock gang" in the rear. There is not a stranger sight or a more significant one than a city courtroom full of the kind of men usually summoned in a famous murder case, from among whom the jury must be selected, and the crowd that assembles in any country place to listen to a political speaking or to watch a chicken fight. They are identical—made up of the gentle earthworms of civilization who enjoy a futile kind of fierceness by proxy—so primitive they cannot dramatize their own sensations, so dull they never read newspapers, and therefore competent by reason of their unprejudiced ignorance to sit on juries in trials for murder. In the country they represent the corn-and-meat strength of the nation. In the city they are the incompetent poor, the scavengers, the rotting burden of the times.

The first of these debates occurred at the Mill Creek barbecue. The crowd was unusually large. There was a ring of horses and mules hitched with dangling harness to the limbs of trees in the background. These kept up a continual stamping at flies and whinnied salutations every time another horse or mule arrived. There were an equal number of babies struggling in the arms of the farmers' wives in the audience, homely earth women who married clods and bore vigorous children. These babies clawed at the calico-clad bosoms of their mothers and vied with the mules in the noise they made. The din was increased whenever some one kicked a hound that prowled between the seats in search of sweet cakes discarded by the yelling infants.

Colonel Middlebrook was the first speaker. Adam sat behind him on the farther end of the platform, with folded arms. He was wearing his wedding suit and looked like a cross between a young stripling god of love and an adolescent politician. The Colonel wore a thin black alpaca coat and two inches of his shirt showed between his white vest and his trousers. He was very fat, very warm, furiously angry and he had no more imagination than grease has. He stood with his short legs far apart; in one hand he held a red bandanna handkerchief with which he continually mopped the sweat from his bald head and face, in the other he held a palmetto fan that he could not use on account of some sudden sense of awkwardness. He confined himself to facts, stating what he had done for his constituents and what he would do. From time to time he flirted the fan over his shoulder to indicate Adam, without condescending to look at him, calling attention to the grave interests involved and the danger of choosing a light, untried and foolish young person for such a serious duty as representing the people of Boone County in the legislature. It was in the course of this speech that he spoke of Adam as the "serpent he had nursed in his bosom." Finally he resumed his seat, his wattles fiery red, his under lip hanging, and showing a wet perspiration spot between his shoulders behind. He was really outraged at the indignity of being obliged to meet Adam at all in debate, and the more indignant because of the dull indifference with which the crowd had listened to what he had to say, if indeed they had listened at all.

Adam arose, folded one arm behind him, placed one hand in the breast of his coat and advanced with the gentle, modest air of a young man who is about to meet a thousand of his celebrated superiors. The effect was exquisitely complimentary and winning. He had the softened tone, the diffident manner of young integrity under trial. He was like a boy lark taking his first spring notes in the rhetoric of song. Suddenly, however, he seemed to get his bearings, to achieve courage out of his own inner consciousness of untarnished virtue, and immediately he soared into the empyrean of language. He glistened, he plucked the very stars from the heaven with an ease that indicated the loftiness of his ideals. The crowd shouted, the women wept, the babies paused with the tears upon their cheeks, rolled their eyes at him and were fascinated. I felt as though I had climbed a high hill in my heart to look at the aurora borealis of my husband's soul, and I was happily breathless with the effort. Later I discovered that this was the only kind of evidence Adam ever showed of having a soul.

Never once did he refer to an issue of the campaign. The implication was that these could not possibly suffer

I Said Nothing About Forgiveness

in his hands, that he would attend to them later when he was elected. Toward the close of his speech he assumed an expression of sadness, dropped slowly, reluctantly back to earth, turned with the air of injured innocence, and cast a look of reproach upon Colonel Middlebrook, who sat in a kind of apoplectic silence throughout the performance.

He desired to take up the charge of being a "serpent in Colonel Middlebrook's bosom," he resumed, after an accusatory pause. He did not mind so much being called a serpent—serpent was the Lord's own emblem of wisdom—but he wished to deny that he had ever had anything to do with Colonel Middlebrook's bosom, and he challenged anybody to prove that he had. He declared that he had come to Booneville a simple-hearted stranger, he had endeavored to do his duty as editor of the Banner and leader of public sentiment. In consequence he had been, or was about to be, chosen by the people as representative from Boone County—hence this outrageous scandal connecting him with Middlebrook's political bosom. Middlebrook was jealous, defeated, venomous, and so forth. The so forth pointed out real or imaginary delinquencies of the Colonel as representative.

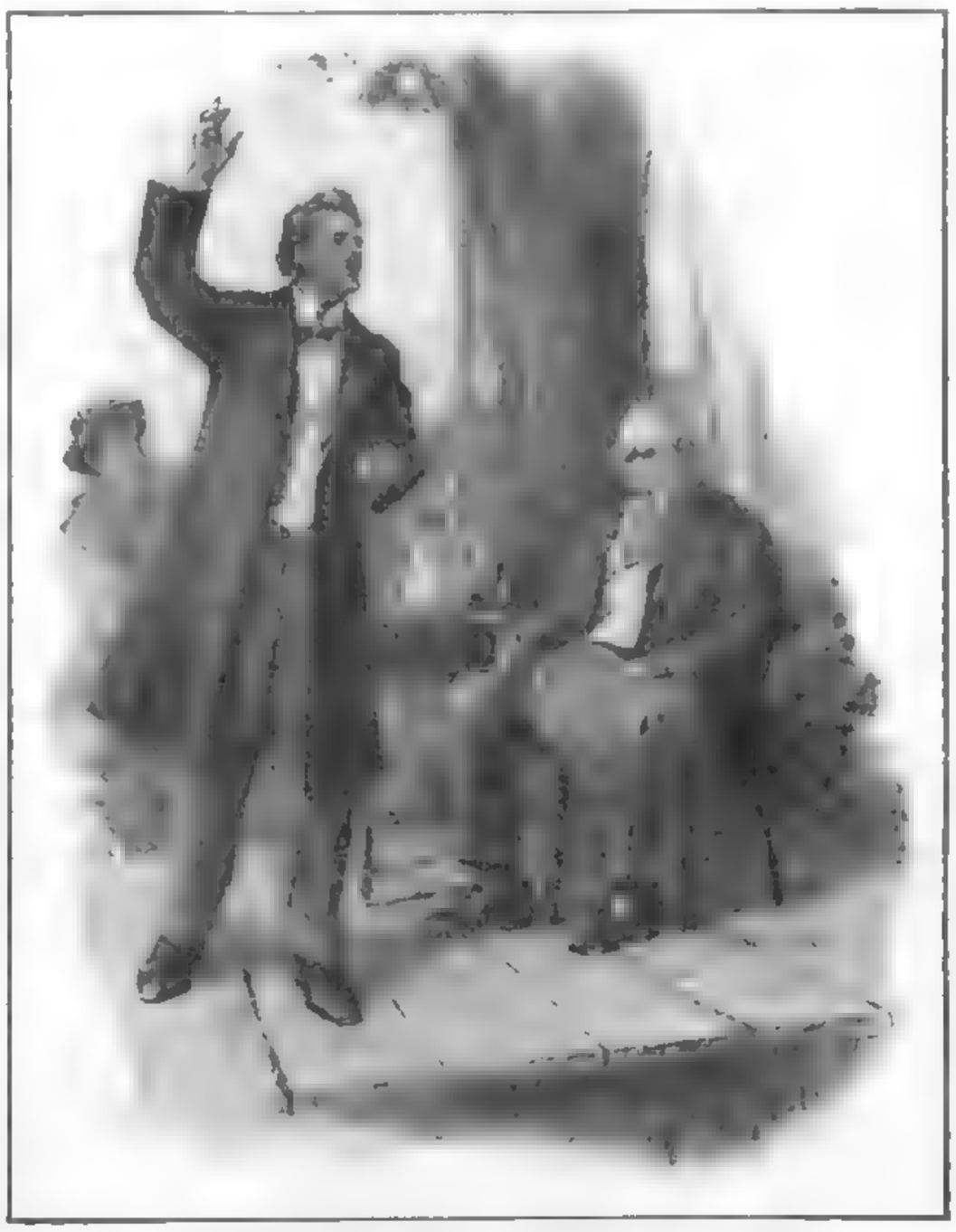
Adam would have made a wonderful revivalist. Once he reached his legs and stood up in the debate he was irresistible. He had that magic of the features which we call a spiritual expression. His face glowed, his brilliant black eyes widened and swept the crowd like scythes. If he laughed the crowd laughed with him. Over and above his party platform, which has changed from time to time, he has always had what may be called a personal platform, compassed by two planks—tears and laughter—and this has had more to do with his getting any office he wanted than the regular firmer plank of his party. If he had occasion to lift his hand to high Heaven upon some proposition, as he frequently did, they were inclined to be lifted up accordingly. Also he had the advantage of Middlebrook in that he had no political record, and in that he had an imaginary use of virtuous language that might have excited the envy of an Old Testament prophet.

I shall never have such moments again as I experienced during this honeymoon campaign, sitting from day to day in the shade of some grove upon a front seat at the "speaking," admired as a bride, enjoying the reflected glory of being the wife of the most eloquent man that "ever charmed an audience in Boone County." (See county correspondence in Banner of these dates.)

One incident will serve to illustrate the coming character of Adam, a character brilliant rather than profound, and one so light that for more than twenty years it has floated gracefully upon the surface of Tennessee politics, without ever being dry-docked by his party.

The thing I am about to tell occurred at a political rally near Molly's-borough, in one of the most aristocratic and belligerent sections of Tennessee. By the term aristocrat in Tennessee one is supposed to indicate a descendant of a Mississippi planter. To be descended from a Virginia cavalier here means no more than if you had claimed to have evoluted from a Himalayan monkey. And by the term belligerent, one means that infusion of the spirit of John Sevier and of Andrew Jackson that makes even the ministers of God natural-born feudists, and that has added an extra shotgun faculty to the brains of the best manhood in the state. Above all, this section was the hawk-nest neighborhood of a large number of old veterans who had served in Colonel Middlebrook's regiment. The "speaking" itself was to be in a grove upon the Molly's-borough battleground, where it was said the Colonel had executed a "novel movement" with his regiment and had thus been in time to save the whole of Bragg's army from being routed. On this account his military record was not only glorious, it was unique. But heretofore he had never been obliged to refer to it. He left it to plead for itself. Now, however, he was in his last ditch, politically speaking. So far the debate had seemed to go against him. He was exhausted. His antagonist was still resplendent, still pawing the ground from under his feet with rhetorical stampings that delighted the audiences.

The Colonel arose when the hour for debate had arrived, advanced to the front of the platform, with the dragging dullness of a tired old man. He stood for a moment silent, looking out over the familiar faces of the crowd, some of which he had seen many a time before wreathed in the musket smoke of battle. That silence was the one eloquent sentence he uttered during the campaign. It was apparent from the first word that he had abandoned his arrogant position of self-assurance and had assumed the humbler one of pleading for the continued support of his constituents. He was an old soldier, he said. He had no mean record as commander of the Boone County Wildcats, as some of the men before him knew. He could not make an eloquent speech, he was not made out of words, but there had been a time when he could have matched any man's words with bullets. He paused again. There was something in his bulk and helplessness that pleaded for him. It was a glorious memory, made ugly in the fat of an old man's form. He could not help it. He could not even voice the memory. He resumed. What he was about to say was this, he explained. It was not the office of representative he craved, but the honor of their confidence that his election to the office would prove. He had not thought, he said in conclusion, that John Middlebrook would ever have to remind the men of Boone County of his services in protecting their homes twenty-odd years ago from the Federal army. But—— Here he began to fumble awkwardly at his collar. Deliberately he unbuttoned it, pulled his shirt open, showed a breast covered with long gray hair and a livid scar that glistened across it whiter than the hair.



Never Once Did He Refer to an Issue of the Campaign

"I got that from a Yankee officer's saber not a hundred yards from where I am standing now, out there in that open field."

He refastened his collar with the same deliberation, turned and walked back to his seat. In all he had not been on his feet ten minutes. Suddenly the air was rent by a rebel yell; the very sunlight seemed to tremble. The Colonel sat imperturbable, with his eyes apparently fixed upon the past out there in the open field.

The yelling continued longer than the speech that had evoked it. And I wondered how Adam would meet the situation—Adam, who was as naked of battle scars as a new-born babe; who, I believe, if he had been wounded could not have kept even in his flesh so lasting a thing as a scar.

The noise subsided, but when he arose and started to the front of the stand it bellowed forth again. He drew back, gracefully resumed his seat. His manner implied that he did not wish to shorten or to share the cheering that belonged to his esteemed antagonist.

At last he was permitted to begin. He looked like a neatly dressed two-legged comma in the middle of a situation much too large for him. But the genius of Adam consisted in the fact that he could make a rhetorical use even of his own insignificance to further his ends. This is what he did now. Never in history, on Decoration Days, or in songs or poetry did any hero of battle receive a more comprehensive eulogy upon his courage than Adam West pronounced that day upon Colonel John Middlebrook. He explained the honor he felt in being reckoned worthy to run in the same race with such a man. This was an audacious parody upon the challenge of John L. Sullivan by Bill Nye, who explained that he only wanted to be "mixed up with him before the public." The tears streamed down Adam's face as he proceeded in a sort of martial rapture to recount the miraculous musket record of this noblest of the Boone County heroes. The audience responded by weeping also. The veterans were completely captivated by the admiration and reverence of this young man. Middlebrook alone remained aloof, like a large, unsightly boulder that has been rolled into place to commemorate a battle that was fought there. He comprehended the use Adam was making of his glory to fashion his own halo, and he resented it without being able to prevent the sacrilege.

Having made him more resplendent than Cæsar or Napoleon, Adam went on gently to explain why the gray hairs of such veterans should not be dragged in the mud of political affairs. He showed how already the reputation of the Colonel had suffered, not because he was culpable—God forbid!—but because his noble confidence had been abused by designing politicians at the capital. What Boone County needed to protect her in war was men like Colonel Middlebrook; what she needed in times of great commercial greed, like the present, to protect her interests was the alertness and the brains of a young man who had grown up in such times and was better acquainted with them than he was with the glories of war. His reasoning was as clear as his spirit was generous, and had its effect. If he had not saved the day to himself entirely, at least he had not lost it to his rival.

This occasion closed the series of joint debates. Adam and I returned to Booneville. A few months later he was elected as representative by a handsome majority over Middlebrook.

A man is a queer creature, although not quite so queer, of course, as a woman. He has a dual nature. He is his own twin, whereas a woman can be her own mother in a sad emergency where there is no one else to comfort her.

During the next six months I learned something about Adam's other nature, the bacchanalian twin of him, whose existence I might have suspected but did not, because to be a suspicious bride is an incredible sacrilege against love. Besides, I am of a disposition that renders it easier for me to believe rather than to disbelieve, to hope rather than to despair. It is more refreshing to the heart, more uplifting to the eyes. Even to this day I cannot resist the temptation to believe Adam when he swears that he will never take another drop of anything intoxicating so long as he lives, so help him God and the spirit of his sainted mother! He will swear by anything that is sacred enough! And if he records his vow upon one of the memorial pages dedicated to "Births" and "Deaths" in our family Bible, which Mother gave us when we were married, I feel as hopeful and happy as though I had been redeemed to everlasting peace in this world. I believe as firmly in the vow as though it were an addition to the Scriptures rather than an addition to Adam's eloquent Apocrypha. Nothing, no anguish of disappointments, has ever cured me of this illusion of a faith in him which is based only upon the substance of things hoped for in him, the evidence of what I have never really seen in him. I reckon it is the way women are made on purpose. We cannot really bear the truth, therefore we must bear and give birth to our illusions as well as to our children, and nourish them both with equal care.

About a week after we returned home Adam came in very late one night. I was sitting up for him. I do not know why, but it is an instinct in all simple-hearted wives to sit up for their husbands if they are out late at night. I have known old women to do it whose husbands were as impeccable as saints. This is the answer one of these gave me years later. We were living in Nashville at the time, and although her house was lighted with electricity she used to put a little lamp in the front window of her bedroom and sit up beside it whenever her husband was detained at his office in the evenings by the details of a very large business.

"You see, my dear," she explained, "no man ever gets too old to fly the track in some way. I know that James is true to me, and he never drinks anything stronger than water; but I cannot tell what he might do if I should allow him to forget me for a moment. So when he is out this way he has to bear it constantly in mind that I am sitting

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THE POPULAR MAGAZINES

WHY are the magazines popular? is a question that often becomes, in the mouth of a standpatter, Why is a popular magazine? But, in view of the late unpleasantness at the polls, the first question, no less than the second, merits his consideration.

There is a strong likeness between the case of the standpatter and that of the periodical. Both, in the last analysis, as Uncle Joe would say, are absolutely dependent on popular favor, but with this important difference: the standpatter is told what the people want by the boss of a party convention; the periodical by the people themselves, and with a sincerity that is none the less convincing because it is so often silent and merely a refusal to spend five or ten or fifteen cents. Both must come up for reëlection; but for the periodical every Saturday is election day and every corner news-stand is a polling place. Its day of reckoning is always today.

It follows, then, that if a magazine is to be popular it must understand and meet the wishes of the public. The more closely it approximates to the experiences of the mass of men in its stories, to their economic beliefs in its articles, and to their political ideals in its editorials, the wider its popularity must be. For it is an axiom of journalism that every reader is more interested in the "story" of which he or his neighbor is a part than in all the wonders of the distant world that the cable brings to his breakfast table. In the morning paper one turns first to the account of the fire that burned up Bill Smith's barn in the next block or the ball that one attended the night before. It is only then that one has time for the troubles of the King of Portugal and the New Republic.

Some editors of popular periodicals may believe that they are leading and that the people are following; that they are amateur messiahs, discovering new truths and proclaiming new gospels. It is a harmless delusion and it carries its own corrective. The popular periodicals are simply giving more or less coherent expression to facts that business men are finding in their ledgers, mechanics in their pay envelopes and housewives in their bills, and crystallizing already existing public opinion. They are not stirring up discontent; they are voicing it. They are not inventing reform measures; they are suggesting methods to inaugurate reforms that the people have decided they want. For all reform is the slow evolution of practical experience and, as finally effected, is a compromise. So this insistent demand for changes in the existing order is not due to the cussedness of a few editors, as some of their critics seem to think, but to the fixed idea of the people that certain things are wrong and that they must be made right. If there were no widespread and deep-seated conviction on the part of a great body of men that the country must adopt a progressive policy, the magazines that stand for that policy could not be popular. So it is impossible to escape the conclusion that, if these magazines are wrong in their teachings and vicious in their influence, a great many of our citizens—and those, too, of the moderately prosperous and hardworking class that usually forms the backbone of a country—are wrong in their ideas and vicious in their tendencies.

Swinging Around the Vicious Circle

THE standpatter affirms that the people, in their weakness and simplicity, are being led astray. The truth is that if any one is being led astray it is the editors. The people are beguiling them from the straight and narrow path that leads to the standpat Heaven, from which pauper angels are rigidly excluded and where a select group of seraphim discourse sweet music on their harps—forty-five per cent ad valorem—at Paderewski prices.

It is not possible that, in any forward movement, mistakes have not been made; but making mistakes simply means that a man is following new ambitions, seeking new experiences, pushing ahead into new country. Where a wise man ventures, the way is blazed straight back to safety. The blind trails, the bogs and the box canons are all marked on the map of his experience, but the fool is helpless alike when he faces the future or the past. He notched no trees and noted no blind trails as he went along. So at last he travels the vicious circle of his old mistakes.

There has been no rash haste in the forward march of the American people. They have been moving slowly, deliberately, but inexorably, for twenty years. Much of that time has been spent in preparation and in halts to take bearings. They have made mistakes, but not mistakes of radicalism. Every politician and every editor who has tried to turn them aside from their purpose with wrong directions, or to frighten them with tales of bogies just ahead, has been discredited.

All this has pained some gentlemen who preach hellfire to those who do not believe in the standpat Heaven. They think that the mouth of the movement is its brains; that if it were not for the periodicals all would yet be well. From the nature of their being these men cannot learn, but perhaps they can forget. Let them forget that.

The standpatter is the Christian Scientist of politics. He affirms that all is sweetness and light in the economic world; and it is only fair to concede that it usually is in his cozy corner of it. He denies the existence of economic ills and urges every one to stand pat and be well. The malicious animal magnetism of his system is, of course, the popular magazine.

What is a Muckraker?

THE standpatter lacks both vision and perspective. He can see neither the promise of the future nor the errors of the past. His thinking is ready-made and he wants every one else to think ready-made thoughts—of his making. He wants the magazines to mind their own business, whatever that may be; though he does not much care, so they do not concern themselves with the tariff, or the trusts, or the railroads, or the cost of living—or anything that is really vital. He wants them to be literary—probably in a mid-Victorian fashion—with simpering women and drooling men doddering through their pages. He wants heart-throbs and happy endings and fake emotions—anything but humanity without the conventional lies and cant and hypocrisy. He wants pretty pictures, moonlight and sylvan scenes—anything but photographs of the surroundings in which real men and women live and work. He will even tell you just what literature is, though every schoolboy knows that the literature of yesterday is the trash of tomorrow and that our Shakspere is working at his trade of letters to gain a living and the applause of the pit, leaving to more precious souls the sweet certainty that they are creating literature. Yet literature is never consciously created or even recreated in the likeness of literature. Literature makes style; not style, literature.

Standpat methods are so shallow that one wonders how they can have dominated the country so long. The standpatter is the man without a country. Instead, he has a party. In his scheme of things one is a Republican, or a Democrat, or a pariah. One must think according to the dictates of a party boss and vote according to the directions of a party convention. In all the bright lexicon of standpattism there is no such word as "independence"; on every page of it one finds the epithet "muckraker." It is the last remnant of his stock in trade; for, alas! the days when a good mouth-filling word was cheered for its sound alone have passed.

Now, nobody knows what a muckraker really is—not even Colonel Roosevelt, who popularized the word, and whom some call the boss muckraker of them all. Sometimes we suspect, when we have been reading the newspapers, that an article that is characterized as a Public Service when it is printed in a daily, by some subtle process becomes a muckraking screed when it appears in a monthly. Again, we are variously inclined to believe, after listening to different men, that muckraking is simply criticism of the tariff, or the methods of the Sugar Trust, or believing in the physical valuation of railroads, or advocating the initiative and referendum, or impeaching the motives of a jackpot legislature, or intimating that Mr. Morgan has banks and railroads enough to satisfy any reasonable man, or wondering just why John D. is loosening up in his old age. The only thing that one can know with certainty about a muckraker is that he is always the other fellow.

In spite of the standpatter, or perhaps because of him, the popular magazine, like the little country weekly, has come to stay. Like it, these periodicals fill a long-felt want. They occupy a place between the daily newspapers and the dear old ladies of the periodical press, who knit and embroider perfectly proper and perfectly elegant comforters and ladies of fiction and fact, pausing occasionally to lift a hand of shocked protest at the capers of the younger generation.

The truth of the matter is that the popular periodicals are in a real sense literary; in a true sense educational; and in a vital sense journalism. That is why they make so many people nervous. Whether we are to have a New Nationalism or not, we already have a new national journalism whether we like it or not. Some don't like it.

Where the daily tells the story of the world hour by hour and day by day, the periodical tells the story week by week and month by month. It concerns itself more with the meaning of news than with news itself; more with the causes and effects of current history than with its dates and events; more with the individual's actions in their relation to the nation than with the individual himself.

It is urged against the periodicals that there are men writing for some of them who are imitating Martin Luther and continually jumping up and declaring that they have seen the devil, when, as a matter of fact, the old gentleman is snugly ensconced at his own fireside. Though, when one smells brimstone, it may safely be argued that the devil is in the neighborhood, it may be conceded that this new national journalism is often crude, groping and sensational—to the horror of some of our impeccable dailies. But it is a hopeful sign that it is found, even when it is most open to criticism in its methods, on the side of honest business and decent politics. It has had the consistency, even at the cost of a good deal of profitable advertising, to criticise business that advertises. It has had the courage to set its own house in order as a preliminary to calling on the neighbors. The whole movement for clean, honest, reliable advertising originated with these popular magazines. Today, none of them that counts will open its pages to a dishonest or tricky advertiser. The promoters of get-rich-quick schemes must go elsewhere to get at the public. The swindlers who prey on human weakness and credulity cannot buy a line of its space. Tricky merchants, manufacturers who misrepresent their goods, people who make promises that they cannot fulfill—all the men who are trying to use the press of the country as the gambler uses the tout—are forbidden the pages of the leading magazines. Yet it is true, as it has been charged, that they are commercial enough to make money. The country could stand a little more commercialism of the same sort.

Is This Muckraking?

THE recent General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Cincinnati, received a report containing this statement:

"The property right is merely one conferred upon the individual by the community. Morally it exists only in return for social service. It must in every case yield to the needs of humanity. No business interest, no profit, however great, can warrant the deliberate deterioration of human life. No Christian employer can find valid ground for conducting an industry which requires or even permits the regular employment of men for twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, at a wage which necessitates the work of women and children that the family may live."

About the same time the National Council of Congregational Churches, at Boston, adopted a declaration of principles beginning: "We deem it the duty of all Christian people to concern themselves directly with certain practical industrial problems." The churches should stand, says the declaration, for abolition of child labor and the sweating system; for release from employment one day in seven; for a living wage as a minimum in every industry and for the highest wage that each industry can afford; for the protection of workers from dangerous machinery, occupational diseases and injuries; for the most equitable division of the products of industry that can be devised.

The Career of Farthest North

The Cure of Mrs. Vanderscheldt--By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IF THERE were an autobus line that ran through mythology one inhabitant of that country would be promptly identified by all the outside passengers. They would say, "That burly gentleman at the left, carrying a big club, must be Hercules."

A few might identify Castor and Pollux because they looked alike, or Achilles from his shield, or Nestor on account of his age, or Ulysses because he was engaged in selling a gold brick to an intoxicated farmer. But only now and then would there be some very learned passenger who could tell Agamemnon from Menelaus, Orestes from Jason, and so on.

In America, fortunately, there is an autobus line that runs through mythology. It starts at Washington Square and traverses Fifth Avenue to a point beyond the Metropolitan Museum. If you take the bus any fair day and listen attentively you will find that some of the passengers know some of the fabulous monuments past which the topheavy vehicle rapidly lurches. "Here," a lady will say, "are the old Vanderbilt houses," or "This is the John Jacob Astor residence." But there is one house that all the passengers know—even those with brown canvas "telescopes" between their feet.

This Hercules of the Avenue stands above Seventieth Street, and symbolizes monstrous wealth by having in front a shallow lawn with flower-beds, although the land, foot for foot, is more valuable than the fabled pavements of New Jerusalem. The house itself is large and very French, with a good deal of ornamental ironwork and plate glass. The precious lawn is inclosed by a tall wrought-iron fence, with a monumental gate—at which the more simple-minded female passengers rather expect to find Saint Peter stationed.

To a newspaper-reading public the house is almost as familiar as the big teeth by which they recognize their foremost fellow citizen in a cartoon. They know it is the residence of Mr. Frederick Vanderscheldt, but they usually describe it to one another as "the place where Mrs. Freddie Vanderscheldt lives." Through this celebrated gate, one clear, crisp day in October, Mr. Francis North tripped briskly. With smiling face and confident tread he crossed the costly lawn and rang the doorbell. Through the glass door the servant could see plainly enough that he was a stranger. Opening the door, therefore, the servant stood stonily in the stranger's way; but when Farthest presented him with a note and a card, and he beheld the superscription upon the note, he bowed and ushered the stranger in with deference. Some two or three minutes later Mrs. Frederick Vanderscheldt entered the room in which Farthest was waiting, with the open note in her hand. He knew, as a matter of course, that she was at that moment thirty-two years, one month and a few days old, and he thought she just about looked it. She was of medium height, slim, lithe and dark, with a nose and chin that denoted considerable will-power; a fair brow and fine eyes that suggested intelligence. It struck him that she looked like a woman who knew how to laugh; but she wasn't doing it now, and there was not the faintest gleam of welcome or interest in her fine eyes. It would have been difficult for a hitching-post to be more absolutely impassive than she was. The note was from her mother-in-law, Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt, and it read as follows:

Dear Julia: This will introduce Mr. Francis North, who is engaged upon a plan that interests me very much. I shall be obliged if you will let him explain it to you. We hope for your coöperation.

From seven years' experience, Mrs. Frederick Vanderscheldt had discovered that plans that interested Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt very much did not interest her at all—not even when the plans aimed at her own reformation. So, with a slight inclination of her head, she murmured "Mr. North" in an expressionless manner and sat down to listen.

"The plan I am engaged with," Farthest began, "is to bring about a great revival of interest in colonial affairs—especially in our old, historic families—the splendid old Dutch strain here in New York." He added mentally: "And I can see at a glance that the very mention of it bores you into a trance."

Briskly and fatuously, as though the lady were giving signs of the most cordial interest, he continued: "As I said to Mrs. Vanderscheldt—and I may say that Mrs. Vanderscheldt heartily agreed with me—society here in New York and everywhere else is being vulgarized and corrupted by a horde of new-rich; people of no family whatever and with nothing to recommend them except great

"Oh, You'll Catch It! Wait Until She Finds There's No Night Train!"

wealth, which they have usually acquired by the most disreputable means." To himself he commented: "She's coming."

Indeed, the lady's air of impenetrable indifference dropped from her. She held up her chin, her lips came firmly together and her dark eyes sparkled—rather menacingly; for, as everybody knew, she herself was a daughter of that famous "Pete" Johnson who had begun life as a hostler, acquired many copper mines and incidentally been indicted a couple of times.

"My idea," said Farthest amiably, without pause, "is to have here in New York a great historic spectacle, including a reproduction of that ball which Mr. Anselm Schmetterhorn—Mrs. Vanderscheldt's great-grandfather's great-grandfather—gave in 1732, when he opened his new mansion in what was then called Greenwich Village; also a reproduction of the ball given by Mr. Martin Vanderscheldt—Mrs. Vanderscheldt's husband's grandfather—in 1836. I wish to have it patronized by the very best society, for in that case the newspapers all over the country are sure to give it a great amount of space. Thus, I hope, it will attract public attention and admiration to our old, aristocratic families, teaching people that birth is the only true source of social distinction and counteracting the false notions that have been set up—for example, by the Smith-Browns' three-hundred-thousand-dollar ball and the vulgar splurges of other rich bounders."

In the society papers Farthest had read that Mrs. Freddie Vanderscheldt and Mrs. Smith-Brown were particularly intimate friends. He judged the report to be true, because a faint color rose to the lady's cheeks, her eyes shone brightly, and he perceived that the interview was at the point of terminating in a manner disagreeable to himself—in fine, that she was about to have him thrown out of the house.

So he added instantly, smiling pleasantly: "I mean what Mrs. Vanderscheldt sarcastically calls 'the Sioux chiefs' dog-feasts.' I need hardly say that Mrs. Vanderscheldt cordially sympathizes with my aim."

At the same time he glanced at the square of paper that lay in the lady's lap—which reminded her that, after all, he came with a note from her mother-in-law. She herself glanced at the paper, recognizing Cornelia Vanderscheldt's genuine signature upon it even as she recognized her genuine sentiments upon the lips of the stranger. Resigning herself, therefore, she reclined in her chair and her face became indifferent, except that a faint, rather sad smile hovered upon her lips.

"And in discrediting the dog-feasts what rôle have you kindly assigned to me?" she asked with a tinge of bitterness.

Cheerful and beaming, Farthest replied promptly: "Why, as I argued to Mrs. Vanderscheldt, we really must have your coöperation on account of the advertising value of your name. She had to admit that the newspapers would be sure to give it twice as much attention if your name were put forward prominently, and that's exactly what we want, you see—to create a wide, deep public impression. We want the whole country to realize that true social distinction is founded upon birth, not upon riches; and with the advertising power of your name we can do it."

Mrs. Freddie actually laughed. Soliciting the use of her name for the purpose of instructing the whole country that "Pete" Johnson's daughter was a mere bounder struck her as really delightful. Even in the colossal stupidity that could make the proposal there was something rather delicious.

"You'd want me to sign the yellow wrappers or have my name blown in the bottle, or something of that sort?" she inquired in a way that, to so acute an observer as Farthest, disclosed her complete contempt for his understanding.

"Why, there will be many parts to be taken," he explained amiably, "such as guests at the old balls, and so on. You see, Mrs. Vanderscheldt, I propose to lead up to the balls with a number of historical scenes tracing the development of the Schmetterhorn and Vanderscheldt families—since those families so splendidly typify our old Dutch aristocracy. I mean to call in the very best antiquarians in order to get all of the details right and convincing.

"First of all," he proceeded with increasing earnestness and enthusiasm, "we'd show a street in old Amsterdam with some little shops in it, and one of the little shops would be run by an old Schmetterhorn. Then a Vanderscheldt would come in with a bundle of catskins to sell, and the two would dicker over the skins. Schmetterhorn would say that catskins were a drug on the market and Vanderscheldt would reply that since Schmetterhorn sold them for minkskins he could afford to pay a decent price. He would explain how much time and trouble he'd taken to catch and skin the cats. We might introduce a quite dramatic touch by having him say that the family was about to be evicted, and in order to raise enough to pay the rent he'd been obliged to skin his dear old grandmother's pet cat. Then they'd speak of America as the land of promise, and Schmetterhorn would say that his son was going over there."

As Farthest unrolled his plot with all the absorbed ardor of a young author, Mrs. Vanderscheldt slowly came to an upright position in the chair and stared at him in blank amazement.

"Then the second scene," Farthest went on with glowing enthusiasm, "would be laid in New Amsterdam. It seems that the first American Schmetterhorn conducted a sort of shop and small tavern combined. So we'd have the scene in the barroom, with Mr. Schmetterhorn in a white apron polishing the glasses. We should have to violate historical accuracy somewhat by bringing in the first American Vanderscheldt then, instead of a couple of generations later. He would come in followed by some Indians bearing beaver-skins, and it would be explained that the two were in a sort of partnership, swapping whisky and firearms to the Indians in exchange for pelts. Then the next scene would be about the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Schmetterhorns and Vanderscheldts had become prosperous and leading citizens. It would be explained that they were captains of industry, increasing the riches of the country by smuggling in molasses from the West Indies, which they converted into rum, shipping the rum to the African slave coast, where they traded it for negroes whom they sold in the Southern slave markets. And that would bring us right down to the first Schmetterhorn ball, you see," he concluded, beaming expectantly upon her.

By this time Mrs. Freddie was leaning forward a little in her chair, regarding him with an intent and puzzled expression. "You have explained these historical scenes to Mrs. Vanderscheldt?" she inquired, like a person much at sea.

"Why, I haven't wished to bother Mrs. Vanderscheldt too much about mere details," he replied modestly. "I suppose she would prefer to leave the details mostly to me. You see, her great object is to exalt birth and family in contrast with mere vulgar riches. I can assure you that she cordially approves my plan on the whole, as she herself

has expressed it." To prove it he took Mrs. Vanderscheldt's note from his pocket and handed it to her daughter-in-law. The note read:

My dear Mr. North: I cordially approve your undertaking and hope it may prove highly successful. Whenever I can be of service, pray command me.

Yours very truly,
CORNELIA VANDERSCHELDT.

The lady examined the note and returned it, obviously much perplexed. "Who is to bear the expense of this—undertaking?" she inquired.

"So far," Farthest replied candidly, "I have borne all the expense myself."

"Pardon me," said puzzled Mrs. Freddie, "but—are you professionally engaged in giving revivals or spectacles?"

"Oh, no," Farthest answered promptly and cheerfully. "On the contrary, I am engaged in running a little sanatorium up in New England. I'm just getting it fairly started, for I've been hampered a good deal by lack of capital," he added deprecatingly.

Mrs. Freddie dropped back in her chair, like a person quite floored.

"You see," he explained gently, "I took over a deserted old inn there for my sanatorium. I think the inn must have been built along about the time of the Schmetterhorn mansion in Greenwich Village; so I'm going to have Mrs. Vanderscheldt go up there and stay a little while and look the old place over with a view—possibly—to using a replica of it in our spectacle."

"Wouldn't photographs do?" Mrs. Freddie suggested.

"I would very much prefer," he replied, "to have Mrs. Vanderscheldt come up personally to my little sanatorium and stay a while. Of course, her movements are all more or less known, and I would get up a neat memorial of her visit to the sanatorium, with her picture in it and a facsimile of her note"—he tapped the cordial missive from Cornelia—"and mail copies of it to some of her friends." He lifted his soft, dark eyes to the lady's face with the utmost gravity, and added mildly: "I hope I am not less alive than is Mrs. Vanderscheldt herself to the advertising power of the Vanderscheldt name."

Mrs. Freddie's amazed mind grasped the main fact that he meant to use Cornelia Vanderscheldt as an advertisement for his little sanatorium, and she gasped: "But she'll not go!"

He nodded his poetic head at her emphatically and affirmed with gentle confidence: "She will go. You see, she is exceedingly keen to forward a plan that will give her an inning, as I may say, against the vulgar new-rich. I expect she is already giving some of her friends hints of it."

As the colossal nature of the sell dawned upon Mrs. Freddie she couldn't help perceiving the depths of mortification into which it would cast Cornelia—in fact, a faint, mischievous smile appeared at the corners of her lips. But Cornelia, after all, was Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt, and she instantly became grave.

"How did you meet Mrs. Vanderscheldt? Who are you?" she demanded.

He looked her steadily in the eye and replied firmly: "I had a note of introduction to Mrs. Vanderscheldt from a thoroughly respectable and worthy person who would give me another note to her today if I asked for it. I may say that I am a perfectly respectable person myself and my little sanatorium is a perfectly respectable place. I can give you the names of four highly reputable patients who will indorse it. I can assure you it will do Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt no harm in the world to go there. Otherwise, I'd be a fool, for the reaction would upset me. As to how I came to meet her, you know how a name distinguished in society catches the women—and what name is more distinguished than Mrs. Vanderscheldt's? I was fortunate enough to discover some old Dutch manuscripts relating to the Schmetterhorn and Vanderscheldt families, and Mr. Hubbard was very glad to give me a note to Mrs. Vanderscheldt, that I might present them to her—also, that the great lady might bear him gratefully in her memory."

Mrs. Freddie was now regarding the young man not only with interest but with a sort of fascination. "Who made your old Dutch manuscripts for you?" she inquired.

"Oh, no one you ever heard of," he answered lightly. "A great many people can do that, you know."

As Mrs. Freddie considered it, contemplating the young man, Farthest took justifiable pleasure in perceiving a distinctly personal quality in her faint smile and in the light of her eyes.

"Once upon a time," she commented, in a delightfully musical voice, as her smile grew brighter, "I took no end of trouble and got scandalously snubbed trying to meet a surly old Norwegian who wrote plays, because I was curious to see a genius of the first water face to face. So I appreciate your coming to me."

She laughed pleasantly, while Farthest blushed and murmured deprecatingly. Then a thought struck her and she at once looked grave, even a little alarmed. "But why did you come?" she demanded. "What do you expect me to do?"

"Oh," he replied modestly, "I expect you merely to visit my sanatorium with Mrs. Vanderscheldt."

"I!" the lady cried incredulously; then dropped back in the chair and gave a peal of laughter. "So you have some old Dutch manuscripts for me too!"

"Not at all," Farthest explained mildly, with an amiable smile. "You see, Mrs. Vanderscheldt is a good deal committed to this historical spectacle. I presume she's giving hints of it to her friends, as a coming retribution upon the new-rich. And when she visits the old inn she may be more or less disappointed, having formed expectations of the building that will not be realized. And if the historic spectacle happens not to come off she will be somewhat disappointed also; but she will be pretty sure to keep her disappointment to herself. She wouldn't, for example, tell you that she had visited the inn. On the other hand, if you accompany her, there'll be no need of her telling you. You'll know all about it and she'll know that you do know all about it."

In other words, as Mrs. Freddie perceived, if she were an eyewitness to the egregious sell upon her mother-in-law, Cornelia would be bound and delivered to her hands. The lady had painful reason to know that she and her most particular friends—to say nothing of her father and mother—did not enjoy Cornelia's cordial approval. She did many things that Cornelia did not consider becoming to the wife of a Vanderscheldt, however allowable they might be to the daughter of a dog-feasting "Pete" Johnson; in fact, it sometimes seemed to the lady that practically everything she did fell in that unhappy category. Yet never, even in her most exuberant moments, had she let herself be taken in, gulled and converted into an advertisement of a fake sanatorium by a young tramp who made a fool of her by playing upon her vanity! Undoubtedly, after that visit to the sanatorium, it would be a tongue-bound Cornelia with whom she would have to deal.

With what unconfined and un-Christian mirth society would welcome the story! The old Dutch manuscripts, so opportunely found; the grand historic spectacle that never came off, the aim of which was to put down the new-rich and exalt the old families; the personal visit to the queer little New England inn—all for the purpose of extracting an advertisement from Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt! Naturally, whether society did relish the story would depend upon whether or not she gave it away—and that would depend upon circumstances. Certainly she owed Cornelia a good deal because of the price that lady had made her pay for the honor of being a Vanderscheldt. Now she could collect it if she chose. Moreover, she was aware at this moment that her amiable brother—Peter, Junior—had secretly espoused a chorus girl. Life would be pleasanter if Cornelia, having discovered that circumstance, should neglect to discuss it with her. She could get through the winter better if she had a sanatorium to play off against the chorus girl.

Indeed, as Mrs. Freddie thought it over, her dark eyes fixed absently upon the window, smiling a little, her heart quite warmed. Yet there was an obstacle—probably insurmountable.

"Naturally, I couldn't suggest going," she said; "and Mrs. Vanderscheldt would scarcely invite me."

"Oh, yes," Farthest assured her confidently; "she will invite you." As the lady looked incredulous, he added, looking demurely at the floor: "Our enterprise particularly needs you, you know, on account of the advertising value of your name, and—though I don't know anything about it—I imagine that Mrs. Vanderscheldt by this time is really anxious for your coöperation. Her object, you see, is to impress people with the truer and finer social values; to get them to realize how far superior family is to mere wealth; and, as you are the leading representative of the younger generation, I suppose she would like the impression to be especially strong and lasting upon you."

Mrs. Freddie saw the point and her face darkened. It would, of course, be quite like Cornelia to see, in the historic spectacle, a grand opportunity for teaching her daughter-in-law where she really belonged!

"How long do we stay there?" she asked with a decisive brevity.

Farthest took a timetable from his pocket and offered it to her. "You will see there's a train from New York at eight in the evening, reaching Avignon at nine next morning; and a train out of Avignon for New York at six-forty-five in the evening."

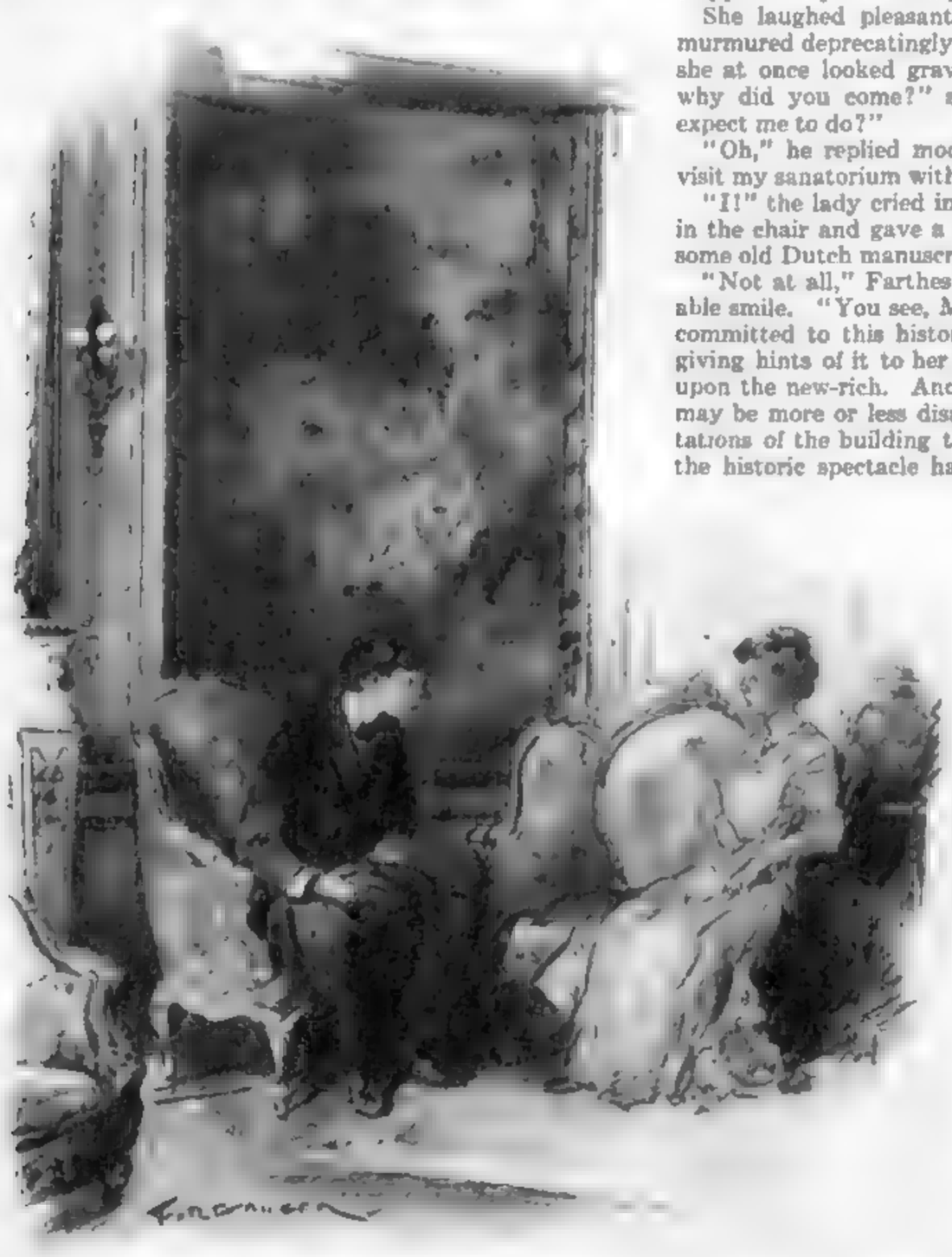
"It would be just a day, then," she commented, glancing at the timecard and returning it.

Farthest considered a moment; consciously braced himself and took a chance. Looking her steadily in the eye he replied: "You would have to stay overnight and take the noon train next day. This timecard, which I showed Mrs. Vanderscheldt, is the summer schedule. The evening train doesn't run now."

Oddly enough, the lady felt subtly flattered—not merely because he was taking the trouble to tell her the truth but because this implied that he courted her good will, which involved a compliment to her understanding.

"I shouldn't much mind the night," she commented, and smiled mischievously; "but I suppose the trip back next day may be more or less unpleasant."

The Well-Known Owner of Iron Mines, the Milwaukee Brewer, and One of the Country's Leading Tax-Dodgers



"Society Here in New York is Being Vulgarized and Corrupted by a Horde of New-Rich"

"As to that," said Farthest genially, "I don't expect you to come back next day. I expect you to stay a bit; because I believe you'll find it interests you."

"Really!" she cried, with laughter. "You'll show me old manuscripts—Knickerbocker ghosts—bring spirit messages from the Schmetterhorns?" Yet, even as she mocked, she felt a subtle excitement—a titillation not unlike that which she experienced when she drove A. Van Vetter Schmetterhorn's new car and self into the pond to see what would happen.

Farthest himself laughed modestly. "Something much funnier than ghosts," he said. There they left it.

He was quite right in surmising that Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt, by this time, was very desirous of impressing all the ennobling lessons of the historic spectacle upon her vivacious daughter-in-law; and he had little difficulty in persuading that lady to invite Mrs. Freddie to accompany her to the old inn, which was saturated, as one might say, with memories of her own and her husband's ancestors. Mrs. Freddie herself seemed quite indifferent; let slip an observation to the effect that Mr. North and his spectacle were rather tiresome; yet, since her mother-in-law asked it, she consented to go. That point being settled, Farthest wrote to his wife as follows:

Dear Edith: It was certainly very nice of Mr. Hubbard to mention to Mrs. Morson, of Bridgeport, and her friend that Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt was coming to the sanatorium, as my former letter suggested that he might do. Of course, Mrs. Morson is a disagreeable, snobbish sort of woman, and she treated us with contempt when she first came to look at the sanatorium; but she has a great deal of money and knows a lot of other women who have much money. So it is quite important for us to have her as a patron. Probably her friend is the same sort. If they are disagreeable we will simply raise the prices so much higher.

Now, Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt and Mrs. Freddie Vanderscheldt are coming. They will arrive on the Monday morning train. You must save the southwest room and the one next it on the south for them. Please drive over to Avignon and tell Mrs. Morson that if she and her friend wish rooms at the sanatorium they ought to engage them at once, because the Vanderscheldt ladies are coming Monday, and some of their friends may decide to come a little later, filling the place up. I will be home Sunday morning, so as to make final arrangements for receiving the Vanderscheldt ladies. I trust Mr. Hubbard is having a pleasant journey to California.

The arrangements for receiving the Vanderscheldt ladies were simple. They consisted of placing in the inn half a dozen pieces of imitation colonial furniture and several old prints that Farthest had brought from New York; and of a conversation with the editor of the Avignon Courier—who acted as correspondent for a couple of New York newspapers. Farthest kindly offered his assistance in reporting an event of such first-rate importance as the visit of Mrs. Jacob and Mrs. Freddie Vanderscheldt, personally writing a description of his sanatorium and system of healing, which the editor could incorporate in his dispatch.

The editor was on the platform of the Avignon station when the Vanderscheldt ladies arrived, and Farthest noted that an automobile containing Mrs. Morson and her friend was drawn up beside the station—merely a coincidence, no doubt, although it was an extraordinarily early hour for them to be abroad. Some time before—upon Mr. Hubbard's friendly suggestion—Mrs. Morson had visited the sanatorium; but she had then treated its primitive appointments and humble proprietor with frank scorn—as, naturally, she would not have treated even a dog-kennel that had been glorified by the presence of either Mrs. Vanderscheldt.

It was quite cold at Avignon that morning, with a raw east wind blowing. Snow had already fallen and the clouds promised more. Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt, indeed, seemed displeased with the weather and with her night in the Pullman; but Mrs. Freddie met him with a sparkling eye of expectation—which changed automatically to an expression of bored indifference when her mother-in-law looked around. Farthest had a sleigh with plenty of wraps waiting, and as they muffled themselves against the sharp wind there was little opportunity for conversation during the six-mile drive to the old inn. Mrs. Freddie wondered whether Mr. North had instructed the driver to go at a walk. In any event the journey was tedious and uncomfortable.

As the ladies alighted in front of the inn Farthest turned to the elder, indicating the structure with a sweep of his arm. "There is the building, Mrs. Vanderscheldt," he said with modest pride. It had never, in fact, been a good specimen of colonial architecture, and some ambitious owner had added a porch with fat fluted columns and put in a couple of glaring plate-glass windows. Mrs. Jacob viewed it without enthusiasm or comment, and Mrs. Freddie with an air of patient martyrdom.

Farthest led the way across the offensive porch and flung open the office door. There was really nothing about the room that warranted his ceremonial way of ushering them into it; in fact, it was a very commonplace room, especially since the two plate-glass windows had been put in. The floor was warped and the rough-plastered ceiling bumpy. There were a crumbly and rather ugly brick fireplace, a little hotel desk in the corner, a long, plain writing-table and several inexpensive chairs. With this very ordinary furniture the three colonial pieces that Farthest had put in contrasted oddly. So much the ladies saw at a glance; also, that a cheerful fire blazed on the hearth and three masculine figures stood before it.

These were Farthest's patients. They stood rather close together in order to derive as much moral support as possible from one another in the ordeal that faced them. When Edith told them that Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt and Mrs. Freddie Vanderscheldt were coming they had debated—first, each with himself, then all together—as to whether they should change the rough out-of-door garments that went so well with the sanatorium régime, and had decided that to do so would be truckling and snobbish. Therefore the costume of Mr. George P. Holyoke, the well-known owner of iron mines, consisted of felt shoes, overalls and a blue flannel shirt. Thomas B. Schenk, the Milwaukee brewer, appeared in a pair of cast-off trousers and a sweater. Franklin J. George, one of the country's leading tax-dodgers, had, however, gone so far as to slip on a frayed smoking-jacket over his hickory shirt. None of them wore a necktie.

"Here Come Two Lost Souls, Holding Their Shirts to Their Knees"

Farthest promptly stepped forward with a smile and bow. "Mrs. Vanderscheldt," he said in a firm voice, "Mr. Holyoke, Mr. Schenk, Mr. George; and Mrs. Frederick Vanderscheldt, gentlemen."

Mrs. Frederick Vanderscheldt bowed and smiled; indeed, only by an exertion of will-power did she keep from laughing outright. Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt made a slight inclination of her head and seemed otherwise quite paralyzed.

The gentlemen made slight nervous movements of their feet and hands. Mr. Holyoke cleared his throat. Mr. George, perhaps by virtue of his smoking-jacket, began:

"We hoped to have a better brand of weather to show you, ma'am," he said amiably. He looked smilingly at his companions. "We fellows that buck the buck-saw don't mind what the weather is, but ladies don't like clouds." Personally he thought the speech rather handsome, and it inspired Thomas B. Schenk to put in genially: "We hope you ladies are going to join us at the buck-saw."

Mr. Holyoke said nothing; in fact, he turned discreetly to the kitchen door at about the same time that Mrs. Jacob, with another slight inclination of the head, but without a word, turned to look out of the window.

Mr. Schenk and Mr. George followed their companion—feeling that the reception had been a decided failure. As all three turned uncertainly at the kitchen door to make their adieus, they beheld Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt's erect back. But Mrs. Frederick Vanderscheldt was looking at them; her expressive face lighted up with a brilliant smile, and she bowed with the utmost amiability.

"Shall we go upstairs?" Farthest suggested gently, as they were left alone.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt, with icy decision.

He led the way to the southwest room, which was quite large and sunny if the sun shone at all. An open door connected with the next room on the south. Both rooms were plainly furnished, with rag carpets, iron beds, pine washstands holding a brown earthen pitcher and bowl. Each contained a little sheet-iron stove, piping hot. In the southwest room stood a colonial secretary and chair.

"I hope you can make yourselves quite comfortable and at home here," said Farthest cheerfully.

Mrs. Freddie looked round the rooms; then looked at her mother-in-law with a slight elevation of the eyebrows, indicating surprise; then resumed the meek expression of a patient martyr. Mrs. Jacob also looked round and confronted Farthest.

"Who are those—men?" she inquired tartly.

"Oh, they're my patients," he replied, smiling brightly. "You see this place is no good as an inn and of course I couldn't afford to have it lie idle on my hands—especially as I'd invested all the money I had in it—so I turned it into a sanatorium. We're getting nicely started now, and I expect to make a very good living out of it."

The lady's brain reeled and she looked as though she could not comprehend him. How could he have put all his money in this little place if he were a rich Westerner? If he had put all his money in this place how could he get up a very costly historical spectacle? If this were a sanatorium what was she doing here? Such questions shot dizzily through her mind. She said faintly, "Leave us!" and went over and sat down in a "Boston" rocker with a crazy-quilt cushion on it. Naturally Farthest withdrew.

Mrs. Freddie walked listlessly up and down the room, now and then staring blankly out of the window. "Of course," she observed presently with a bored yet patient air, "I'm very glad to have come since you wished it, but otherwise it would seem hardly worth while."

Cornelia did not reply. She was trying, with a sick heart, to recall what Mr. North had said about himself and what she had merely inferred. As she stared at the rag carpet and painfully strove to think her way out of the maze, she heard Mrs. Freddie saying listlessly: "Do you suppose eight dollars and sixty-five cents was the price of it?"

Glancing up, she saw that her daughter-in-law was sitting in the colonial chair and holding in her hand a red tag that was fastened to the leg of the colonial secretary.

Mrs. Jacob arose hastily and crossed to the secretary. Upon the red ticket was printed the name of a well-known New York department store and it contained the figures "$8.65." But even without that evidence Mrs. Jacob would have known by a little examination that the figures represented about its market value.

"Odd that he should be buying cheap imitation colonial furniture when he's so much interested in colonial affairs," Mrs. Freddie commented indifferently. As though struck by an idle thought she added, with little interest in the subject, "I thought you told me he was rich." She arose, languidly stifling a yawn, and gave a bored little laugh. "I hope his sanatorium isn't so much a fake as his furniture. I imagine the gentlemen downstairs are writing excitedly to their good wives, in Oshkosh, that Mrs. Vanderscheldt is now a fellow-patient with them." She laughed again in a bored way and turned to the window. "I hope this will not get to be one of the dissipations of the younger set."

She heard a door shut smartly behind her. Turning, she perceived that Cornelia had fled to the second room and was

(Continued on Page 42)

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Working on a Cash Basis

NEW YORK, Boston and Philadelphia have three times the population of Chicago, but the Chicago post-office cashes more money orders than the post-offices of the other three cities combined. This is largely due to the great mail-order business at Chicago. One of the mail-order houses there recently declared an extra dividend which, at the current price of its stock, is worth eighteen million dollars to its shareholders. At the current price, insiders in this house have created for themselves a total profit of seventy million dollars in five years. In five years the volume of sales nearly doubled, and last year the net profits amounted to almost twelve per cent of the gross sales.

We write this for the consideration of country merchants who are opposed to the parcels-post. The size, profits and rapid growth of the mail-order business seem to show that, to meet the competition of that business with success, the country merchant must look beyond any such feeble protection as high express rates may now afford. The figures we have quoted suggest how feeble that protection is.

Buying in quantities for cash and selling for cash constitute two large elements in the success of the mail-order business. Why may not country merchants, by coöperating, do both? The credit system is one of the great handicaps upon retail country trade. It is worth noting that retail cooperative stores have pretty generally failed or got into much trouble unless they stuck to a cash basis.

The Great Mad Novelist

IMAGINE yourself under thirty, of noble descent, rich, one of the most celebrated artists of the time, applauded by fellow artists, courted by fashionable society. No doubt you would see in the people about you a good deal of selfishness and greed, not a little shallow intellectual arrogance, considerable dissipation; but it would be rather hard to condemn a world that used you so pleasantly.

Some years after he had been so situated Tolstoi wrote: "When I now think over that time and remember my own state of mind and that of these men—a state of mind common enough among thousands still—it seems to me terrible and ridiculous; it excites the feelings which overcome us as we pass through a madhouse."

That figure of the madhouse he used frequently. Having accepted the Gospels as containing the only true rule of life, a society living contrary to that rule filled him with pity and despair—much like that with which a person would witness the raving of poor bedlamites.

A very impractical, intractable, unthrifty person, no doubt—throwing away his splendid literary career in order to make an indifferent article of peasant's shoes with his own hands. Yet it cannot be entirely unprofitable to the world to have in it some persons in whom an immoral condition excites tormenting pain.

Millionaires' Children

THE statement concerning the rich man and the Kingdom of Heaven, the camel and the needle's eye has been explained as a figure of speech, or as referring to a certain gate called the Needle's Eye, through which a camel might actually wriggle. Perhaps it is less easy to explain, in terms that are acceptable to plutocracy, how extremely difficult it is for persons reared in the surroundings of large wealth to understand the world in which they live.

A compulsory three-year military service for all able-bodied males, like that in Germany, was recently said to be the most urgent need of the United States. This statement was not made by a man from Mars or Senegambia, but by one born and bred on the soil of the Revolution, whose father had worked in his shirtsleeves and accumulated a very large American fortune.

Not very long ago we were privileged to hear a discussion of democracy by native Americans who inclined to the view that democracy's case was dubious, to say the best of it, because it was almost impossible to find satisfactory native servants; and it was further alleged that cabmen, even in our largest cities, scandalously addressed genteel fares as "Captain," "Boss" or "Lady."

There are a good many honorable exceptions, of course, and we ought to take off our hats to them. A child who grows up with a houseful of servants and suffers no permanent obscuration of thought must have been endowed by Nature with a prodigiously vigorous mind.

Getting Even With England

OLD inhabitants will remember how British gold used to shed a baleful luster upon our elections. For the benefit of simple-minded voters, a theory was concocted to the effect that plutocratic England insidiously sought to control American ballots—partly out of pure malignancy toward the cause of human liberty, but more specifically for the purpose of strangling our infant industries in their several cradles.

The only echo of this theory that we have heard in recent years was Senator Aldrich's intimation that the Insurgents, in attacking the tariff, were inspired by foreign manufacturers. So we suppose that everybody except the Senator from Rhode Island has concluded that the number of voters who are simple-minded enough to be scared by British gold has become negligible. With some patriotic satisfaction, therefore, we notice that American gold now figures in British politics. Grave organs of conservative English thought are warning their readers that the Liberal campaign is financed by "American business men, capitalists and millionaires, who do not love England and want to prevent the adoption of tariff reform."

There are a number of things that we should like to borrow from England—law reform being one of the most important of them. If we can accommodate her, in return, by lending this tattered old scarecrow, which has about outlived its usefulness on this side of the water, we shall be very glad to do so.

A Mineral Curiosity

COPPER is still worth only about half as much as in the brief but splendid boom of four years ago. The highest hopes were entertained of this valuable commodity when some of our ablest captains of industry took it carefully in hand more than ten years ago, forming a combination that controlled about a quarter of the total output in the United States.

These hopes were long in fruiting. Not until the boom referred to, when copper was advanced to twenty-five cents a pound, did they really blossom. The boom soon collapsed, the price dropping to half what it had been. In that degraded condition copper has remained practically ever since; and the humiliating circumstance is that, though the price has remained low, production has largely increased. In 1908 the output of the mines was decidedly greater than in the twenty-five-cent year preceding; in 1909 the make of refined copper was record-breaking; and this year shows no abatement.

In other words, copper has acted exactly as though it were in the hands of farmers, production and marketing going on apace regardless of price. Why copper should behave in this manner when its production is so largely controlled by rich men, who are thoroughly acquainted with the disadvantages of permitting the purchaser to fix the price, has never been adequately explained. Rumors of a really effectual copper trust appear from time to time. It is extraordinary that the thing itself has been so long in appearing.

Our Benevolent Express Companies

WITHIN the short space of three years two of the big express companies have presented their grateful stockholders with "melons" worth forty-eight million dollars. This pleasant return was upon an original investment of practically nothing. Whatever assets the companies now possess were accumulated out of surplus profits. The goose that lays their golden eggs consists simply of exclusive contracts with the railroads, by which they are licensed to overcharge the long-suffering public for carrying its parcels.

These private gold mines, called express companies, employ considerable labor. Some five thousand of their drivers, transfer men, schedule men and helpers in New York and Jersey City went on strike this fall. Those holding the most responsible positions, the route drivers and transfer men, received, it appears, sixty-five to seventy-five dollars a month for a day's work that began at seven A. M. and ended as soon after six P. M. as the last load on the platforms was hauled to its destination.

This arrangement of a workday with "a regular hour for starting, but none for stopping" often means, in practice, fifteen hours' labor out of the twenty-four, with Sunday and holiday work, for which no extra pay is given. For helpers, it seems, the companies thriftily prefer boys, whom they can hire at eighteen to twenty dollars a month.

The men demanded an advance of five dollars a month in wages, with fifty dollars a month minimum for helpers and a workday of eleven hours. As the three-hundred-per-cent express companies felt unable to grant the men's demands, express business in New York and Jersey City was thrown into utter confusion. For years the public had paid the companies three-hundred-per-cent rates for carrying its parcels; but, rather than deal liberally with its employees in a pinch, the companies calmly permitted the public's parcels to lie undelivered. At one time, it is said, three hundred and fifty thousand packages, generally requiring haste and care, were piled up in the various offices waiting for the strike to end.

The grand bulwark of this precious business consists of the failure of Congress to pass a parcels-post act.

Better Luck This Time

"CANADA, acceding to this confederation and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted to this Union," said our first Constitution. If Canada had acceded, the ruinous condition of absolute free trade would, of course, have existed between that territory and this. No protective duty would stand between Ontario spruce forests and the consumer of printing paper this side the border, or between Canadian lumber and the builder of a house in Illinois. Minneapolis mills could grind Saskatchewan wheat and export the flour if they chose without having to pay a duty of twenty-five cents a bushel, which is levied to protect our labor from pauper competition, although that same Saskatchewan wheat is raised by the labor of Iowa and Dakota farmers, who certainly did not emigrate over to Canada in order to pauperize themselves.

The total population of Canada is nearly the same as the number of negroes in our southern states. A considerable portion of the latter are so low in the industrial scale as to give a very fair imitation of pauper labor. Against that competition other labor in this country has no artificial help. If it had met the labor in Canada without artificial help, does any one for a moment imagine it would have suffered? As a matter of fact, it has met Canadian labor without artificial help, for in labor itself there is complete free trade.

The prospect of broad reciprocity with Canada now seems rather bright. Like prospects in the past have always been dashed by our own protectionists. We're hoping for better luck this time.

A Democratic Opportunity

THE section of the tariff act prescribing duties on cotton cloth begins: "Cotton cloth, valued at not over seven cents a square yard, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted or printed, and not exceeding fifty threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, one cent a square yard; if bleached and valued at not over nine cents a square yard, one and one-fourth cents a square yard; if dyed, colored, stained, painted or printed, and valued at not over twelve cents a square yard, two cents a square yard." This continues for two hundred and fifty solidly printed lines, and cotton cloth occupies only half the cotton schedule. The whole act contains a hundred and twenty closely-printed pages bristling with technical terms and intricate descriptions.

To find out exactly what this maze of words means to the consumer is a vast labor. The Insurgent Senators sat up night after night literally digging out their exposition of the cotton and other duties line by line, and this was why their attack upon the tariff was the most effectual ever delivered.

Many Democrats object to the Tariff Commission as a Republican institution; but it is doubtful if public opinion respecting the tariff will be settled without a showing as to cost of production at home and abroad. There is a whole year for preparation. Taking their coats off and cooperating as the Insurgent Republicans did, the Democrats may come to the firing line well loaded with cost-of-production facts. We doubt that the country has much appetite for any more mere oratory on the tariff, but we are sure it is hungry for all the pertinent facts bearing upon that subject.

WHO'S WHO--AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Psychological-Moment Miles

INTRODUCING my hero abruptly, I desire to say that Miles Poindexter, who will be the new United States Senator from the State of Washington, is the psychological-moment kid.

There is high authority for this sort of a literary gambit. Winston Churchill once began a book: "I intend to write a great novel"; Champ Clark opened his speech as presiding officer of the Democratic National Convention in St. Louis, in 1904: "This is a great historical occasion and I intend to make a great historical speech," and James Creelman sent in a dispatch from the Greek war that started: "I always sing when I go into battle."

That is the secret. Get them on the jump. Naturally, when Mr. Churchill states that he intends to write a great novel, one reads it to see whether he succeeds; and naturally the striking picture of James Creelman caroling gayly as he enters carnage leads one on to a hurried perusal of what follows in the dispatch to learn what he was singing, if for no other purpose. Therefore, I repeat, Miles Poindexter is the psychological-moment professor. He can scent a p. m. before it has turned the corner and is always the first to seize and embrace it. He has a flock of trained p. m.'s that eat willingly from his hand.

Miles Poindexter, as you must know, is the fieriest of all our fiery and untamed Insurgents, with the possible exception of Victor Murdock, who scores two points over Miles because Victor's hair is red. Every time Miles insurges he not only massacres the ancient and elastic Uncle Joe Cannon but burns the building to celebrate the crime. Every time he insurges. Mark that. Miles is not one of those geyserlike progressives that blow up each hour, like Old Faithful; but rather an opportune Insurgent who only verbigerates when the aforesaid p. m. has marched in and is perched upon his desk.

You see, Miles is a Southerner; hence, congenitally fiery and impetuous. However, a somewhat protracted residence in the extreme Northwest has tended to calm the tumult that, by right of birth, should rage continually in his breast until that tumult becomes tumultuous only at the proper time. Miles has it under admirable control.

The quality of insurgency is not strained, as Mr. Shakspere once remarked concerning mercy; but that only goes for ordinary insurgency. Miles strains his, strains it to the breaking point ever and anon; and, so doing, he has galloped away with a large and imposing office, much to the chagrin of many lifelong residents of Washington who have been there since 1892. The plan of procedure is as simple as it is effective. Miles, having nosed into the House of Representatives from the Spokane District, watched the proceedings of the House with interest for a few days and then decided upon his plan of action. He observed many regular, redundant and reduplicated Insurgents who never lost an opportunity to insurge and insurge all over the place every time the infamous Committee on Rules was mentioned or the will of the majority was gagged by Uncle Joe and his company of expert gaggers—which, by the way, was at least frequently if not more so.

The Hobble-Skirt Variety of Insurgency

"HA!" said Miles; "an Insurgent who insurges constantly never gets anywhere. All insurgency and no rest makes Jack a poor feature in the newspaper dispatches. Familiarity breeds no press notices. None of that for me." Nor was there. Miles did not waste his time jack-in-the-boxing up and down, day after day. Rather, he watched and waited, keeping an eagle eye peeled for the approach of the psychological moment. Once that interesting insect appeared, Miles emitted a loud howl, jumped four feet in the air, cracked his heels together and proceeded to rip the eternal stars out of the spangled sky—and also to rip the stuffing out of Uncle Joe and all and sundry. What he did was this: When there was nothing doing but plain, ordinary, every-day insurging he went down to Warrenton and visited the folks or took a look at Fancy Hill Academy, where he was prepared for college, Virginia being right handy to the District of Columbia; but when there was a chance to do some real fine insurging, some running amuck that would attract the bright spotlight, Miles was there; and he always went a little further then than any of the rest.

There you have it—and it is a good plan, judging from results. Always go a little further than the rest. There is no sense in demanding rights unless you demand all the rights there are. A patent fact. Plain insurgency was a drug on the market. Miles put frills and furbelows and hobble-skirts and all sorts of fancy trimmings on his. If a particularly choice psychological moment came along Miles beat them all to it. For example, he jumped in and voted for the Burleson resolution declaring the office of Speaker vacant on the day last March when they dropped the pile-driver on Uncle Joe, and not many of the Insurgents went along with him—a few, but not many. Also, Miles unfailingly lifted his voice for the most radical of the reforms, gave loud cheers for Gifford Pinchot and generally was discovered in the forefront of the van.

He never missed a trick of this kind, and he left the wheel-horse insurging to others who possess little of the dramatic instinct, although reasonably well grounded in other essentials for lawmaking. And it stood him in good stead, for he is coming to the Senate, having swept over Washington with a resounding whoop and garnered the votes in the primaries. Various others of Washington intended to grab that toga that Sam Piles decided he would not try to wear again; among them John L. Wilson, who had had it once himself, and Judge Burke. They were safe, sane, regular and standpat. When the final day came and Poindexter was observed far in the lead, Wilson dropped out and they all concentrated against Poindexter—it may be. However, while they were concentrating the opposition Poindexter was concatenating the rest of the voters and he literally loped in. Moral: Pick your psychological moments with great care.

Poindexter is a Tennesseean. He was born in Memphis about forty-two years ago and was educated in Virginia, graduating from Lee University in 1891. At that moment he was an ardent young Democrat—an ardent young Southern Democrat, to be exact.

Impressed with the opportunities of the great Northwest and being of a poetic temperament, he picked out a town with a nice musical name for his entry into the activities of the Puget Sound country and moved to Walla Walla. That was in 1891. In 1892 he was elected prosecuting attorney for Walla Walla County, which was advancing with some celerity, and prosecuted erring Wallawallawers with great assiduity.

Up to this time he was a lifelong Democrat, but presently he moved to Spokane and wisely decided there was no nourishment in being a Democrat out in that country; so he became a lifelong Republican on or about the year 1897, when he moved to Spokane. In Spokane he garnered a couple more offices, one being a superior judgeship. When the new Congressional district was erected in Washington, or about that time, there was a widespread disposition on the part of many of the eminent Republicans in Spokane and round about to enter the halls of Congress. Six or eight of them went before the primaries and Miles Poindexter, true to his unfailing instinct, seized the opportunity by the tail and edged in, leaving seven other lifelong Republicans standing idly by and wondering why it was they could not tell a psychological moment from a piece of cheese.

A Lifelong Republican Ever Since 1897

And he will arrive at the Senate opportunely, will Miles, which was to be expected. He always drops in at the right time. When he gets under way up there he is likely to show those old reliables—La Follette and Cummins and the rest—a few new tricks in the Insurgent game, but he will not be on exhibition all of the time. Not Miles. He will insurge only when the insurging is good.

Solid Sewell

A. W. LAFFERTY, who has just been elected to Congress in Oregon, has a district that comprises fifty thousand square miles of territory.

One night, after a speech in Cañon City, a colored man came up and introduced himself as Tom Sewell.

"I just want to say, Mr. Lafferty," said Sewell, "that I can pledge you the solid colored vote of Grant County."

"That's fine!" exclaimed Lafferty. "I am glad to meet you. How many colored voters are there in Grant County?"

"I'm the only one," Sewell replied.

Heckling Stubbs

GOVERNOR W. R. STUBBS, of Kansas, went to Chicago not so very long ago to appear at a hearing on Kansas railroad matters given by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The railroad lawyers heckled the governor a good deal, but he was calm and smiling under it and made a succession of speeches on his ideas of the cost of railroading in Kansas, a proposition on which he was well informed, as he had built railroads for many years before he went into politics.

"Now, Governor," asked one of the lawyers severely, "isn't it a fact that you were advised to come here solely for the effect your testimony may have on your political ambitions?"

"No," replied the governor; "in fact, I had no such advice."

"Do you mean to say the people with whom you talked this over did not advise you to come here?"

"Yes, sir. The only people I talked with about it rather advised against my coming."

"Indeed!" said the lawyer; "and who were they, please?"

"My wife and daughter."

Gratitude Well Founded

A CERTAIN sergeant, charged with killing a man in Texas, was tried for murder.

After the evidence was in and the speeches made the jury retired to deliberate. Presently word came that the jury had agreed and had framed a verdict. The judge ordered the jury into the courtroom and asked for the verdict.

"We find," read the foreman, "that the defendant is guilty of murder and assess his punishment at ninety-nine years and life imprisonment."

"Go back and write another verdict," ordered the judge.

Presently the jury returned with the verdict of life imprisonment.

The sergeant shook hands with all the jurors.

"He seems pleased," said a bystander to the bailiff. "Why is he shaking hands with the men who convicted him?"

"Why," was the reply, "he is thanking them for taking ninety-nine years off his sentence."

The Hall of Fame

¶ A. J. Pothier, the reëlected Governor of Rhode Island, is of French-Canadian descent.

¶ Chase Osborn, the newly elected Governor of Michigan, once wrote a book about South America.

¶ Martin W. Littleton, who cleaned up Colonel Roosevelt's personal member of Congress, Mr. Cocks, of Long Island, came to New York from Texas.

¶ Maine has the honor of contributing to Congress the first McGillicuddy that body has ever had in its midst. His initials are D. J. and he is a Democrat.

¶ There will be another La Follette in Congress after March fourth next. His name is William A. and he comes to the House of Representatives from Washington.

¶ A. O. Eberhart, who has been reëlected Governor of Minnesota, took his wife's name when he married. The reason was that his name was Olson and there were a dozen Olsons in the town where he lived.

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Saving Through the "Loan"

WHEN a father earning two dollars a day brings up a good-sized family, and buys a home besides, the chances are that the home was bought through a building and loan association. Without the aid of the "loan," as it is generally called for short, his finances might not have turned out so well.

Much misapprehension about these associations still exists, because fifteen or twenty years ago promoters took the original plan of the old neighborhood building society, spread out their operations nationally, provided high salaries for themselves, lent money on a speculative basis, and brought disaster upon investors. This smash of the "nationals" cast suspicion upon the neighborhood associations notwithstanding the fact that the latter were as honestly managed as ever. Despite misunderstanding, these neighborhood associations have grown until today there are about fifty-eight hundred of them in the United States, with more than two million members and more than eight hundred and fifty millions in assets. In most states they are under supervision, like state or savings banks.

The very essence of the real "loan" is its neighborhood idea. Men and women of small means in a small town, a city ward, or perhaps a factory, organize an association to pool their own money, lend it among themselves for the one purpose of home-building, attend to all details of management and divide all the profits. All the loans on property are made right at home, where the officers know both borrowers and security, and thus the percentage of losses is negligible. The men who organize these associations are seldom bankers, generally being mechanics, factory managers, employers, attorneys and public-spirited citizens who see the need for some such agency in building up their community and helping industrious men. As they go along, from small beginnings usually, they develop their association and the association develops them.

It is a simple matter to organize one of these associations. The following suggestions are made by an officer in a New York neighborhood association, familiar with methods in many parts of the country.

The Boss-Painter's Million

An association can hardly find work for its funds in a community where homes average more than ten thousand dollars in value. For it lends chiefly to wage-earners, men on moderate salaries and professional men, in sums from five hundred to five thousand dollars. In a rich man's suburb there would be too few borrowers and the association might have plenty of money with no outlet, because it lends only on first mortgages secured by real estate held by members, and in most cases restricts loans to a few miles from the office.

In New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio and other states, where the "loan" has strong roots in many communities and is most advanced, the law empowers, variously, from nine to fifteen persons to form an association. When office workers, factory employees or business men desire to form an association, about the first step is to interest a local attorney in the project for its own sake, letting him attend to details of incorporation and making him permanent attorney. An association will have much legal business in the drawing up of mortgages, examining titles, making real-estate transfers, and so on. The attorney's fees on this business will amply compensate him, but there are likely to be complaints from borrowers if an attorney of too keen a commercial type is selected, because he will have an eye for the fees alone.

Officers and directors are best when selected from various walks of life. In many communities the honor of being president of the "loan" is as great as being mayor, and a substantial man of business may be put into the office. But a well-balanced association, close to the actual needs of its section, will usually have clerks and mechanics in office too. One New Jersey association with nearly a million dollars assets is presided over by a boss-painter who got interested in the institution by buying his own home through the association; the vice-president is superintendent of a Sunday-school; the secretary is accountant in a large corporation; the treasurer is a savings-bank man; its directors comprise a professor, a real-estate man, an architect, a boss-mason and a factory foreman. Each man in such an aggregate keeps in touch with his own following, and thus the association serves every circle in the community. In many cases directors collect payment from members who would not otherwise save anything, and are also in touch with men who need advice and encouragement to buy homes. Directors are not paid, so it is essential that they be public-spirited men whose interest will go far to make the association prosperous. Officers, too, receive small compensation. No financial institution is so economically managed as the neighborhood "loan." One association with nearly a million of assets has an operating expense of less than twenty-five hundred dollars a year.

When the project is in shape a meeting is usually held to explain it to the public. If, for instance, the object is to help men in a certain factory to buy homes, those likely to be interested are brought together some evening and perhaps addressed by one or two association officers from another community, who are glad to come for the advancement of the "loan" idea.

A Home Free In Twelve Years

After incorporation, the chief end in management is to be thoroughly familiar with the local real-estate situation, to know conservative values and to keep expenses down. Borrowers are looked after more closely than those who invest savings in the association for the interest. Where the investors are considered first, large interest is offered as an inducement to build up assets. This is wrong in principle, because it puts too heavy a burden upon the borrower. In addition to the six-per-cent interest charged on loans they have been required to pay premiums at the time money is lent, a legal way of exacting more than legal interest condemned by all experienced association men. Five per cent can be earned for investors in most communities. Borrowers usually pay six per cent, as well as the cost of examination and legal fees when the mortgage is assumed. Association expenses are almost always less than this margin of one per cent a year, the average in New York being eighty-eight one-hundredths of one per cent, and in New Jersey about three-fourths of one per cent. Some associations lend at five and a half per cent. The general plan for the payment of loans is to require ten dollars a month for each thousand dollars borrowed. This not only covers interest but pays back principal at a rate that will extinguish the whole loan and give the borrower his home free in an average of twelve years. He can, of course, pay as much more as he pleases.

In both receiving and lending funds these associations follow different plans, sometimes as a requirement of their state laws, and again with variations to meet their local conditions. In Annual Bulletin No. 9, issued by the Bureau of Labor, Department of Commerce and Labor, at Washington, will be found a thorough analysis of building and loan associations, with their various plans.

Some associations have gone to considerable lengths in developing real estate, buying a large plot of farmland near a suburb, making improvements and building homes for members at a saving in cost. Some of the big associations have thousands of members, with special annexes for the savings of youngsters; while at the other extreme can be found an association with less than a dozen members, business men, who make weekly payments of five or ten dollars each, lend the money when enough has accumulated, and disband when the assets reach one thousand dollars for each member. In brief, the neighborhood "loan" is a flexible institution, readily adapted to the needs of those who organize and conduct it.

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THERE'S nothing you could keep in the house that will satisfy more people that you want to please, nor satisfy them oftener, nor satisfy them more completely than

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When your formal dinner requires a specially tempting and delicate Consommé, or dainty Printanier; when you are planning a particularly inviting luncheon; when you prefer a light and nourishing evening meal instead of a hearty dinner; when one of the family is on the invalid list—in fact on a dozen occasions that you could think of in a minute—you go to your shelf and find exactly what you want; both the kind and the quality—if you are provided with Campbell's Soups—and all ready for the table almost as quick as saying it.

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The Senator's Secretary

THE Honorable Champ Clark, of Bowling Green, Missouri, is at present champing on a tough and tragic fact, the same being embodied in the homely but honest saying that it makes a vast difference whose ox is gored.

The Honorable Champ is face to face with a predicament on both horns and in the middle of a dilemma, between the devil and the deep sea; and so are the multitude of Democrats who with him will inhabit the House of Representatives during the Sixty-second Congress as members thereof.

For years the Honorable Champ and all the other Democrats, sparse as they may have been in the lean years since 1896, even when they were under the sane leadership of John Sharp Williams, have been beating their breasts and calling on high Heaven to witness that all the ills to which this Republic is heir—a long and disconcerting list—are, have been and will be, world without end, due entirely to the un-Constitutional, un-American, unfriendly and unpopular—and several other uns—process of allowing the Speaker to appoint the committees of the House.

They have yammered and yowled by day and by night that this czarlike, dictatorlike, imperial procedure has been controverting the will of the people, has been placing the reins of power in one hand, has established an autocracy in the people's branch of the Government, has shorn the individual members of their rights, has defeated the ends of justice and right and has been responsible for the several periods in our history—to hear them tell it—when this Republic has been tottering to a fall, has been trembling on the edge of a precipice and has been sweeping toward the jagged rocks.

How They Tied Up Their Uncle

They have yelled favoritism and charged duplicity. They have claimed that the committees have been stuffed or packed—it's all the same; there were a good many stuffs on them—to thwart the will of the proletariat and to conserve the interests of the system which, it may be remarked in passing, has had a symptom or two of truth. They have denounced the benign and bewhiskered Uncle Joe just as they denounced Dave Henderson and Thomas B. Reed—and they denounced them all to a fare-you-well. They have pointed with alarm at the results that have been obtained: the throttling of the intelligent majority; the maceration of those brave spirits in the majority party who have stood up and declared against said plan of procedure, to say nothing of the entire obliteration of the patriotic and scholarly minority. While deprecating all this as loyal Democrats, they have from time to time, when tearducts were working well, wept for the sad fates of those in the majority who have incurred the displeasure of the czar in the Speaker's seat.

It has been pretty tough. Uncle Joe certainly did put none but old reliables on guard. He packed the committees with his kind of people for a fact. Any Republican who would not play ball with his Uncle was deposited on Acoustics and Ventilation or the Disposition of Waste Paper or the University of the United States, there to gnaw his nails and wonder what he came to Washington for; and any Democrat who was not amenable to instruction and advice from the Speaker was lucky if he got a place at all. Complacent and "reasonable" Democrats were well placed.

Now then, this system of appointing committees is all that Champ and his friends have said it was—and more. A wily Speaker with interests to serve can fix up those committees in the House so that not a line of legislation except what he favors—or he could do this before the last session of Congress, when they curtailed his power by a combination of Insurgent Republicans and Champ and his followers—can be reported out, acted upon or get anywhere except into a pigeonhole. The howl to allow the House to appoint its own committees—all legislation except the final discussion and action on the bills is the result of committee work—has been based

The Love of Oatmeal What It Signifies

The growing child craves oatmeal and delights in it. The normal adult—working with muscle or brain—always retains a marked fondness for oats. It is the call of Nature for this food of all foods—for the elements we most require.

Note the facts that follow. Note why oatmeal—beyond anything else—feeds bodies and brains and nerves. These are the reasons why, within us all, some instinct calls for oats.

Oats Build Bodies

Archdeacon Sinclair, in an address in London to working lads, said: "I had four brothers all six feet tall. My father had fourteen brothers and sisters, ranging from six feet to six feet eight inches. And all were brought up on oatmeal."

Note what oatmeal, as a racial food, has done for the brawny Scots.

Oats Feed Brains

Oats contain more organic phosphorus than any other cereal food. And phosphorus is the brain's main constituent.

Brain workers crave oatmeal. We find among college professors, for instance, that ninety-six per cent regularly eat oatmeal.

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Oats contain more protein than any other cereal—2½ times as much as corn. Protein is the body builder, the energy-giving food. The average man at the average work consumes 3½ ounces of protein per day.

That's why active boys love oats. That's why muscle workers thrive on oats as on nothing else.

Nerves Demand Oats

Oats are rich in lecithin—far richer than any other grain. Lecithin is the food which builds the nerves and nerve centers. Nervous people in general are particularly fond of oatmeal.

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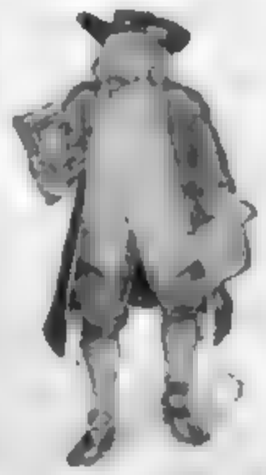

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Its wonderful labor-saving and supply-saving devices alone earn its small wages. The value of a Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet to a housekeeper cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It should be measured by the pleasure and leisure hours it gives her every day.

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For your own sake be sure this Hoosier name-plate is on the cabinet you buy. Better take time to see a genuine Hoosier, or get our catalogue, than be sorry for the next ten years.

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on a reasonable hypothesis. While the Speaker has the power to name the committees he can remain in absolute control of all legislation. This was never contemplated in our scheme of government. The Speaker is supposed to be the presiding officer for the House, the parliamentary court of last resort, but not to be the dictator as to what shall and what shall not be done in a legislative way.

Hence, the Democrats have had a good deal of popular support in their protests; and the Insurgents who went to bat with them last session and took some of the Speaker's power away were quite generally returned by their constituents on the ground that Cannonism, which is the term applied to the way Uncle Joe ran the House during his three terms as Speaker, is a bad thing. It is too. But that was Cannonism, you understand. It wasn't Clarkism. Probably Clarkism would be a most beneficent sort of procedure—and probably not.

Champ Clark thinks he should be elected Speaker, now that the next Congress is Democratic. He should be if precedents go for anything, for he is the Democratic floor leader and in line for the promotion, now that his people will have a majority of the votes. Likewise, Champ Clark has been one of the loudest shouters, when the Republicans had a majority, for a committee on committees, for taking the power of committee appointment away from the Speaker and restoring it to the House itself, the idea being for the House to elect a committee on committees, by caucus or otherwise, and for that committee to make the committee designations. Champ did his shouting when the Republicans were in power.

The Democratic Chickens

He has reasonable hopes of being the next Speaker; but is Champ howling any now about a committee on committees? He is not. He isn't saying a word. He knows that, as the House has already eliminated the Speaker from the Committee on Rules and as it has already fixed up a calendar Wednesday and a few other little kickshaws that take a share of the Speaker's power away, if it decides to adopt his recommendations for a committee on committees, as previously put forth when he had no chance of becoming Speaker, he will be nothing if he gets the Speakership but a loud and emphatic person who will preside over the House, announce the results of votes, pass on points of order and in every other respect be purely ornamental. Clark is a good-looking man and would look well up there beneath the flag where Uncle Joe showed his gnarled and knotted countenance for several years; but far be it from Champ to be a mere ornament. He wants to be a real Speaker, to appoint his committees and thus have a certain control of legislation; and he wants all that very badly.

That is Champ's predicament and the predicament of his Democratic friends. They are in the position of wishing the people to understand that what they said about a committee on committees was intended only for the Republican party and had no application to the Democrats, who will be in power in the next Congress. Champ's committee-on-committees chickens are coming home to roost and he doesn't welcome them with that glad acclaim his Republican Insurgent allies hoped he would; in fact, he doesn't welcome them at all. He isn't glad to greet them. As can be seen readily, he holds there is a vast difference between Uncle Joe appointing committees and Champ Clark doing the same thing. Uncle Joe's performance was subversive of the will of the people and the faith and tenets of this great Republic; but Champ Clark's would be sanctioned by the long custom of years and the only possible way by which the business of the House could be expedited.

Champ is up against it, for there has already developed a lively little Democratic Insurgent movement in Virginia that has for its object the appointment of a committee on committees and the election of Representative Hay, of Virginia, chairman of the Democratic caucus, as Speaker, Hay being pledged to put this plan through. Likely as not there will be other Democrats who will join in this, and it is certain the Insurgent Republicans, who combined with the Democrats to take some of Cannon's power from him, and who have had for their ulterior object a committee on

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The Queen of Town and Suburban Cars. Richly finished, luxuriously cushioned, exquisitely appointed.

Our new "Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive means a *straight path of power* from motor to adjustable bevel gear on rear axle without lost motion. The greatest feature ever introduced on an electric vehicle.

On Oct. 5, 1910, a Detroit Electric Victoria (regular stock car) ran 211.3 miles on a single battery charge. *A new world's record* for mileage capacity. *More mileage* than *you* will ever need in a day.

This year we're offering a new Gentlemen's Underslung Roadster of stunning design—very low and rakish. Extra long wheel base. Pneumatic tires only.

Other artistic new Models in Victorias, Coupes and Broughams.

Three optional drives—"Chainless" Direct Shaft Drive, our successful double chain and Renolds Tandem Silent Enclosed Chain Drives. You have your choice, as well, of Special Electric Cushion or Pneumatic Tires; Edison or lead batteries.

Let us acquaint you with all the interesting Detroit Electric facts. Our demonstrator in any large city is at your service. Handsome illustrated catalog upon request.

THE Detroit ELECTRIC

Anderson Carriage Co., Dept. 1, Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland. Selling Representatives in all Leading Cities.

Peckham's Make
Willow Ostrich Plumes
From Your Old Feathers
Write for Prices

Send us your old Ostrich feathers and from them we will make a magnificent Willow Plume, handsomely curled and dyed your favorite shade—guaranteed to look as well and to hold its shape and wear as long as any Willow Plume you can buy from a dealer at three or four times the cost. If our goods are not satisfactory feathers will be returned at our expense. References: Dun's, Bradstreet's or Central National Bank. The work of our Dyeing, Cleaning and Curling departments cannot be equaled. Write for prices.

Peckham's, 884 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

SPEND YOUR WINTER AT
TUCSON, ARIZONA!
World-famous Climate and Ideal Tourist Resort. No malaria. No fogs. Beautiful Residence City. Seat of Arizona University. Population over 20,000. Commercial and mining center. On main line of Southern Pacific Railroad. Hunting, Automobiling, Golf, Tennis, Baseball and Horseback Riding popular winter pastimes. Get a step over.
Write Chamber of Commerce for
Free Illustrated Booklet!

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. Best proposition for hustling agents. Write today for terms and territory. Catalog free.
Superior Mfg. Co.
[illegible] St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

FINISHING 12 POSTCARDS, 35c
Developing rolls, 6 ex., 10c. Best cameras and photo supplies at money-saving prices. Write for our new Photo Book.
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PATENTS: For facts about Prize and Reward Offers and for books of Great Interest and Value to Inventors, send 6c postage to Pubs. Patent Sense, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C.

$513 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $150

Is the result from operating one American Box Ball Alley. Two others cleared over $2,000.00 first year. Four others over $1,200.00 in two months. Four others took in $[illegible] in nine months. Go in this business yourself. You can start with $[illegible]. Nearly 7,000 alleys sold to date. More popular today than ever. These alleys pay from $30.00 to $75.00 each per week in any town. No gambling device but the best thing on earth for clean-cut sport and physical exercise. Endorsed by the best people who form clubs and bring their friends. No expense to maintain or operate. No special floor required, no pin boy needed. Receipts nearly all profit. We sell only one customer in towns of moderate size. Write today for booklet and easy payment plan. AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 200 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Indiana

In the ordinary clothing store you *may* pick up a prize, a suit or overcoat that's just what you want.

Garments that have the style and give the wear you have a right to expect.

Our clothes are out of the ordinary because they *always* have the virtues you sometimes find elsewhere.

No customer of ours gets "stung."

It is our clothes that have given our New York retail stores their national reputation. That's why other retailers, in other cities, like to have our clothes for sale.

Rogers Peet & Company
New York City

258 Broadway at Warren St. | 842 Broadway at 13th St. | 1302 Broadway at 34th St.

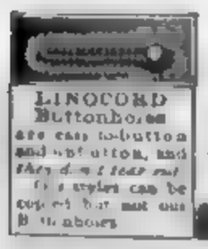
Biplane 2½ in. Monoplane 2½ in.

The most popular Fall style ever designed. Only in

2 for 25¢ — Silver BRAND Collars — ¼ Sizes

In Canada 3 for 50c.

with LINOCORD Buttonholes that slip on and off the collar button easily—no pulling or tearing—no broken nails or temper.



Write for our booklet "AVIATION," and "What's What"—the encyclopedia of correct dress.

GEO. P. IDE & CO.
491 River St., Troy, N.Y.
IDE Shirts—$1.50 and upward.

MOUNT BIRDS Learn the great art of Taxidermy. We can teach you by mail to mount birds, animals, tan hides, make rugs, etc. Very fascinating, profitable. Decide at once. Success guaranteed. Write today for Free Book. Both free. NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, 4019 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

committees, will insist on it. Thus, even if Champ gets enough votes to be Speaker and can stave off the demand for a committee on committees, he is likely to find himself defeated, because all the regular Republicans, the Cannon men, now in the minority, will join with the Democratic and Republican Insurgents on this proposition, and they may have enough votes to put it through; the theory of the Cannon minority being, of course, that they hate peace and are willing to go anywhere for trouble—for Champ.

It isn't clear yet, of course, what will come out of it; and Champ may see a light even before this is printed and declare for a committee on committees. The Virginia folks have put it squarely up to him and say if he does so declare he will be elected Speaker without opposition; and if he does not he never will be. However, if Champ does see a light it will be let into him by an ax, for he has changed his views radically since the results of election were known. He doesn't relish sitting up there as Speaker with no functions worth talking about. He wants to run the House—and if he does run it he will run it with a whoop; you may be sure of that, for Champ is the poorest kind of a parliamentarian, unless he has Oscar Underwood, Swagar Sherley and Johnny Fitzgerald to help him out. Besides, Asher Hinds will be on the floor as a member in this next Congress and he will leave a vacancy at the Speaker's desk hard to fill, being the most expert parliamentarian in this country and for ten years or so the parliamentary adviser of the Speaker.

Busy Days for the Postman

There will be a good many Democrats who will assert they did not really mean what they said about a committee on committees, anyhow. These will be the chaps who now hold ranking positions in the minority sides of the big committees and who, if the old procedure is carried out, are likely to get the chairmanships, those coveted jobs going, to a large extent, by seniority.

It is quite possible, if the House took a hand at naming the committees, that some of these old gentlemen, having no other recommendations than long service, would be replaced by younger men. They are with Champ. They didn't mean it. It was all persiflage. It is plain enough to anybody who is not devoured by prejudice, to anybody with an open mind, that, because a Democrat demanded that the House should appoint the committees, he did not necessarily mean that all Houses should do so. Only Republican Houses. Democrats are different and may be relied upon to execute the will of the people.

Meantime the hungry Democrats are coming into Washington on every train. There is approximately seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of patronage to a Congress, in the shape of officials of all kinds, from the aristocratic clerk of the House down to the janitors. There are several hundred jobs, not one of them a civil-service one. It has been many years since the Democrats have had more than a few clerkships and an assistant sergeant-at-arms or two.

It will be a great scramble. Every man who is a Democratic member of the next House is already overwhelmed with applications for positions. Champ Clark's mail has increased fiftyfold. So has the mail of all the important Democratic members. The Republicans who have been holding down the soft places are preparing to get out, for their terms will end on March fourth next, and some of the hungry Democrats will then be able to get on the payroll. There will be nothing doing for the Republicans, which is right and proper; for mighty few Democrats got any nourishment from the Republicans during the Republican incumbency. The Hog Combine attended to that.

DIGNITY NOTE—Champ Clark says he never promised to drive a team of mules down Pennsylvania Avenue if the Democrats carried the House of Representatives. He says such a proceeding would be undignified, thus cinching that reputation for dignity he has so long enjoyed.

A Present that will Please Any Man

A Rubdry Towel in an individual box makes a present any man will be delighted to receive. Men revel in the skin purity and down-in-the-pores cleanness which Rubdry Bath Towels alone can give. You cannot please father, brother, husband or friend better than by presenting him two, three or half-dozen Rubdry Bath Towels. The best classes of men are using Rubdry Bath Towels and delight in them.

RUBDRY BATH TOWELS Cotton Sponge Bath Towels

The Man's Bath Towel

Rubdry Bath Towels come in five different sizes and qualities costing (each) 39c., 53c., 73c., 85c. and $1.25. We recommend the 53c. (medium) and 85c. (large) grades as the best values. The $1.25 "DeLuxe" is *extra* large and luxurious. Each towel is packed in a dainty, individual box; and each towel carries a printed, dated guarantee for 1½ years' service. Properly laundered the bath towels often last 4 and 5 years. A Rubdry Towel never sheds lint. The nubbed cotton sponges, of which the towel is constructed, knead and manipulate the pores and fissures of the skin, and free them of water, soap and impurities as no other towel will do

Get Rubdry Bath Towels from your dry goods man, druggist or men's furnishing store if possible

Tiny wrinkles cover the skin

But if not, send direct to us. We will ship same day, paying expressage, with privilege of exchange or refund, if you desire it. For 2, 3, or 6 towels, send 2, 3, or 6 times price here quoted for single towel. A present of "Rubdrys" is a present fit for a King.

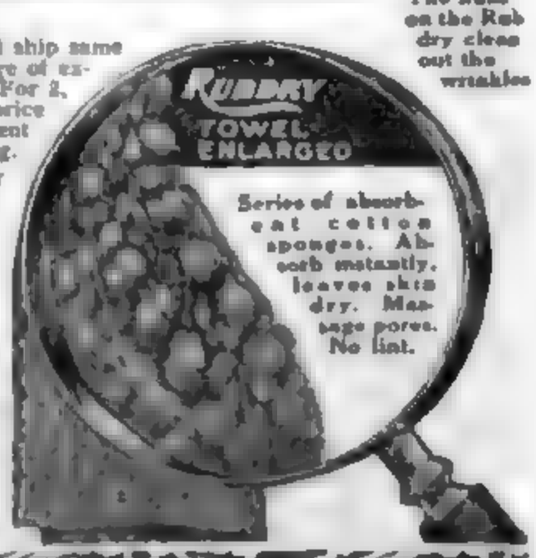
We will ship promptly to address or addresses furnished us, and enclose Xmas or Personal Card of the giver inside package if desired.

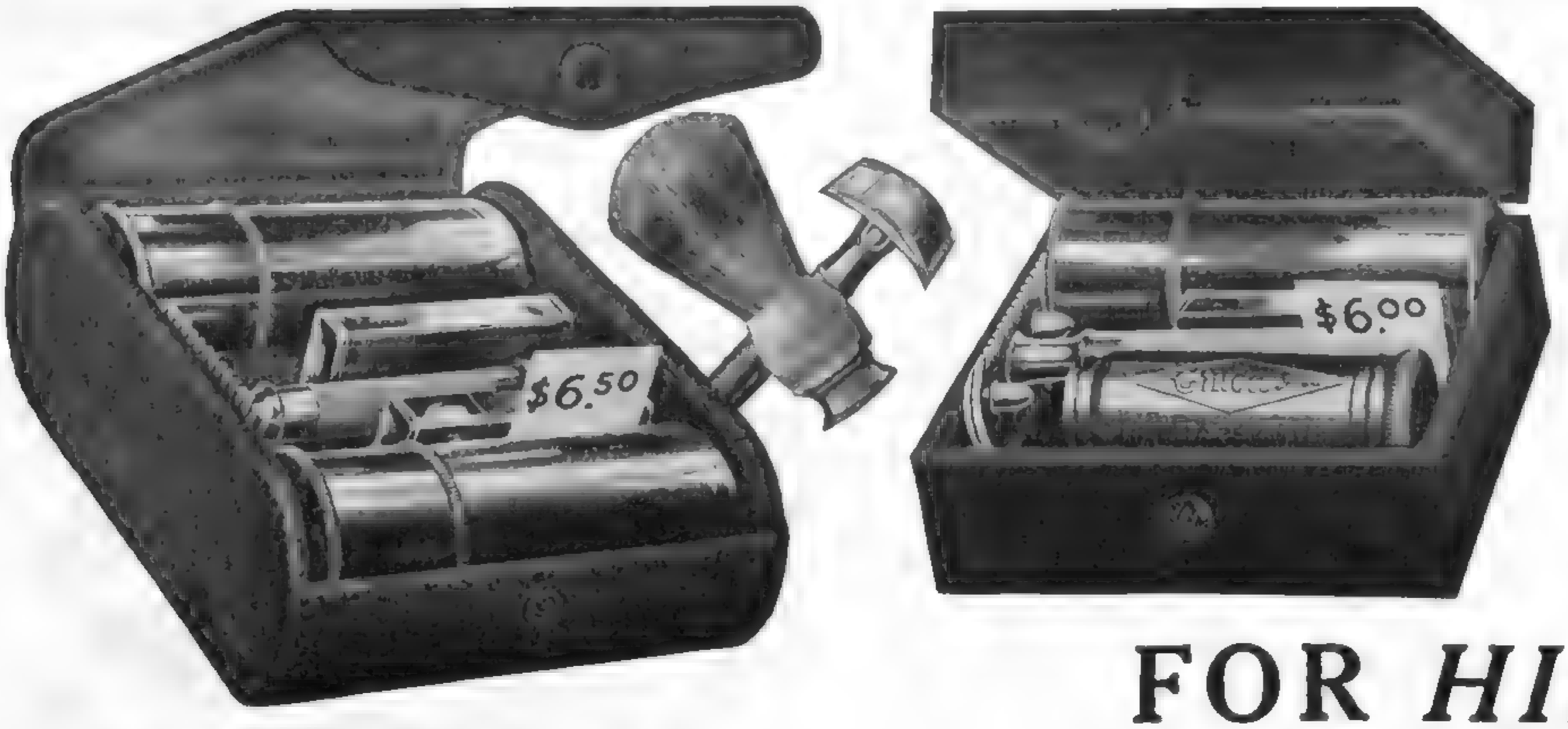
RUBDRY TOWEL CO.
167 South Angell St., Providence, R. I.

One Rubdry Washcloth sent for 2c. to pay postage.

Additional Washcloths, 10 cents.

The nubs on the Rubdry close out the wrinkles





FOR *HIS* C

A GILLETTE S

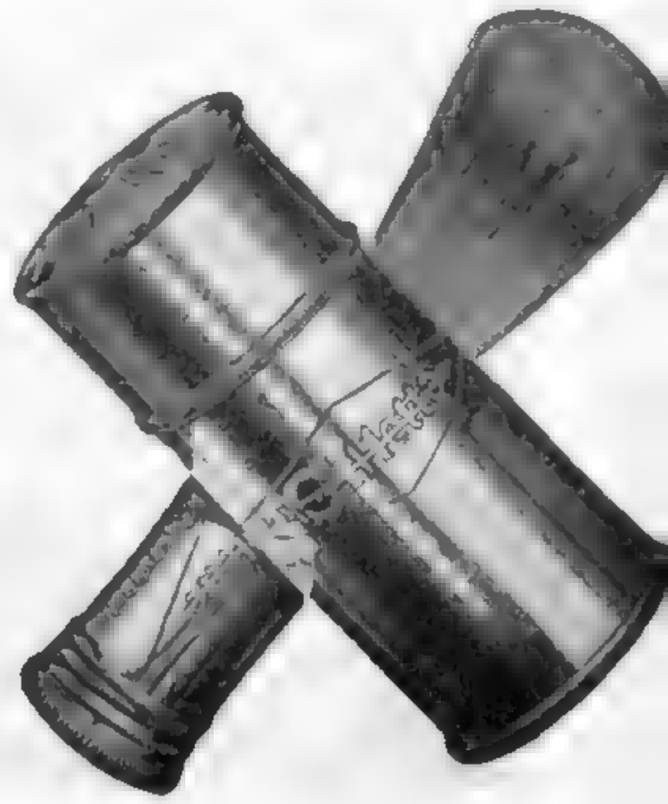
Any one of these handsome sets will make a fitting Holiday gift—the practical sort of gift, too, that a man appreciates.

We show here the more popular of our sets for sale by Gillette dealers everywhere.

They are given special prominence this month in over thirty thousand stores. You should have no trouble to find them at a store near you.

If you are not within reach of a Gillette dealer cut out the picture of the set you want and mail to us with the price as marked on the ticket. We will send the set direct to your address by return post. This announcement appears fifteen days before Christmas—time

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY, 22 W. Second Street,



CHRISTMAS SAFETY RAZOR

enough to receive your letter and get the set to you in any part of the United States.

Men everywhere are adopting the Gillette razor—a million new users this year. The more particular *he* is about his shaving the better *he* will appreciate the Gillette.

Note the illustrations on these pages: the Standard set at $5.00, in either Morocco Grain Leather or Metal case; the compact Pocket Edition at $5.00 (gold-plated set $6.00); Combination and travelers' sets $6.00 to $9.00—we make these as high as $50.00. Each set includes twelve double-edged blades—24 cutting edges—in handsome metal blade box.

Any man who owns a Gillette will appreciate a gift of extra blades. There are now two sizes of blade packets: twelve double-edged blades in nickel-plated blade box, $1.00; six double-edged blades, 50 cents.

King C. Gillette

Boston

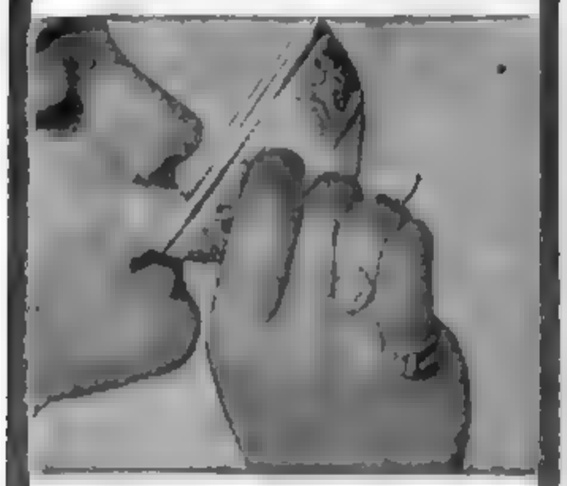
New York, Times Bldg. Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg. Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., London
Eastern Office, Shanghai, China Canadian Office, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal
Factories: Boston, Montreal, Leicester, Berlin, Paris

Send for free samples and learn how

"A Cube Makes a Cup"

Place One Cube in a Cup

Pour on Boiling Water



Result: Perfect Bouillon—Steero Bouillon

IT'S the simplest thing in the world to make delicious bouillon with Steero Bouillon Cubes. The Cubes dissolve in the boiling water at once.

The four pictures above show the great convenience of

"STEERO"
(TRADE MARK)

Bouillon Cubes

Made by American Kitchen Products Co., New York

The appetizing flavor of Steero Bouillon will prove a most delightful treat. The flavor of beef, vegetables, spices and seasoning is perfectly blended.

Send For Free Samples

and try them yourself. You will see how convenient and delicious they are. Send your name and address on a postal

Ask your grocer or druggist. Box of 12 Cubes, 55c, postpaid, if your dealer hasn't them. Also sold in tins of 50 and 100

Distributed and Guaranteed by
Schieffelin & Co.
177 William St., New York
Under the Food Law, Serial No. 1.

INDEXING PROGRESS

By George Frederic Stratton

How Businesses Keep Posted Through Periodicals

AMONG the wonderful developments of the past decade in the financing and operating of great mercantile and manufacturing businesses the usefulness of literature has not been overlooked. From single copies of special trade journals, ostentatiously displayed on the manager's desk or carelessly thrown upon some convenient shelf, the subscriptions in many establishments have been increased to cover the entire force of departmental officials. In one large machine shop in New York one hundred copies of a monthly technical journal are purchased by the company and distributed to the senior members of the apprentice course.

This simple recognition of the value of current printed records of "what's doing" to the members of a great business establishment has developed, with the more progressive managers, into a systematic and comprehensive method of placing before many employees not only the technical and trade news but also the equally useful and often more awakening and inspiring general business articles that appear in the popular journals and magazines. The business manager has become a critic and compiler of writings that in any way touch upon his industry or upon the vitality and ethics of general business.

In the office building of a great New England manufacturing company is a man whose sole duty is to examine trade and technical magazines and index the contents under various headings. These headings are designed to place all the reading matter in divisions corresponding to the company's departments, rather than to make a rigidly classified index. Thus, under the heading of "superintendency" will be indexed every article relating to the handling of men. "Equipment" and "power, heat and light" explain themselves, as do also "accounting" and "distribution."

Condensed Knowledge for Busy Men

In the manufacturing department the subdivision is carried even further. The company makes a great diversity of electrical apparatus. In charge of each department of production is an engineer, and the magazine reading matter is divided, classified and indexed to correspond with these production departments. Thus, in the index we find headings for motors, arc lamps, meters and instruments, arc-light dynamos, and so on.

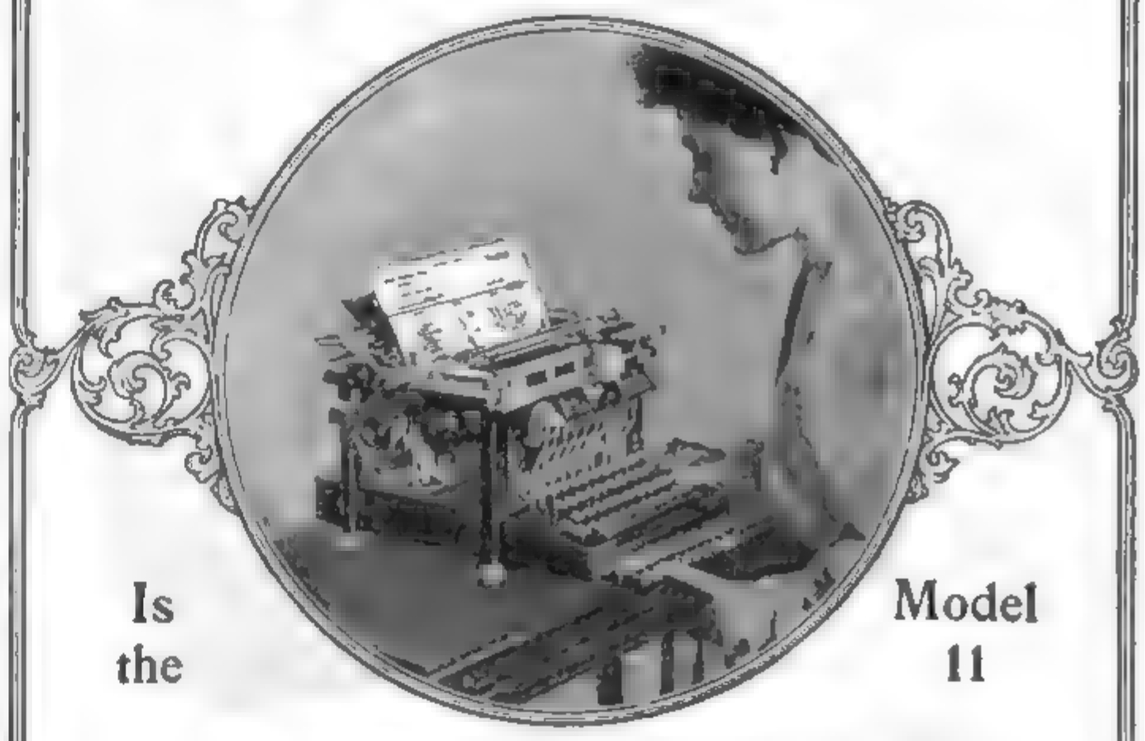
Every class journal or magazine published in the English language is subscribed for and the indexing is very thoroughly and intelligently done. Every article is scanned and often indexed under three or four headings, as it may touch upon several branches. Not even a five-line paragraph that contains information is ignored. The magazines are kept on file in the company's library and they, with the indexes, are available at any time to the department officials or the foremen.

The system is intensely useful and interesting. A foundry foreman or an accounting clerk can see at a glance where information or news in his special line of work—published during the preceding month or week—may be found, and thus refer directly to it, without having to wade through a vast quantity of other matter that neither interests nor concerns him. So great is the appreciation of this work that the company is arranging to multigraph these separate indexes and deliver a copy weekly to each employee who cares to apply for it.

It is believed that young men in the engineering, expert and apprentice courses, in addition to the officials, will avail themselves of this very convenient and interesting method of keeping posted on the latest doings in their respective lines.

Of course there are no press clippings connected with this plan, but it is both a development of the clipping idea and a substitute for it. Press clippings were probably the introductory means of impressing

THE
Adding and Subtracting Typewriter



Is the Model 11

REMINGTON

With Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment

This is the complete accounting machine—the machine which writes, tabulates, bills, adds, subtracts and audits—the machine which represents the present acme of clerical labor saving. *Catalogue sent on request.*

Remington Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
325-327 Broadway, New York, or Any City on Earth

In All Cooking
Towle's
Log Cabin Syrup

adds a new delight—a new flavor that is simply delicious, sugar doesn't give it nor can it be secured in any other way.

Towle's Log Cabin is the Original Maple Syrup of Full Measure, Full Quality, Full Flavor.

It is put up in the Log Cabin Can, which insures you getting the same goodness, the same quality, the same flavor that has made the name "Towle" (The Pioneer of Full Measure Maple Syrup) a household word from Ocean to Ocean.

While Towle's Log Cabin Syrup is unsurpassed on griddle cakes, grits, waffles, muffins, etc., it is also a delightful aid in the preparation of desserts, cakes, ices, beverages and candy

Send for It. It's Free—

Our attractive book, "From Camp to Table," tells how many ways Towle's Log Cabin can be used and gives thirty three prize recipes. Address

The Towle Maple Products Co., St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A.
Refineries and Offices
St. Johnsbury, Vt., in the Virgin Maple Sugar Forests,
St. Paul, Minn.
San Francisco, Cal.

An Ideal Christmas Gift

GEM de LUXE

Safety Razor

FOR THE MAN WITH TENDER SKIN AND HEAVY BEARD

This razor solves the problem. It means absolute comfort and satisfaction to men who shave, and especially to those to whom the average Safety Razor has not yet proven practical. The Gem de Luxe is Safety Razor perfection, yet simple—only two parts, holder and blade.

THE BLADE IS *THE* FEATURE

The Gem de Luxe is an especially constructed, highly tempered Damascene chased steel blade, reinforced with German silver back to allow for stropping—the sharp cutting edge of *every* blade is carefully examined and tested before blade is wrapped and put in case.

The Gem de Luxe outfit, complete as shown above, including 12 blades, all in handsome case $3.50

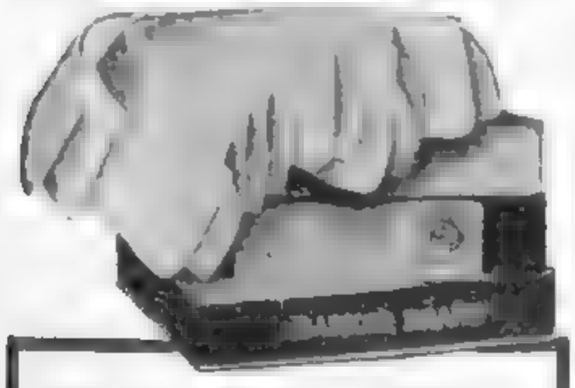
Sent on request for 30 days' FREE TRIAL

Extra blades, set of 12, 50 cents

You've heard of the original Gem Junior $1.00 outfit—it has no equal for the money—has been a joy to the self-shaver for years. Sold everywhere, used everywhere.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
34 Reade Street New York

The original modern Safety Razor makers—30 years in business



Give him collars for Christmas—but be sure you give him the best collars you can buy. NO collars are as good as linen collars and

Barker Brand Collars

are the only warranted linen collars selling 2 for 25c. They will last longer and launder better than any ordinary brand. Many different styles to choose from, all made in ¼, ⅓, ⅜ sizes and all Guaranteed Linen.

At all dealers, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. 3 collars neatly boxed $1.

If you have collar troubles, write us. We have had 44 years' experience and may be able to advise you.

Send for Booklet.

Wm. Barker Co., Makers, Troy, N.Y.

the business and factory manager with the value and availability of printed information as an education and an incentive.

The plan described above has been cited to illustrate the vastly increased value of periodical, technical and industrial literature by a subdivision into distinct lines for convenient reference, but it is of great value only where a complete collection of periodicals can be maintained in excellent order.

The clipping is different. It is available alike for the small manufacturer and the merchant, the wholesaler and the retailer. Although such men have not as yet—excepting in a very few instances—seen the value of placing before their employees the mass of condensed and valuable information that they may thus obtain, it is not because the value is not there.

A Boston firm, manufacturing a variety of articles that are sold in stationery and book stores, and employing sixty traveling salesmen, subscribes to several clipping bureaus. Paragraphs and articles from newspapers and trade journals relating to the trade in any degree, either in the line of manufacturing, selling or use, are received and at once pasted into books. These books are constantly scanned by the chiefs of the various departments and have proved of great value. The sales-department chief frequently has items of special pertinency typewritten and multigraphed and the copies mailed to the men on the road. It is stated that when those men come in they secure the clippings book as soon as possible and go over its contents. It contains concentrated information from all points of the country of what is being done, where it is being done and who is doing it; and it gives all this in a concise, short and highly specialized manner, which is decidedly appealing to very busy men.

A department food store, which has risen in ten years from a small local grocery to the highest position in the city and now employs four hundred clerks, has a clippings book. In it are found items relating in any way to the business: novelties in store fittings, display methods, sales systems, descriptions of great new stores in any city in the country and items on food clipped from the cooking and table columns of popular and class magazines. Although this book was primarily started for the use of the proprietors, it is open to the heads of all departments.

Popular Magazines as Educators

A large mercantile company of Chicago, with both wholesale and retail departments and a force of traveling men and home salesmen numbering over two thousand, has an arrangement with a newspaper writer to compile, monthly, a list of all good business articles in the monthly and weekly magazines, adding to the title and the name and the date of the publication a two or three line description of the subject matter. This list is printed and copies are sent out to the men on the road and the house salesmen. The manager states that, although it is impossible to know how many men avail themselves of this list and look up the articles, it is well known to him that many of them do so; and that, in several cases, the development of interest in men formerly indifferent in their work is highly noticeable and is traceable to the inspiration of the reading matter.

A New York banking firm, having eight or ten branches in the large cities of the country, adopts a similar plan. It does a great bond-selling business and employs a number of agents. It furnishes those agents with a monthly list of business articles and business stories that appear in current periodicals, and the stories are considered especially valuable for the insight they give of character, of men's methods, decision, peculiarities at receiving a business proposition or turning it down, and for their estimates of a man's immediate surroundings and manner as an index of how to handle him or as indications of what he has in his mind, notwithstanding his utterances. One of their most successful agents says positively:

"In the two years during which I have received those lists and read most of the stories I have gained a keener knowledge of men—how to approach them and how correctly to estimate a curt, bluff reception or an exceedingly cordial one—than I had gained in ten years' personal experience. I go at a new prospect now with twice the confidence I had before and—well—with far greater success."

The Paige-Detroit for 1911

Fully guaranteed for one year

4-Cycle, 4-Cylinder Motor

Full 25 H. P.

$800

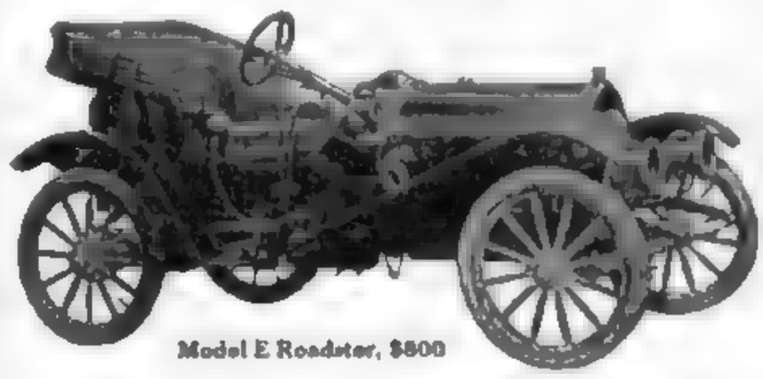
DEALER'S COUPON

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.
Please send us photographs, specifications and your Special Proposition for Agency
Name
Address

CATALOG COUPON

PAIGE DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., Detroit, Mich.
Gentlemen: Please send me your illustrated catalog by return mail.
Name
Address

WE designed the Paige-Detroit fully cognizant of the revolution in automobile conditions that 1911 would usher in. We knew exactly the competition we would have to meet, and determined to make it the **best value** on the market,—a car that any man would be proud to own, a handy car for the man who owns big cars, a "snappy" big little car of high efficiency and individuality that would distinguish it above all contrasting types. Read over this advertisement carefully, and then make a mental reservation,—because we shall not attempt to claim all this car can do. We feel certain you would not believe these claims if we made them. But we know for a certainty that if you will examine the car, ride in it and critically compare it with others, you will become as enthusiastic over it as we are.



Model E Roadster, $800

A Real Opportunity for Dealers

The dealer who is so fortunate as to have the Paige Agency for 1911 is bound to make customers, friends and money. We feel fully justified in saying that the 1911 Paige is the first car of the year that is distinctly without competition. While it has no new or undeveloped engineering features, still it is far from conventional, and possesses many distinctive features and selling points which at once appeal to the dealer and the buyer. Mail the coupon above today—we will send you complete catalog and agency proposition by return mail.

Some Features We Must Mention

even if we have to crowd the type. This is the only car having a three-point spring suspension with full elliptic spring in rear. This insures easy riding and no tilting. No person is too big for this car. The motor is of our own design and permits of a quick "get-away" and shows the way to a lot of expensive speeders, developing speed from 5 to 55 miles per hour. It has been thoroughly tested on hills as well as in mud and sand, showing extraordinary endurance. Its tires are above the average for this type of Touring Car, being 32 x 3½ inches. It has the highest developed oiling system with sight feed on dash, the same as in the high-priced cars. It is equipped with a 10-inch brake as well as a disc clutch. Our Touring Car has a detachable tonneau which with the rear seats off has a carrying capacity of 36 x 31 inches. This feature makes it most desirable for light delivery work.

SPECIFICATIONS

Wheel Base—Touring Car 104 inches. Roadster 96 inches.

Axles—Front, I beam drop forging. Rear, Semi-floating.

Springs—Pressed Steel.

Motor—Cylinders, four cast en bloc. Bore, 3¾ inch. Stroke, 4 inches.

Valve Arrangement—On left hand side. 2-16 inch valve [illegible]

Ignition—Bosch magneto. Hand spark.

Lubrication—Splash. Plunger pump operated from [illegible]

Cooling—Thermo syphon.

Clutch—Multiple disc, operating in oil bath.

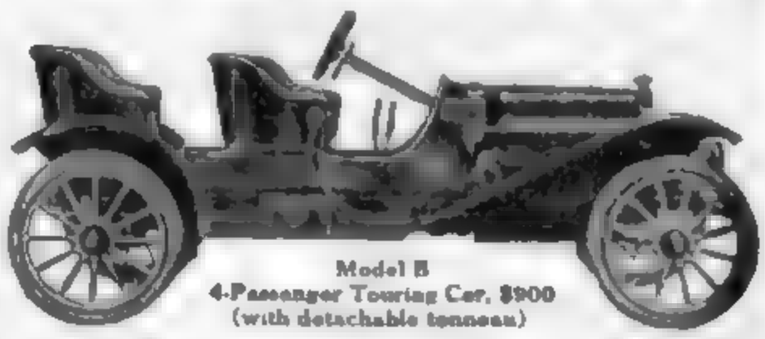
Change Gear—Sliding select [illegible]

Drive—Touring car three forward and one reverse. Roadster two forward and reverse. Ball bearing transmission in touring car.

Brakes—10-inch internal expanding. Emergency [illegible] ing on rear axle drums. Brake rod carried inside frame.

Road Clearance—9½ inches under axles.

Prices—Roadster $800. Touring Car (with detachable tonneau) $900. Cowl [illegible] F. O. B. Detroit.



Model B
4-Passenger Touring Car, $900
(with detachable tonneau)

A Word About Our Guarantee

We guarantee our car for one year. This is a definite guarantee, nothing misleading or contradictory. We will furnish a new part for any part found defective in material or workmanship if the old part is returned to our factory for inspection, freight prepaid. This refers to all parts of the car, but not accessories and tires. This guarantee is for one year from the date of the purchase of the car and is made to protect both dealer and buyer against imperfections which may be found even in the highest priced cars.

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We have prepared a book telling the whole story and it is one you will be glad to get, for it shows photographs and gives complete specifications of all the models of this particular car which is the surprise of the year. Write us today for your copy.

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Quality Made the Name Famous

Only the very best of labor and material go into the B. & B. skates. Forty-five years of experience behind every pair. Prime favorites with all experienced skaters.

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Makers of Ice and Roller Skates
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We will sell $100.00 Or any multiple thereof

We recommend an Investment in them, as preferable to a Savings Bank Account

Our operations are confined to the purchase and sale for our own account of Municipal and Corporation Bonds which originate in the Pacific Northwest.

Our Officers have lived in the Pacific Northwest for from 5 to 37 years. They have been dealing in interest bearing securities for from 10 to 30 years. Write for Booklet "C,"

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You could accumulate a considerable cash capital in a very few years by saving of comparatively small sums of money—your dividends and interest income for instance.

You probably never ear this offered such a thing, because the amounts looked so small as no opportunity has ever before offered itself to you to save and invest only $5.00 at 6% interest.

There is no need for you to wait until you have saved up $2000 $500, or even $100 with which to buy one of our mortgages in order to secure a 6% investment of that. Our Certificates of Deposit yield 6% payable semi-annually—the same as our mortgages—and are withdrawable after one year on 30 days' notice. Send $25 today. Please ask for Loan List 704

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On improved farms in Indiana, Ohio and Oklahoma, netting investor 5 per cent to 6 per cent. Safest form of investment; no fluctuations in value; securities personally inspected; no loan made to exceed 40 per cent of our valuation. Collections made without expense to investor. Long and successful experience. References furnished. Correspondence solicited.

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Your Savings

Investment Hints

THE investment situation at the time this article is written—the end of the first week in November—is full of interest and possible profit for the average investor everywhere. There are two distinct reasons: one is that the price of sound bonds remains remarkably low; the other lies in the explanation of the present state of financial affairs.

Most successful investment is a matter of opportunity. There are good and bad seasons in the employment of money just as in any other big business. The whole problem consists simply of putting your savings out to work when and where they can labor with the greatest security and return. It used to be the fashion for the public to buy when securities were highest and sell when they were lowest. As a result, the public always lost; but, by watching market and money conditions, the reverse of this can be achieved. Hence, it may be worth while to find out just what is happening, for it may aid the investor in meeting similar conditions in the future.

At the outset you find this situation: Despite evidences of improvement in business and in agriculture, good investments are very cheap. What is the cause and how long will this condition last?

Let us take the crops first, for the relation between crops and money, particularly at this time, is a very intimate one. Along in July the outlook was not so favorable on account of drought; but as the season advanced the dry spell was broken up and the yield of the farms this year will be very large. With corn, for example, which is part of the backbone of our agricultural wealth, there will be what the experts call a "bumper crop." Now all this means prosperity, for when the farmers have money there can be no hardship; but, to offset this, there has been the usual tightening of money on account of the demand for cash to move the crops. This year it began earlier than usual, which means that the country banks started to draw in their Eastern deposits ahead of time. Since the whole financial machine is closely knit, this led to the calling of loans by the New York banks, which had to keep up their reserves. Thus began at home a pinching of the money market which has been felt all around the world and which has had a big effect on the average investor; for when conditions arise that put up the price of money there follows a decline in the sale of bonds and a corresponding drop in their price. Hence, money scarcity, like the traditional ill wind, always blows the discerning investor good. That is the time for him to buy bonds and now is that time.

Supplying Gold to the East

Then came an event that shows how much akin is the whole financial world. In September the Bank of England raised its rate of discount to four per cent and in October further increased it to five per cent. The significance of this cannot be overestimated. In the first place the Bank of England is the bank of banks. It is the reserve agent of all the other British financial institutions. When such institutions desire funds they draw on their accounts in this bank. If they do not have enough money on deposit they offer commercial paper. The Bank of England always buys this paper at a price that it fixes. This price is the discount rate and likewise it is the rate that affects world-money. In times of international depression it goes up. The raising may have two results: it may attract gold, which is the basis of credit, from mines or from money centers; or it may curtail the bank's loans.

The fact in the raising of the Bank of England's rate of discount that interests the average American investor is the evidence of the worldwide scarcity of money.

The cause of the increase in the English rate is reported to be the heavy withdrawals of gold to Egypt and India; it was the one way that the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the Bank of England is called, could replenish her reserves.

Another striking thing has happened in England that bears on our situation; it is this: The price of British consols, often declared by patriotic Britishers to be "the world's premier security," is lower than it has been since 1847. You get some idea

GIVE HIM A PAIR OF SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS FOR CHRISTMAS

THE gift that is most appreciated by men is something serviceable that adds to their personal comfort. Most men consider it a luxury to have a pair of "Shirley President" Suspenders for each pair of trousers.

When you select "Shirley Presidents" you know you are giving "him" the *best* in suspenders—the most comfortable kind because of the Sliding Cord—the kind "he" would choose were he buying them himself.

The beautiful holiday box furnishes an attractive, presentation package that gives a Christmas touch to the gift.

Price 50 cents from your dealer or from the factory to any address.

If you wish to give a more expensive pair, send $1.00 to us for Silk "Shirley Presidents." Silk elastic webbing and full Gilt Finished metal mountings.

Signed Guarantee on Every Pair

Buy to-day and get part of your Christmas shopping off your mind.

If you would like three beautiful Art Panels, size 10 x 14 inches (no advertising) for framing, send 25 cents for the President Calendar.

The C. A. Edgarton Manufacturing Co.
1717 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.

16,000,000 Feet Leave "Ball-Band" Footprints Everywhere

8,000,000 satisfied customers wear "Ball-Band" rubber boots and arctics. Several hundred thousand new wearers are added each year.

And this enormous business has been built up solely on quality—giving a little more than the manufacturer of ordinary rubbers thought possible for the money.

It's true that our profit per pair is small—mighty small. But it doesn't have to be much when we're selling to that many people. And though crude rubber today is more than twice what it was a relatively short time ago, "Ball-Band" quality still remains, and will always remain, topnotch.

45,000 progressive dealers handle "Ball-Band" goods. One of them, probably, is near you. Go to him and ask for "Ball-Band" goods. But insist on seeing the **Red** "Ball-Band" trade-mark. If the dealer can't supply you, write us, mentioning his name.

TO DEALERS: Twenty million people are reading our advertisements in this and other magazines and farm journals.

Write us, giving the state of the rubber footwear trade in your locality.

Our Sales Aid Department will give you, FREE, some valuable information that will be of great assistance in increasing your business.

Write today—a postcard will do. (25)

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Filing cabinets made in sections have now come into such general use that, as with Macey Sectional Bookcases, the principle needs no argument. The modern business office demands expansible equipment that will always harmonize with the original purchase. The most modern and the most adaptable filing devices ever produced are the Macey

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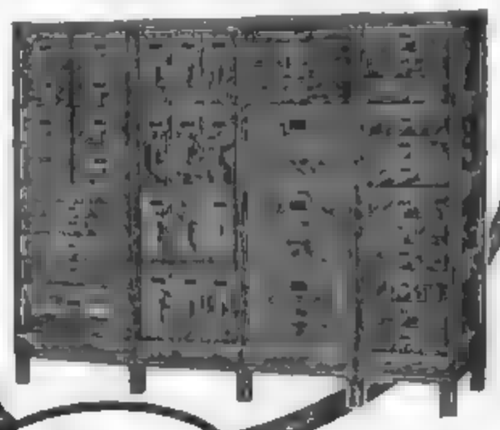

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SHIBBOLETH Solid Color Silk Combination Sets

Six Silk Scarfs, Three Pairs Silk Socks, Three Silk Handkerchiefs, matched in any of these colors: black, gray, brown, wine, purple, dark green, navy blue. Mixed assortment of colors, desired; also size [illegible]. **$5.00 the Set. Postpaid**

Or, SHIBBOLETH Silk Scarfs, made from soft, pure thread silk in the latest open end and reversible four-in-hand shapes. Also fancy figured effects in the shades. **$3.00 the Half Dozen. Postpaid.**

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Or, **SHIBBOLETH Silk Handkerchiefs,** made of pure silk with hemstitched borders. Any assortment of above colors. **$3.00 the Half Dozen, Postpaid.**

All orders for Xmas packed in Handsome Holiday Boxes

Positive Guarantee If for any reason you do not wish to retain your purchase return same and we will refund your money—plus return postage.

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Send money order, check or 2c stamps. Write for catalogue G, showing Shibboleth Silk Scarfs, Socks and Handkerchiefs.

Red Cedar Chest Is a Fine Xmas Gift

This chest is of delightfully fragrant Southern Red Cedar. Protects furs and other clothing against moths. No camphor required. Is dust and damp proof. Saves storage expenses. VERY ROOMY 44 in. long, 17 wide, 18 high. Two big drawers. A very magnificent Hope Chest, finished White Poplar and Red Cedar. Natural grain effects. Write for catalogue and free booklet of hints on Xmas gifts. Free shipping privilege to Mississippi River points. Order direct from this ad.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 24, Statesville, N. C.

of the meaning of such a decline when you learn that the consol has the same relation to the average Englishman as the French *rente* has to the French saver. Nearly everybody in England who has money to invest buys a consol. The rate of interest as compared with other kinds of bonds is low. Up to 1888 it was three per cent. Then it was reduced to two and three-quarters per cent. In 1903 the rate was cut further to two and a half per cent, which is the present rate. Formerly the yield, with the usual price around ninety, was not large; today, with the latest quotation at seventy-eight and three-quarters, it is the highest known. The consol, by the way, is not tax-exempt like our Government bonds. The British Government deducts the income tax from every interest payment. Likewise consols are practically perpetual. Yet, despite this handicap, the English have bought these securities for years, feeling that it was a fine, national sort of thing to do.

Various causes are given for the decline in the price of consols. One is that the British debt has increased as a result of the Boer War; another is the embarking of the nation on its extensive old-age-pension system, which has caused a heavy increase in taxation. The result—and it has a bearing on the American financial situation—is that the Britisher, staggering under the burden of taxation and wrestling with our old friend the high cost of living, has turned from the patriotic business of buying his Government's securities to the purchase of bonds that will yield him more.

You reach home again after a brief survey of the English financial condition and you find that investment history is repeating itself in the United States. Instead of high taxation, the oppressive price of commodities is not only keeping the American from saving his normal amount of money but is forcing him to employ whatever surplus he may have in the kind of bonds that return him the largest possible amount of money. On account of the cheapness of investment many are exchanging their four-per-cent bonds for five-per-cent bonds.

Bad Financial Logic

In making this exchange it is well for the investor to keep some highly important facts in mind. One is that, in order to obtain what seems to be a good increase in his yearly income, he is liable to sacrifice the profit on a well-seasoned investment. Here is the way it works: Suppose a man owns five one-thousand-dollar four-per-cent bonds which cost him ninety. They have ten years to run, which makes the yield about five and thirty one-hundredths per cent, providing, of course, he keeps them to maturity. His income from these five bonds is two hundred dollars. This man sees that five-per-cent bonds are selling at par. Why not sell his fours and buy the fives? If his fours were selling at ninety they would realize forty-five hundred dollars. It would take five thousand dollars to buy the fives, or exactly five hundred dollars more—or two years' income from the fives. At the same time the man would lose his yield of five and thirty one-hundredths per cent on the original amount of money employed. On the whole, this does not seem to be the best plan to pursue. It would have been a wise procedure if his fours were selling at par, and only then.

It likewise emphasizes a very important fact in investment, so vital that it cannot be repeated too often: Yield is the return to the investor on the amount of money employed and not on par value, as many misguided persons believe. The yield is often confused with bond income. The income is the amount of interest that the bond pays each year as represented by the face interest rate.

The whole lesson conveyed by this illustration is simply that the investor who has savings already employed in good bonds should not be misled by thinking that an increase in the face interest rate is going to help him solve the problem of living. He must make a sacrifice in nearly every instance, and it is wisest to leave well enough alone.

For the man or woman who has fresh funds available now for investment it is a different matter. There has never been a time in years when high-class bonds were at such attractive prices. A twofold advantage confronts the investor: he not only gets a very satisfactory yield but stands a good chance of a very creditable appreciation in the value of his principal.

6 CYL. 60 H.P. $2500

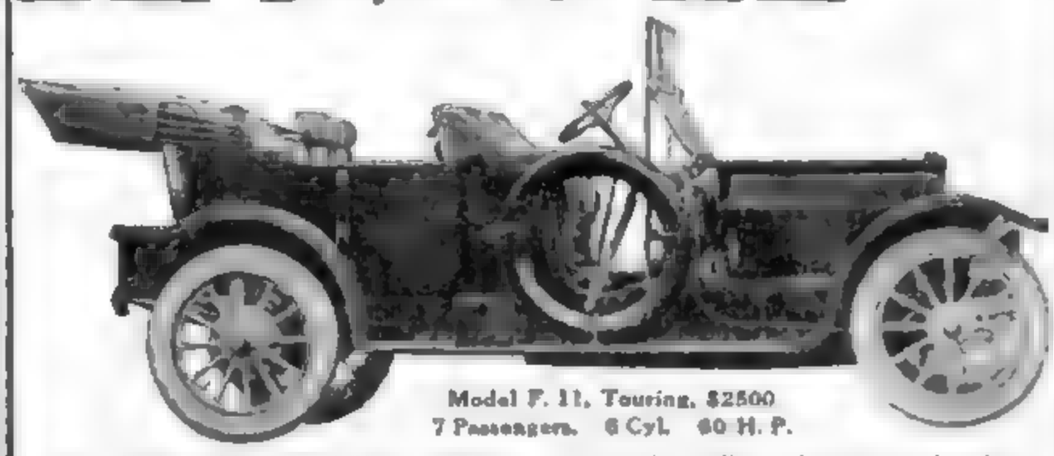
Compare this 60 H. P. Kissel Kar "Six" with any fancy priced six cylinder car, or any four cylinder car selling from $3000 and up, and you will be further convinced of what you already know.

—that, up to now buyers of extravagantly priced "Sixes" have paid as much because of their pride as for tangible automobile value; also

—that, on the principle of selling to the man who doesn't need to care how much he pays, many makers charge as much or more for a four cylinder car as would buy the higher powered, roomier, better constructed, more aristocratic 6 cyl. 60 H. P. Kissel Kar.

KISSEL KAR

Every Inch a Car



Model F. 11, Touring, $2500
7 Passengers. 6 Cyl. 60 H. P.

In offering this Kissel Six at $2500, we simply *are* doing what every maker *could* do, and in five years *will do*—producing a 60 H. P. "Six" with every best feature concentrated in it, and selling it at a price reasonably proportionate with the cost of manufacture and with unreasonable profits left out.

The appearance, finish and refinement of the Kissel Kar are attracting buyers who have heretofore sought these qualities in cars costing double and more. In owning a Kissel Kar, there is satisfaction in knowing that you are riding in as attractive a car as travels the roads.

This model has 132 in. wheel base, which is seven to ten inches more than you get in many best known four and six cylinder cars selling at a much higher price—and every inch of wheel base means greater riding comfort, and more room in the Tonneau.

Many cars, selling at $3000 and up, have only a three speed transmission, yet this $2500 Kissel Kar has four speeds forward and reverse, direct drive on third speed, geared up 25% on fourth, ball bearing selective type, and this is the transmission a car must have to be up-to-date during the years to come, to say nothing of the way it adds to the motoring and stand-up ability of the car.

The standard double drop frame brings the car closer to the ground and at the same time allows for more play for the ¾ elliptic springs—two very important factors for comfort in riding.

Kissel Kars are built complete in our own factory, which is fully equipped with forges, oil furnaces, heating ovens, brass and aluminum foundries and every other modern machine and appliance essential to the building of a complete automobile. This allows us to make analysis of materials and to produce all forgings, machining, heat-treating, etc., under a detailed inspection that practically trouble-proofs Kissel Kars against noise, abnormal wear and vibration, and secures in every part of the car perfection of construction.

The continuous power-impulse delivered by a six cylinder motor affords a mildness in the application of the 60 H. P., which, with the generous wheel base, double drop frame, extra play-room for the ¾ elliptic springs, gives jarless buoyancy to the riding qualities such as is rare even in the most fancy priced "Sixes."

In every line the Kissel Kar has a striking symmetry of design; its finish, upholstering, appointments and roominess proclaiming it an upper-class car. Its revolutionary reasonableness in price—$2500—means no compromise of quality, but rather quality superior to cars selling from $3000 up.

Write for Full Description

The man who wants to buy right from the viewpoint of investment and motoring pleasure should write at once about the 60 H. P. Six, 6 cyl. Kissel Kar and the balance of the Kissel Kar line consisting of Model D 11, 4 cyl. 50 H. P., which is the best 4 cyl. car in America selling at $2000 and the L. D. 11, 4 cyl. 40 H. P., 4 and 5 passenger car selling at $1500. 17 models all told.

Kissel Kar 3 ton, 36 H. P., $3500 truck is the commercial truck of assured dependability and economy

Kissel Kar won hardest 1910 road race in America, Phoenix Ariz., to Los Angeles, Cal., 483 miles, in 15 hrs., 44 min., beating previous record nearly 3 hrs., and express train schedule 2 hrs., defeating many higher priced cars of national reputation.

The 1911 Kissel Kar Models are now on exhibition in the leading centers in the United States, uniformly with the most reliable dealer in the town, or at one of our branches.

Write for the name of the nearest Kissel Kar dealer and beautiful illustrated catalog.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., 160 Kissel Ave., Hartford, Wis.

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3 Years to Pay

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MEISTER PIANO

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In Your Own Home

No Cash Payments Down.
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Handsome Stool and Scarf without extra charge

$1 a Week. $5 a Month.

Just to prove to you the splendid worth of this MEISTER piano, let us send it to you on thirty days' free trial. It won't cost you a penny or a moment of bother. First, send for our beautifully illustrated MEISTER catalog and see how the MEISTER is made and the materials used in its construction. Read therein the testimony of delighted owners. Select the style you like and send in your order. We'll do the rest. The piano will be shipped to you promptly, freight prepaid, no matter where you live. Try it a month at our expense. You will be under no obligation until you decide to buy. Then you may take full advantage of our easy payment plan which makes it easy for any man of modest income to own this famous instrument. If you don't find it to be precisely as we have represented—then we'll take it back after the month's free trial and it hasn't cost you a cent.

SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU.—We deal only with the people direct and are sole makers of the MEISTER piano. It is produced in our own magnificently equipped factories and sold direct from the factory to you. There is only one small profit and that is ours. We were obliged to secure extra factory facilities this year because of an enormously increased demand and we are doing the finest work in the history of piano making.

WE WILL SEND THIS PIANO TO ANY HOME IN AMERICA ON THIRTY DAYS FREE TRIAL, or any one of the other four styles some of which are very elaborate and beautiful. Send for the catalog today. A post card will bring it.

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Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

In view of the high cost of living, and because the investor should get as large a return as is possible with safety, the following list of railroad and industrial fives is given as typical of present prices and yields:

Kansas City Southern refunding and improvement mortgage 5s, due 1950. Interest is payable January and July. The price is 101, which would make the yield about 4.90 per cent.

Chesapeake & Ohio general improvement 5s, due 1929. Interest dates are January and July. At the present price of 104 the yield would be about 4.70 per cent.

United States Steel Corporation sinking fund 5s, due 1963. The interest is payable May and November. The price is 104, which would make the yield about 4.75 per cent.

Denver & Rio Grande first and refunding 5s, due 1955. The interest is payable February and August. At the present price of 92 the yield would be nearly 5½ per cent.

Western Pacific first 5s, due 1933. The interest is payable March and September. At the present price of 94 the yield would be about 5.40 per cent.

Central Leather first mortgage 5s, due 1925. Interest is payable April and October. The present price is 99½, which would give the investor a yield of a little over 5 per cent.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company convertible 5s, due 1931. Interest is payable January and July. At the latest price of 91¼ there would be a yield of about 5.75 per cent.

Missouri Pacific convertible 5s, due 1959. Interest is payable March and September. The present price is 93¾, which would make the yield about 5⅜ per cent.

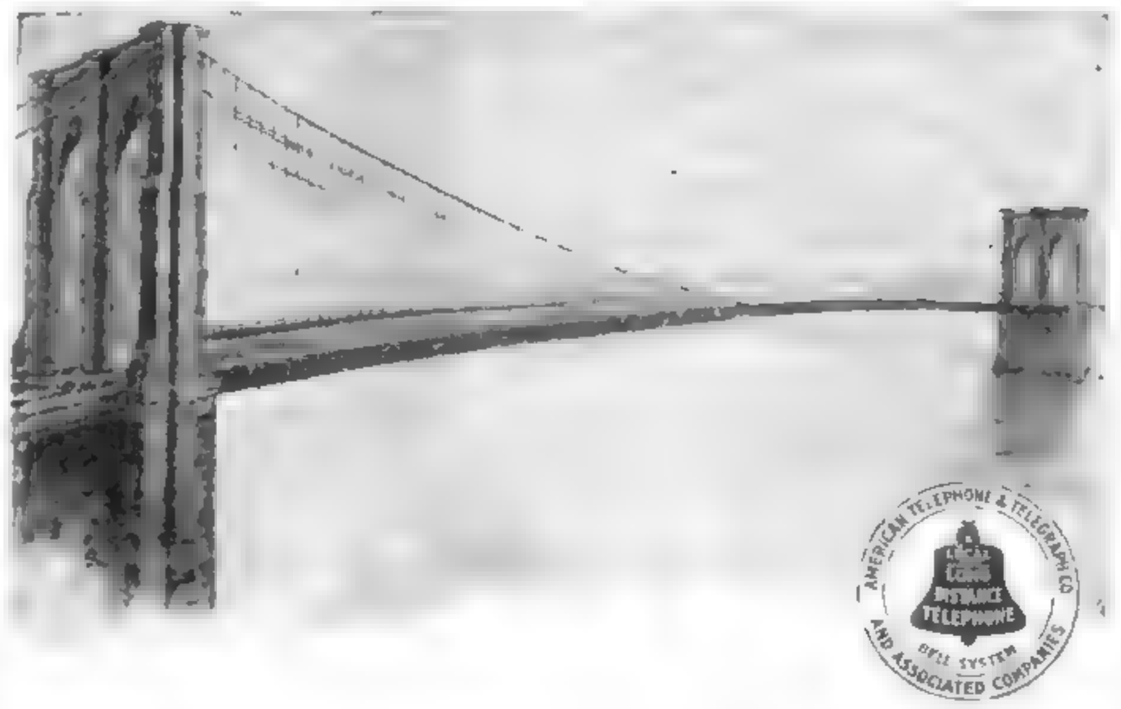
Virginia-Carolina Chemical firsts, due 1923. Interest dates are June and December. The price is par, which would make a yield of 5 per cent.

The same bargain prices apply to public-service corporation bonds of the highest type. The question arises, How long will these prices last? No man can afford to make prophecies in finance, but the general indications are that by the end of the year there will be a relieving of the tension in money and a return to lower rates. This will cause a demand for bonds, which will have the effect of putting up the price. In addition, the proceeds of the harvest will seek investment and bonds will feel the effect. More than this, our business men are coming more and more to the belief that one of the safest bulwarks of any enterprise is a nest-egg of bonds purchased with part of the surplus and put away as an anchor to the windward. This nest-egg not only means substantial wealth but may form the basis for loans when all other kinds of securities fail. This, too, will help to increase the demand for bonds. The natural result of this combination of events, together with a clearing up of the political situation, will be, in all probability, an increase in the cost of bonds. Therefore this is a good time to invest, providing you make your purchases through the best equipped and most experienced agencies, which have the best facilities for investigation. Before buying it is always wise to consult a thoroughly reliable banker or broker.

Outwitting Brer Fox

IT IS not probable that every trapper will get fancy prices for his fox fur, but in these days of madeup furs, when almost everything you see is dyed, this is a staple fur and is worth certain money. There are foxes yet from New England to the Rocky Mountains, but this unfortunately is proof that they are hard to catch. Sometimes you can capture a fox in the ashes of an old campfire or in a bed of chaff on a hillside where he likes to sun himself; sometimes you can catch him in a water-set at some spring where he hunts frogs. At the latter place get a little tussock of moss, just about one fox-step out from the shore. Put your bait beyond that.

The average man does not realize the extreme keenness of scent of these little hunting animals. In making your sets be as clean as you can. Do not expectorate; do not leave any chips or whittlings about. Change your woolen gloves every morning and keep them washed clean. Don't leave fresh dirt around; whenever you can, throw water over your operations if any digging has been necessary.



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Primitive methods of transmitting speech have been succeeded by Bell telephone service, which enables twenty-five million people to bridge the distances that separate them, and speak to each other as readily as if they stood face to face.

Such a service, efficiently meeting the demands of a busy nation, is only possible with expert operation, proper maintenance of equipment, and centralized management.

The Bell System provides constantly, day and night, millions of bridges to carry the communications of this country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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Frisbie Collars

When you pay 25 cents for *two* Handmade "Frisbie Collars," you get the wear of *four* machine-made collars.

A modish shape is the "Cadillac." You'll *like* it, because it's *unlike* others.

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25 Cents for Two

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Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent.

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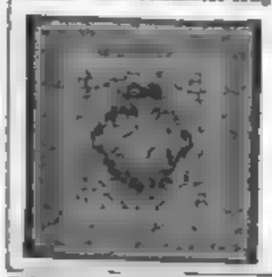

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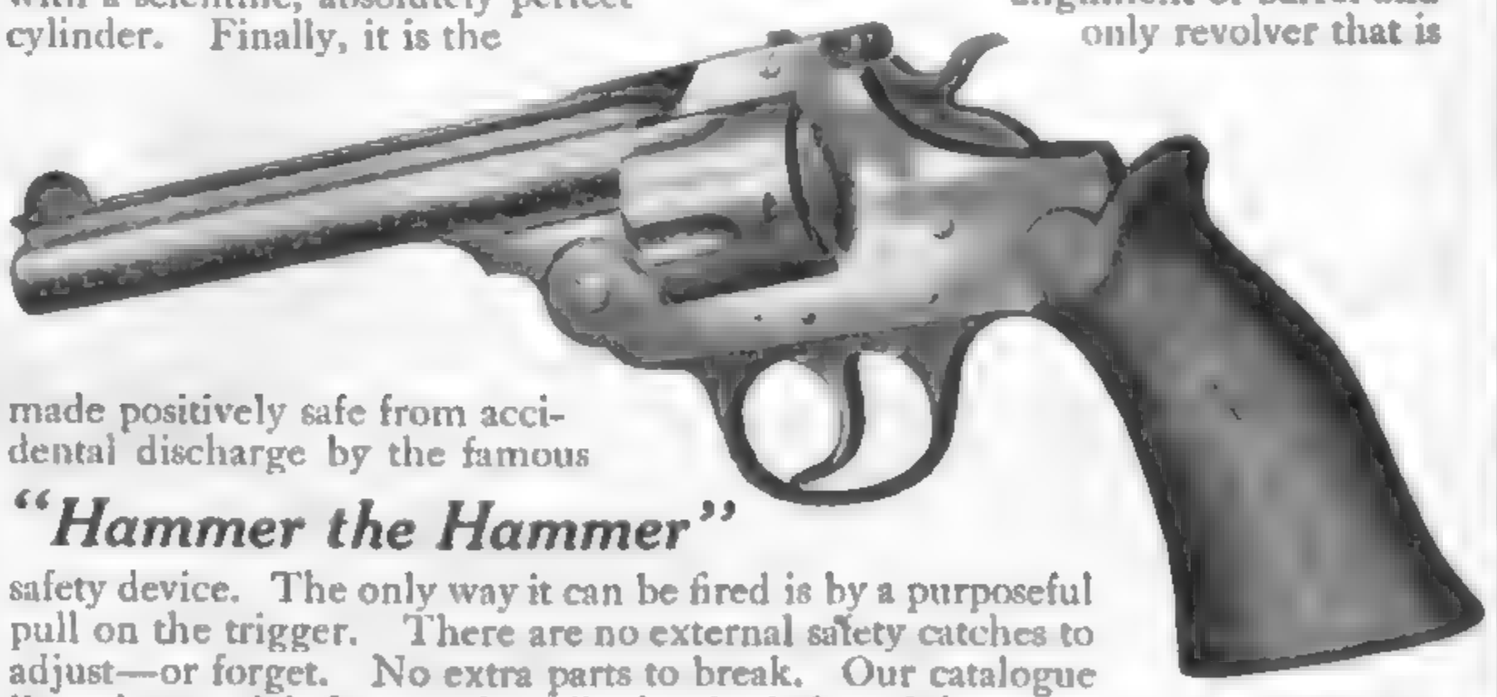

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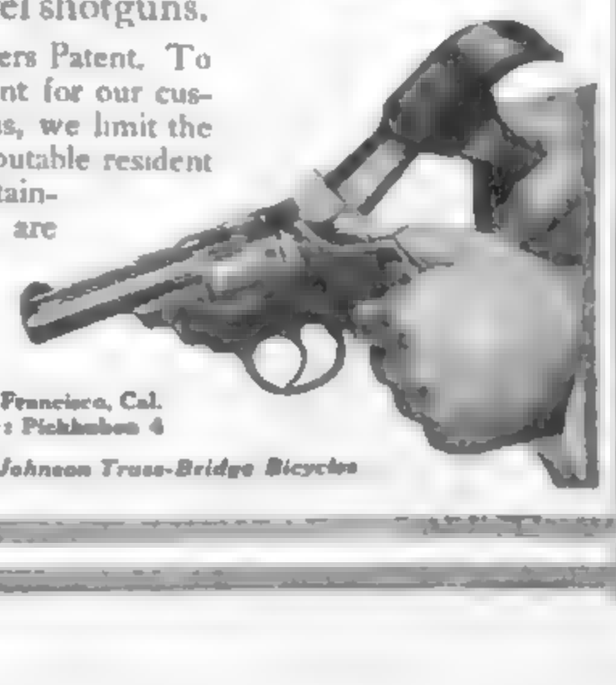

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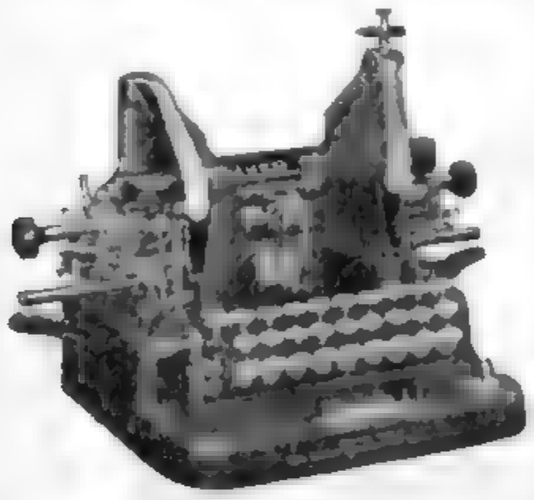

conveniences—could be had on such tempting terms created a furore of buying.

We find at the close of this record-breaking year that the plan has appealed to *all classes.*

Business and professional people, salaried workers, men and women of every station in life have bought Oliver Typewriters on this simple, convenient plan.

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THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
43 Oliver Building CHICAGO

(14)

WOMEN IN BOHEMIA

(Continued from Page 9)

Alabama inside stockades, as slaves of the peonage system. The women had served as waitresses and factory girls. Both had done honestly all they could to understand the lives of people in other classes than their own. They were acting as rent collectors and factory inspectors and settlement assistants, working in all ways that would keep them in touch with the people. Their rooms were the center for Russian refugees and unusual people of all sorts—even derelicts, providing they were derelicts that "stood for something." Everybody in Bohemia has to stand for something.

These Chicagoans had the advantage over the New Yorkers in that their city was yet small enough, so that they counted considerably in its development. Music and talk and laughter, to which their humble neighbors, who had to rise at five in the morning, sometimes objected, kept this Bohemia aglitter. The women were young enough to think it would last forever. Besides, it is the code of Bohemia to seize the day and not to look at the future. It would appear that the convention is to impress upon oneself that all relations are casual—yet what woman but has wanted to keep forever what she liked! It is only men who can really bear to think that whatever they lose they will get in its place something just as good. This Bohemia, like the other, was dissolved by marriage. The real center took a wife outside the circle. Two or three others married in or out of Bohemia. Two more sought the larger and lonelier field of New York. There were too few left to relight the lamps and call back the laughter and music.

Bon Mots and Babies

A good many of the women of Bohemia never marry. When they are younger they are perhaps too exacting to choose from among the "commonplace men" who offer themselves—"middle-class" and "bourgeois" are the other descriptive adjectives. When they are older, like women of their age who live quieter lives, they have not so many opportunities. It is said that some men are afraid that Bohemian women will not prove domestic, since they have careers and often the cigarette habit, liberal ideas and a liking for their own point of view. Yet those who do marry make, after the usual adjustment, quite as successful wives as women who are naturally clinging—naturally prone to think that a man knows better than they do. Any woman, unless she is extraordinarily self-centered, can be domesticated; all she needs is a husband and home of her own. Give her these and the gayest Bohemia becomes nothing but a background to her circle of two. Later, the brightest *bon mot* is not half so attractive as her baby's first intelligent gurgles. Bohemia is only the antechamber in which a woman waits till she opens the door of her real life.

If she does not marry, her lot is solitary indeed; for it is a curious paradox that life in crowded Bohemia grows singularly lonely as the years pass.

One woman, whose days and evenings were full, thought that she cared for nothing but her work and her Bohemian friends.

"What do I want of a home?" she said. "If I had it I could not go to the theater or some meeting every night. I should find the details of housekeeping a bore. I'd much rather live in a nice boarding house and be free to go off to dinner with a friend whenever I liked. My family want me to come back to them, but they would bore me too. I should just be an annex to my married sisters. I want my own free and full life."

She had her own free and full life till she was nearly forty. Then, early in one winter, she broke her foot and was unable to get about. Her friends went to see her when they could, but they had their own work to do; and Bohemia was not situated in her little hall bedroom. She spent a great many miserable weeks that winter and they taught her that she could not bring gay Bohemia to herself at will. She had to go to it in studios and carry to it her smiles and cheer. The good-fellowship was there—in studios; from people she met in crowds once in a while. Bohemia, for all its

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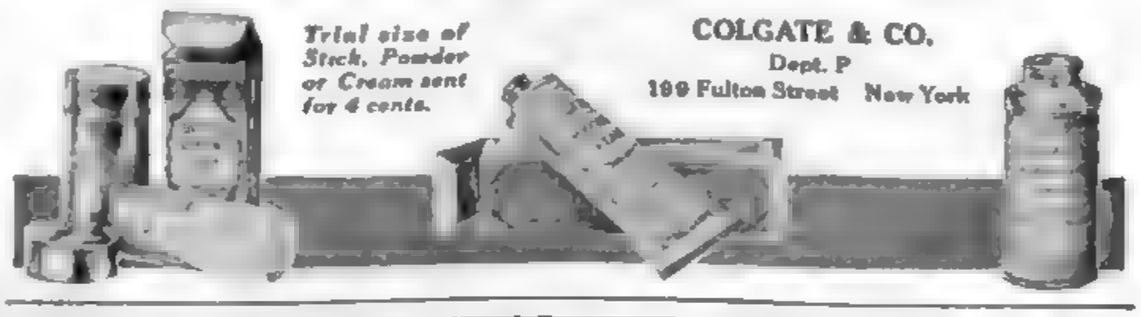

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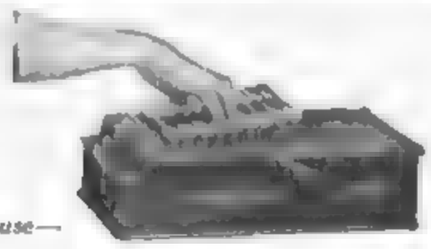

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lavish heart, could give no steady attention to sick women in hall bedrooms.

Then she recognized the value of the family ties which she had held so lightly. She went back to her own people, who bored her, and she became an annex to her married sisters, for she wanted her little nephews and nieces to need her as they grew up. She had learned that one can pay too high a price for a free and full life.

For, in Bohemia, it is always the woman who lingers that pays. She gives of her best for years to women and men, and presently she notices that her Bohemia has changed. Some of the women and nearly all of the men she knew have emigrated to a soberer land. She meets them occasionally in the subway or on the commuters' trains when she comes back from spending a week-end with married friends. The women who are in her world now are younger and fresher. Sometimes she has to go home from a studio supper unattended; sometimes it is hard to get enough people together to crowd her little rooms for an evening. The men don't call on her as they used to; those who do come are the young, eager ones who are just beginning. The men who have succeeded never come back to Bohemia. The first motor car they are able to buy carries them away forever. The woman realizes at last that the lights are dim and the roses faded. She is lonely and tired; but there is no one to go to, for she has poured all her life into that hurrying, casual stream of people who flow through Bohemia. She has lived by the day, and so she has no permanent human ties. It is then that she begins to think of her neglected sisters and cousins, or looks around for another derelict Bohemian with whom she can join forces and form some sort of home.

The Dregs of Bohemia

Occasionally she pays even more heavily for her stay in Bohemia. It is the place of liberal morality. Views are freely promulgated that the *jeune fille* should never hear. Facts are faced with great sophistication, and it is generally believed that Nature had one set of intentions about sex, which our artificial, complex society has frustrated. "Why the double standard?" is a kindergarten remark. "If there must be the double standard [would not polygamy be an advantage?" is a step toward the graduate class. Consequently, when a man wishes to part from his wife and children, some members of Bohemia are very likely to say:

"But what can he do? Why should he be expected to live with her if he doesn't love her and does love somebody else?"

If it is offered that a certain amount of self-control would be worth while, for the sake of the children, the point may be admitted, with the feeling that after all it won't affect the actions of the individual concerned; or else it may be said that the children would be better away from the disheartening influence of a loveless home. Probably the whole affair will give opportunity for the discussion of some Utopian scheme founded on economics or the money law, by which a wife need have no more children than she wants, so as to keep her health and good looks in case her husband chooses to desert her; and by which a husband would have to pay heavily for the privilege of taking on the responsibilities of a second wife and family.

It happens occasionally that such a Bohemian deserts his wife indeed, but she refuses him legal freedom. Then the liberal Bohemian woman, who is his affinity, has the opportunity of standing by her liberal ideas or deserting them. She may live up to her theory that a marriage ceremony is a mere form and that, in her case, if love were gone on either side the union would cease; or she may decide to wait till the wife sues for desertion. If she chooses the former she is likely to keep the relation more or less secret, thus destroying for herself what little semblance of home life would be possible. She is not likely to lose social caste in Bohemia; for, however respectable it may be, it is loyal, too, and friends stand by each other.

Unfortunately for the daring Bohemian, all her liberal views do not affect physiology. She may say and believe that if a professor is a good scholar and teacher he ought to be retained by a university, no matter how scandalous his relations with women are. She may say and believe that she would not live a moment with a man who had ceased to love her; but, once the

Your Daughter's Christmas

WHY not make it memorable by providing a Christmas present for her which will last her as long as she lives—something that will come around every Christmas time even though you may not be here to have the pleasure of personally giving it to her? It will be your loving forethought which will provide the gift on Christmas days yet to come and you will have the satisfaction of knowing *now* that this will be *one* Christmas present that she will always be sure to receive. If, unfortunately, there should come for her Christmas celebrations without cheer—when everything may have gone wrong—when even bread and butter and roof may be in the balance—this Christmas gift of yours will step in and take the place of your parental care and affection—and see to it that she has the wherewithal to provide the three daily meals—and the roof—and the clothing—for her and hers. Rather attractive sort of present to give, isn't it? Better than some gift which brings only temporary pleasure and which has no permanent or enduring value. ¶ This Christmas gift that we are talking about—the Life Income policy of the Equitable Society—which provides a definite, fixed, yearly sum for that dear daughter—giving her the policy on this Christmas day and if you so elect, the income when it becomes due, can be made payable on every Christmas day thereafter so long as she lives—and to nobody else—Something that a husband of hers cannot squander or misinvest—something that puts her beyond reach of the scheming adventurer—something that makes absolutely certain the necessaries of life if all her pleasures and comforts should go by the board—None too early to apply for it promptly when you see this, if you want to have the pleasure of giving it to her this Christmas. ¶ This sort of policy would be the best Christmas present you could give your wife, too—if you have not already made some adequate provision which will insure her absolutely an annual income for the rest of her life.

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man belongs to her and she to him, biology is too much for her. She feels as if the relation must be permanent. She has a feminine desire for a precious thing to last. When she hears Bohemians talk in toleration of a man who leaves his wife she has a quaking pity for the wife. She learns in unspeakable pain how valuable is that marriage bond to which she had felt herself superior; for, after all, loyalty to monogamy is born in a woman and it is usually an acquired characteristic in a man. If he is held by the marriage bond the very habit of loyalty engenders more loyalty. If he is free, except for a friendship with a woman who he thinks shares his views, his feelings have every encouragement for flitting to some other woman. His theory, of course, is that both are free and both are ready to pay the price of their freedom. Only, as it works out, it is usually the woman who pays.

When the deserted wife, after years, allows a divorce it is only too often the case that the freed husband does not wish to marry again—not even with his equally free Bohemian companion. The woman must face the situation she has taken her part in creating. She would not care, indeed, to hold a man who did not love her.

The End of It All

Civilization has developed three very diverse species of women who, by the law of their growth, cannot change: the celibate, the married woman and the woman of the streets. Every good woman must either be married or completely celibate: she cannot endure an irregular relation and expect happiness. It is impossible for a woman who really keeps her self-respect to drop to a lower level and live on it with any possible lasting satisfaction; it would be easier for her, indeed, to drop to the lowest level of all, entirely losing her original traits, instincts and ideals. She can never really feel secure in happiness unless she has her husband and her home.

If this particular tragedy does not often occur there are various other subtle tragedies for women in Bohemia, all of them to be traced to the lack of normal living. No woman can live for the hour and be permanently happy; she must build for the future. A man can always make his own future anew; a woman must accept the future that her previous condition of life permits. She needs the ordinary human ties of husband and children; if these are denied her, at least she needs a home and neighbors. If she has exuberant vitality, restlessness and that inordinate curiosity for experience that leads her to adventure into Bohemia, the land of glittering promises, then she will throw all her energy away on casual friends and on unpermanent joys. After that, when her vitality is gone, she will find herself only a spectator of the life of others—a lonely person with no hearth of her own, who must sit beside the dead fires of Bohemia.

Bargains in Barns

THE man who hopes some day to own a home of his own may find the following incident of benefit. A sawmill laborer, earning eight dollars a week, had one hundred and sixty dollars saved when he married. After several months in rented quarters the couple looked around for a home of their own. On the outskirts of town was a marshy piece of land with an old barn on it. Not being considered of much value, they got this for one hundred and thirty-five dollars cash. The barn was moved to one end of the lot; for, as the lot was a hundred feet wide and three hundred deep, the husband dreamed of some day owning two houses. Then, with the help of fellow workmen and utilizing bargains in waste lumber picked up at the mill, the barn was transformed into a habitable home. The couple moved in and every spare moment was spent in making improvements. Marshy spots were drained and filled, and additional rooms built into the original structure.

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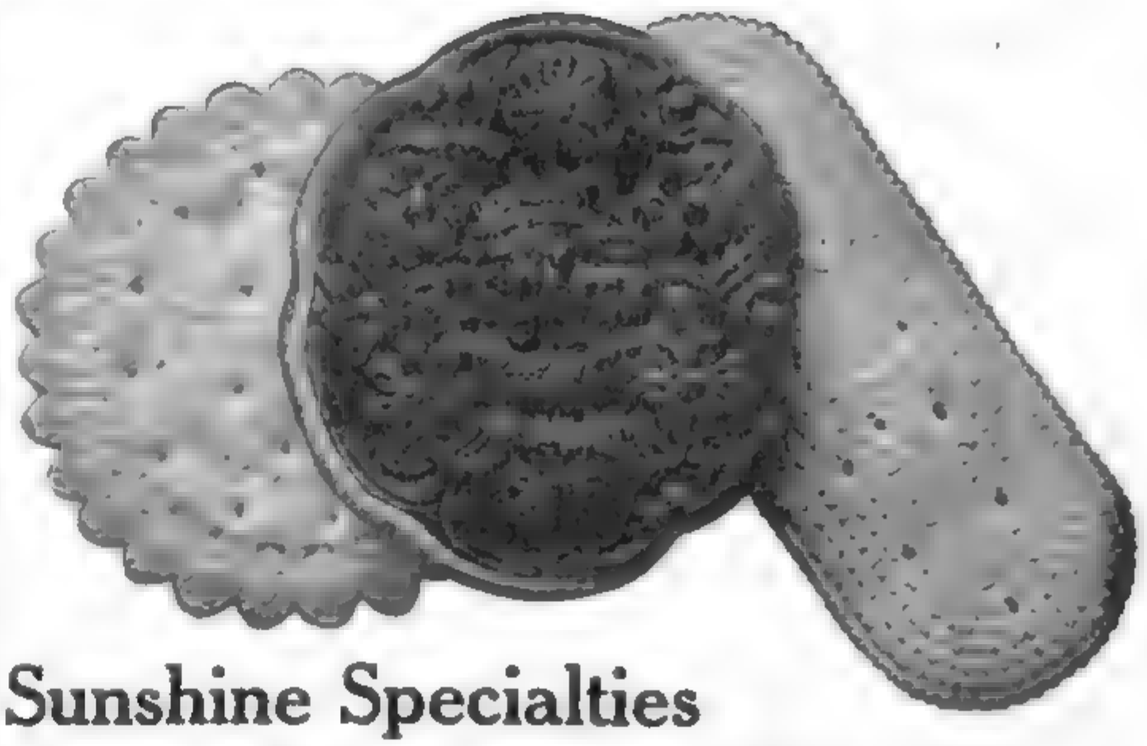

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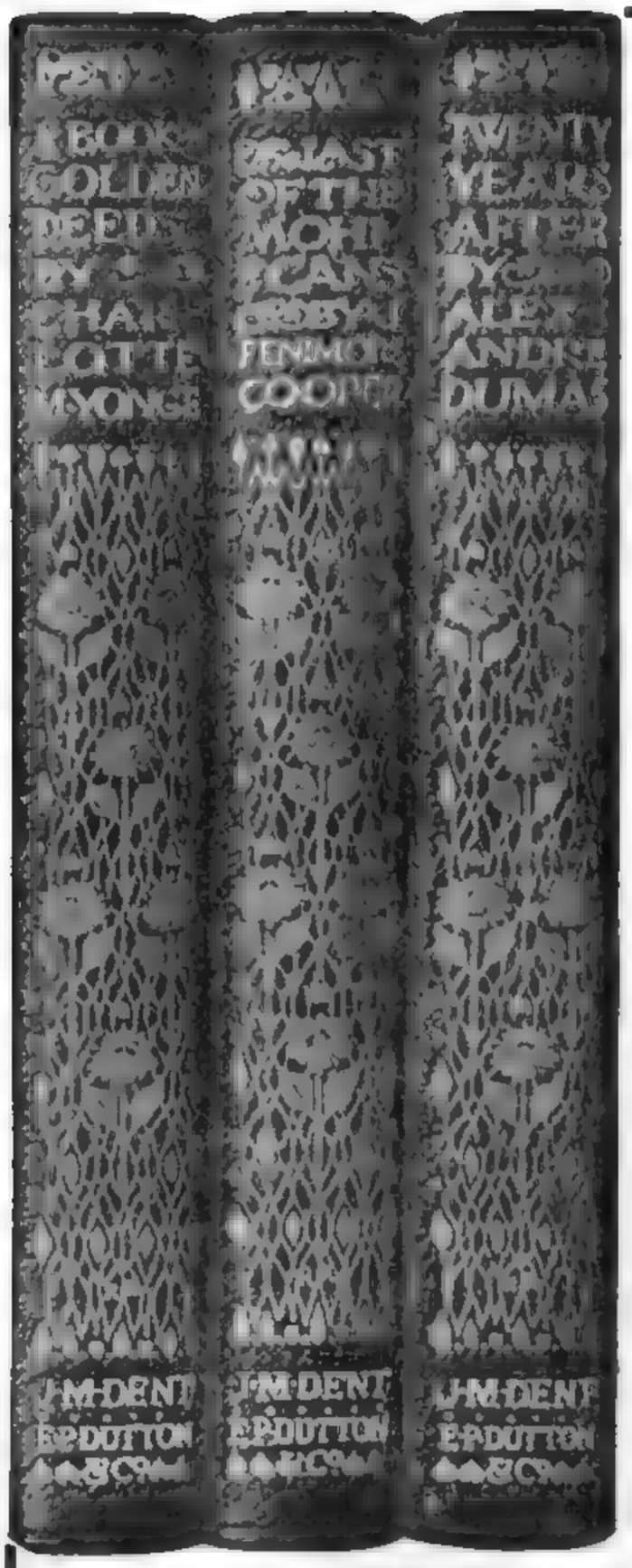

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TO KILL A MAN

(Concluded from Page 15)

Before she could receive consent a slight muffled jar from the distance came to her ear. She knew it for the swing-door of the butler's pantry, but so slight was it—more a faint vibration than a sound—that she would not have heard had not her ears been keyed and listening for it. Yet the man had heard too. He was startled in his composed way.

"What was that noise?" he sharply demanded.

For answer her hand flashed out to the revolver and brought it back. She had had the start of him and she needed it, for the next instant his hand leaped up from his side, clutching emptiness where the revolver had been.

"Sit still!" she commanded sharply, in a voice new to him. "Don't move! Keep your hands on the table!"

She had taken a lesson from him. Instead of holding the heavy weapon extended, the butt of it and her forearm rested on the table, the muzzle pointed not at his head but his chest. And he, looking coolly and obeying her commands, knew there was no chance of the kick-up of the recoil producing a miss. Also, he saw that the revolver did not wabble, nor did the hand shake; and he was thoroughly conversant with the size of hole the soft-nosed bullets could make. He had eyes not for her but for the hammer, which had risen under the pressure of her forefinger on the trigger.

"I reckon I'd best warn you that that there trigger is filed dreadful fine. Don't press too hard or I'll have a hole in me the size of a walnut."

She slowly slacked the hammer partly down.

"That's better," he commented. "You'd best put it down all the way. You see how easy it works. If you want to, a quick, light pull will jiffy her up and back and make a pretty mess all over your nice floor."

A door opened behind him and he heard somebody enter the room, but he did not turn his head. He was looking at her and he found it the face of another woman—hard, cold, pitiless, yet brilliant in its beauty. The eyes, too, were hard, though blazing with a cold light.

"Thomas," she commanded, "go to the telephone and call the police. Why were you so long in answering?"

"I came as soon as I heard the bell, madam," was the answer.

The robber never took his eyes from hers nor did she from his, but at mention of the bell she noticed that his eyes were puzzled for the moment.

"Beg your pardon," said the butler from behind, "but wouldn't it be better for me to get a weapon first and arouse the servants?"

"No; ring for the police! I can hold this man. Go and do what I tell you to do quickly!"

The butler slippered out of the room and the man and the woman sat on, gazing into each other's eyes. To her it was an experience keen with enjoyment and in her mind was the gossip of her crowd, and she saw notes in the society weeklies of the beautiful young Mrs. Setliffe capturing an armed robber single-handed. It would create a sensation, she was sure; she could see her social stock, high as it was, appreciating still more.

"When you get that sentence you mentioned," she said coldly, "you will have time to meditate upon what a fool you have been, taking other persons' property and threatening women with revolvers. You will have time to learn your lesson thoroughly. Now tell the truth—you haven't any friend in trouble. All that you told me was a lie."

He did not reply. Though his eyes were upon her, they seemed blank. In truth, for the instant, she was veiled to him and what he saw was the wide, sun-washed spaces of the West, where men and women were bigger than the rotten denizens, as he had encountered them, of the thrice-rotten cities of the East.

"Go on. Why don't you speak? Why don't you lie some more? Why don't you beg to be let off?"

"I might," he answered, licking his dry lips. "I might ask to be let off if ——"

"If what?" she demanded peremptorily as he paused.

"I was trying to think of a word you reminded me of. As I was saying, I might if you was a decent woman."

Her face paled.

"Be careful!" she warned.

"You don't dast kill me," he sneered. "The world's a pretty lowdown place to have a thing like you prowling around in it, but it ain't so plumb lowdown, I reckon, as to let you put a hole in me. You're sure bad, but the trouble with you is that you're weak in your badness. It ain't much to kill a man, but you ain't got it in you. There's where you lose out."

"Be careful of what you say," she repeated; "or else, I warn you, it will go hard with you. It can be seen to whether your sentence is light or heavy."

They were interrupted here by the entrance of the butler.

"Something is wrong with the telephone, madam," he announced. "The wires are crossed or something, because I can't get Central."

"Go and call one of the servants," she ordered. "Send him out for an officer and then return here."

Again the butler withdrew and the pair was left alone.

"Will you kindly answer one question, ma'am?" the man said. "That servant fellow said something about a bell. I watched you like a cat and you sure rung no bell."

"It was under the table, you poor fool! I pressed it with my foot."

"Thank you, ma'am. I reckoned I'd seen your kind before and now I sure know I have. I spoke to you true and trusting and all the time you was lying to me."

She laughed mockingly.

"Go on. Say what you wish. It is very interesting."

"You made eyes at me, looking soft and kindly; playing up all the time the fact that you wore skirts instead of pants—and all the time with your foot on the bell under the table! Well, there's some consolation. I'd sooner be poor Hughie Luke, doing his ten years, than be in your skin. Ma'am, hell is full of women like you."

There was silence for a space, in which the man, never taking his eyes from her, studying her, was making up his mind.

"Go on," she urged. "Say something."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll say something. I'll sure say something. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to get right up from this chair and walk out that door. I'd take the gun from you, only you might turn foolish and let it go off. You can have the gun. It's a good one. As I was saying, I'm going right out that door; and you ain't going to pull that gun off either. It takes guts to shoot a man and you sure ain't got them. Now get ready and see if you can pull that trigger. I ain't going to harm you. I'm going out that door and I'm starting."

Keeping his eyes fixed on her, he pushed back the chair and slowly stood erect. The hammer rose halfway. She watched it. So did he.

"Pull harder," he advised. "It ain't half up yet. Go on and pull it and kill a man. That's what I said, kill a man; spatter his brains out on the floor or slap a hole into him the size of your fist. That's what killing a man means."

The hammer lowered jerkily but gently. The man turned his back and walked slowly to the door. She swung the revolver around so that it bore on his back. Twice again the hammer came up halfway and was reluctantly eased down.

At the door the man turned for a moment before passing on. A sneer was on his lips. He spoke to her in a low voice, almost drawling; but in it was the quintessence of all loathing as he called her a name unspeakable and vile.

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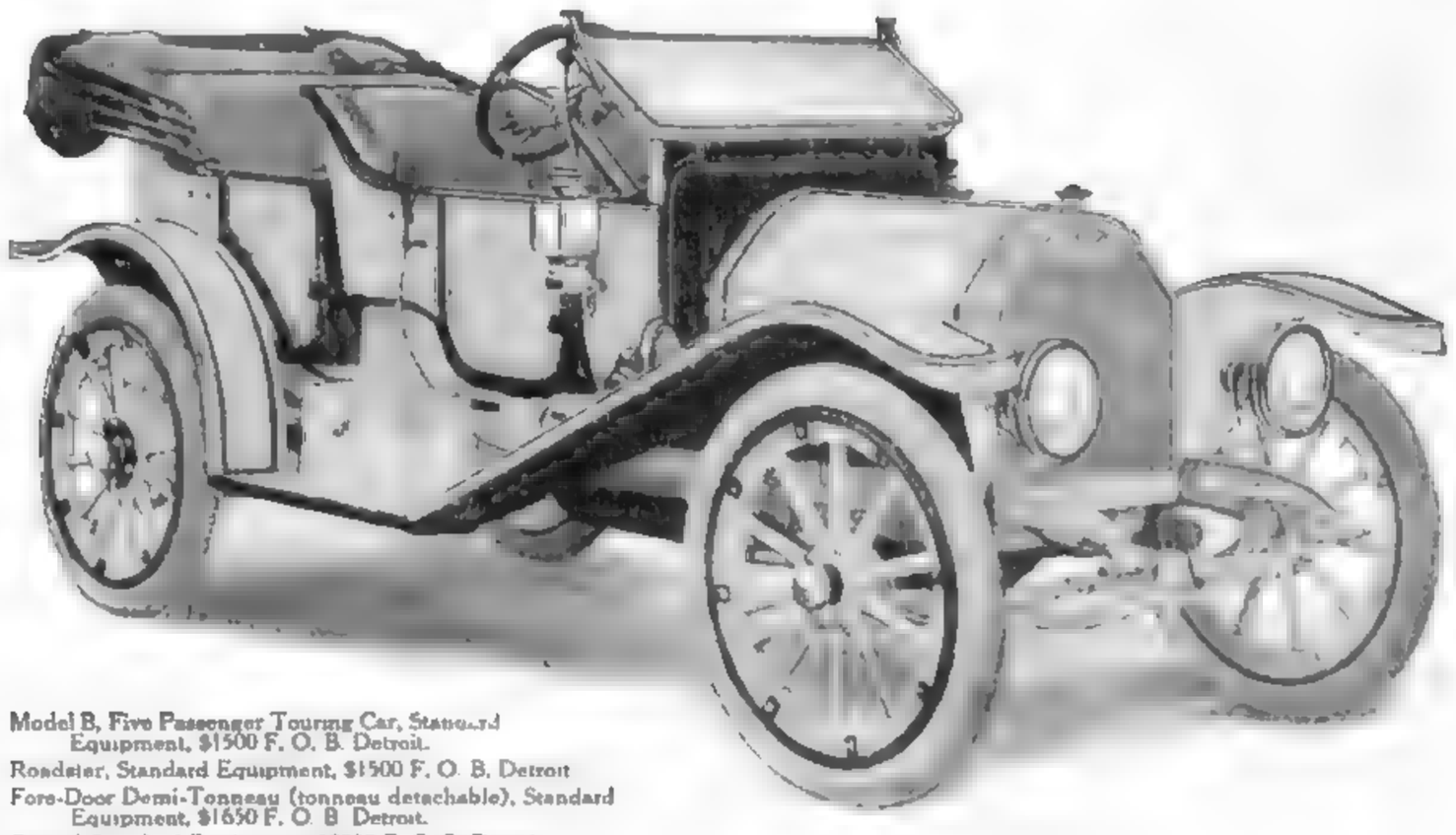

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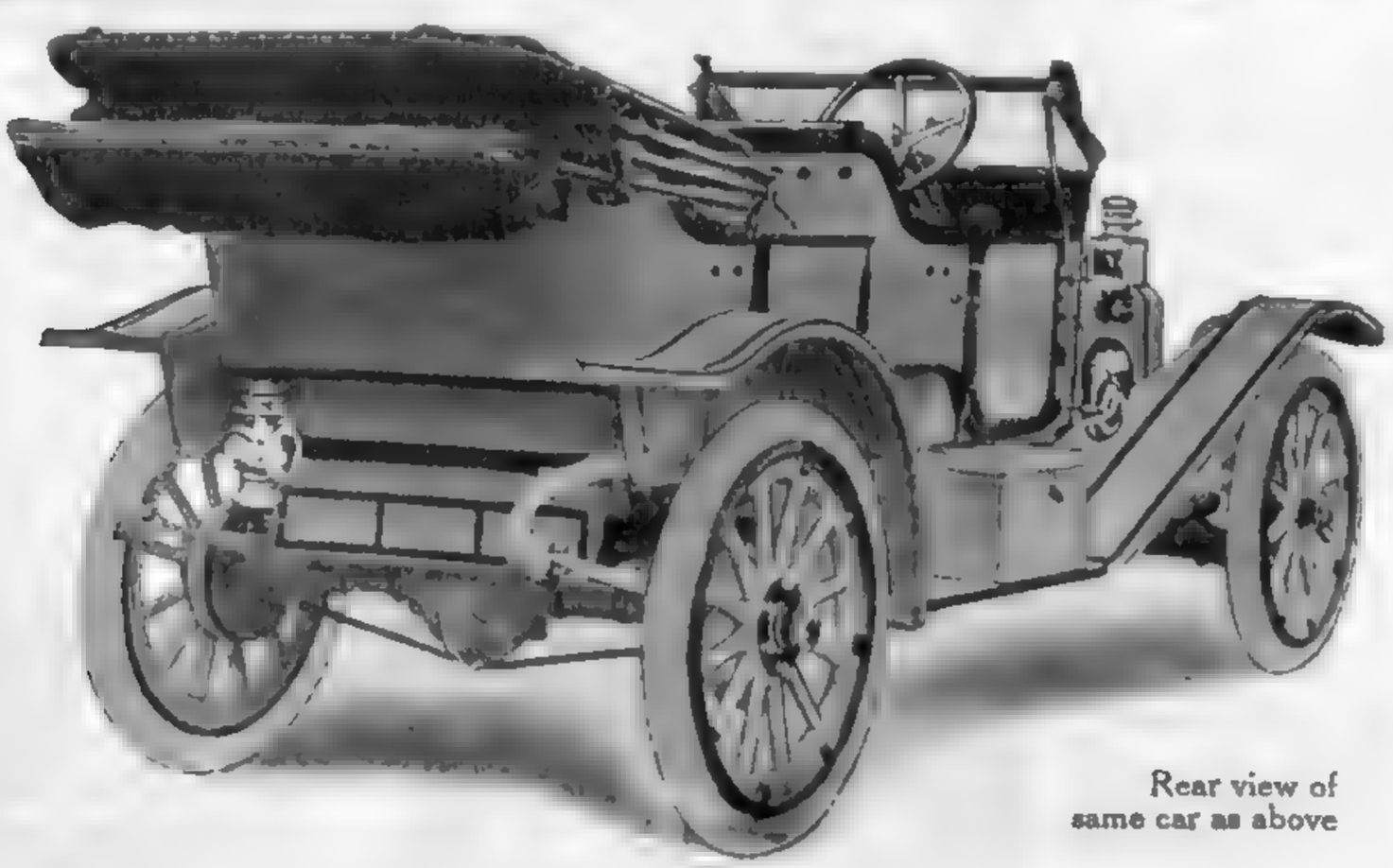

Rear view of same car as above

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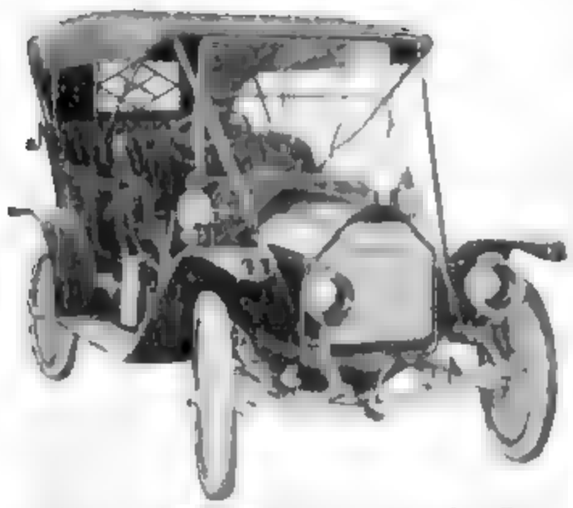

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THE CAREER OF FARTHEST NORTH

Continued from Page 31

even then bolting the door. It was the first time in seven years that Cornelia had retreated. Smiling at the closed door, Mrs. Frederick drew a long, deep breath; then slipped into the hall and ran noiselessly downstairs. Mr. North was alone in the office, and as she glided up to him she looked as little like a bored person as anybody he had ever seen in his life. Indeed, he was startled by a suspicion that Mrs. Frederick Vanderscheldt was going to embrace him on the spot, for her eyes danced and she was plainly at the point of bubbling over with irrepressible laughter.

"Oh, you'll catch it!" she exclaimed under her breath. "Wait until she finds there's no night train!"

"Wait!" Farthest replied, smiling. "But you ought to see the place; get acquainted with the patients."

"Those men?" she inquired, recalling them. "Who are they?"

He explained their quality, all three being rated among the millionaires.

"But what do they do here?" she asked, rather puzzled.

"Oh, they shovel snow and pump water for the cow and saw wood and dig the late potatoes, and so on." As she regarded him with frank incredulity, he led her into the kitchen, from the windows of which she could behold George P. Holyoke, Thomas B. Schenk and Franklin J. George, in rough clothes and woolen mittens, patiently sawing, splitting and cording wood. She watched them a moment, turned to Farthest, still with a rather puzzled expression, then dropped into a kitchen chair, tipped back her head and gave way to peals of laughter.

"This is the funniest place I ever saw in my life!" she declared at length, gasping. "Oh, I think I must stay over!"

Relapsing into little puffs of laughter, she leaned forward to have another look at the toiling millionaires. But they were no longer alone. A female figure—apparently having come up from the old barn—had joined them. Mrs. Freddie saw at a glance that even in a short skirt, white sweater and fur cap the figure was quite superb. The patients had dropped their work and drawn together in front of her, and she was telling them something—laughing meanwhile in the friendliest possible way. Mrs. Freddie herself ceased to laugh, and looked up at Farthest with an odd, quizzical expression which was possibly a bit cynical.

"My wife," he explained simply, and tapped on the windowpane, beckoning

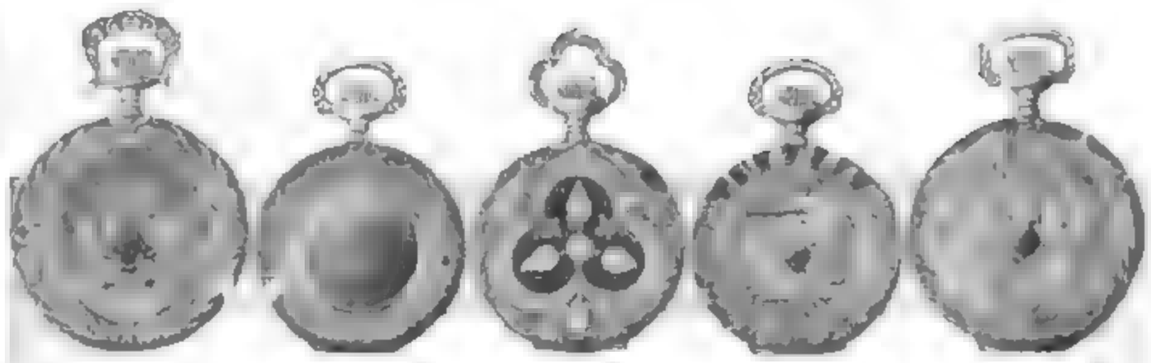
When Edith entered, still smiling and bringing with her the crisp outer air, Mrs. Freddie noted more particularly that her eyes were deep blue, her abundant hair chestnut in color and her complexion beautiful. Farthest introduced her and stood apart while the ladies talked. Edith was as candid, sweet and docile as usual, and Mrs. Freddie presently perceived, with a touch of amazement that she accepted the sanatorium and its proprietor in the utmost seriousness, with the unquestioning faith of a fond child. Edith asked politely after the other Mrs. Vanderscheldt, and Mrs. Freddie replied carelessly that she was keeping to her room, being much indisposed.

"Why, that's too bad!" said Edith sympathetically. "I'll go right up and see if I can't do something for her."

An alarmed protest rose to Mrs. Freddie's lips, but Farthest said at once: "I wish you would, dear." His tone was affectionate, and when she had disappeared he observed to Mrs. Freddie with a touch of fond pride: "Nobody could quarrel with Edith."

Thus Mrs. Freddie understood that Mr. North and his beautiful, sweet, dull wife were really in love with each other; and it astonished her. She reflected that one would hardly have looked for an idyl in the midst of a gold-brick game, and presently gave way again helplessly to laughter. "I can see that anything may happen here," she cried.

They had returned to the office and Mrs. Freddie, gazing out of the offensive plate-glass window, noted with surprise that Edith had been upstairs fifteen minutes and no sounds of a homicidal nature had reached them. Something outside seemed to interest her, for she laughed to herself;



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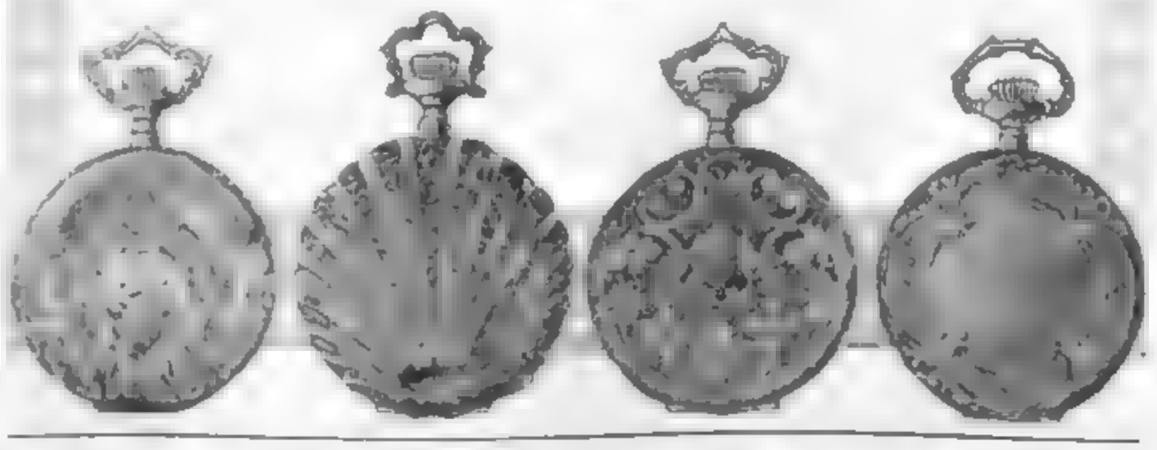

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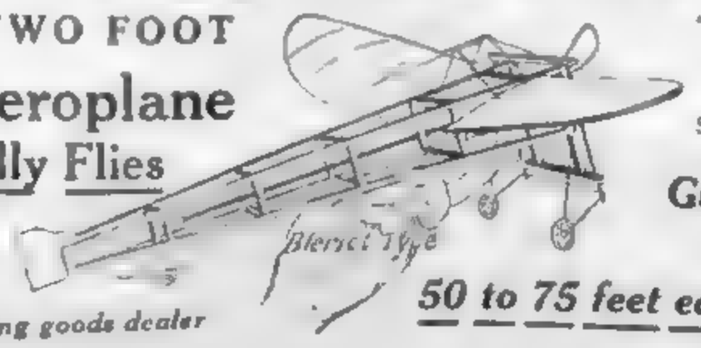

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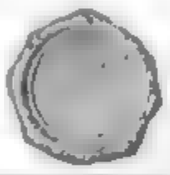

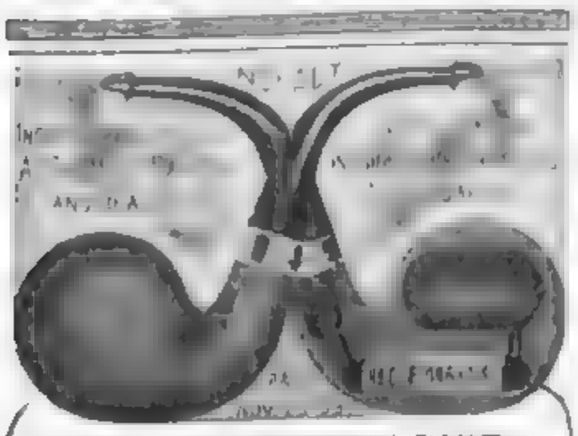

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then observed: "Here come two lost souls, holding their skirts to their knees."

Farthest hurried to her side and looked out. Two stout female figures, holding their skirts in the manner described, were indeed toilfully making their way up the deserted village street through the snow.

"They're coming afoot!" Farthest exclaimed as soon as he saw them, and in a moment added, as though he had solved the puzzle: "I see! They tried to come in their car, but it got stuck in the drifts under the shoulder of the hill. These are my two new patients," he explained—"Mrs. Morson, of Bridgeport, and her friend; both wealthy widows. Mrs. Morson looked the sanatorium over once before and rejected it with contempt; but that was before Mrs. Jacob and Mrs. Frederick Vanderscheldt had been here."

"You don't mean to say," she demanded, "that two rich women are plowing up here through the snow—because we're here for a day?"

Farthest smiled and replied confidently: "Oh, they'd come cheerfully through fire and water. But we ought to step back a little, so they can't see us."

The two figures plodded toilsomely on, holding up their skirts. Having stepped into a depression where the snow was up to her knees, Mrs. Morson halted in pathetic despair, while her friend evidently encouraged her to make one last desperate effort for the goal so near at hand. Mrs. Freddie swayed back against the wall and shouted with laughter. "Oh, I think I must stay over!" she gasped.

"You might step into the kitchen," Farthest suggested gently, "and then walk in on them."

Thus, when the two ladies entered, puffing, bedraggled and frozen, they found the proprietor alone in the office.

"To say the least," Mrs. Morson began bitingly, "you might keep your road in decent condition, so that people can get up here as a civilized being should. Why don't you have that road shoveled out, so a car can get through?"

"Why, as to cars," Farthest answered gently, "we prefer not to have them here. You see, they bring noise and—pardon me—a rather vulgar air. Some of our patients object to them. I meant to tell you to take a sleigh."

The ladies regarded each other with astonishment. "Haven't you any steam heat?" wailed Mrs. Morson's friend.

"Oh, no!" said Farthest in a shocked tone. "We have nothing of that kind."

"I told you," observed Mrs. Morson to her friend deprecatingly, "there wasn't any plumbing."

"That's quite true," said Farthest, as though she had paid the establishment a high compliment. "All the patients go out to the well and pump their own water and carry it upstairs."

"But I positively must have my maid," said the friend, between appeal and rage.

"I'm awfully sorry," Farthest replied soothingly; "but we couldn't allow that at all. You see, there are no end of ordinary sanatoriums—for ordinary people, if I may say so—where they have automobiles and steam heat and plumbing and servants, and all that sort of thing; but we aim at something entirely different."

At that moment Mrs. Frederick Vanderscheldt walked leisurely in from the kitchen. Her dark eyes regarded the two ladies in a sweeping glance that was neither friendly nor hostile, but quite neutral; and she walked calmly over to the stairs.

"Going up, Mrs. Vanderscheldt?" Farthest inquired in a friendly manner.

"Yes," she replied, her foot on the step, her hand on the ancient banister. "You have such a charming place here, Mr. North; such a beautiful atmosphere."

Before she even reached the stairs the ladies were jellied, and for some moments after the presence had disappeared they sat raptly staring at the blank wall. Mrs. Morson drew a long, sighing breath of awe, and ventured to inquire, with deference, "Would you mind showing us our rooms, Mr. North?"

They followed him up the stairs which the feet of Mrs. Freddie Vanderscheldt had pressed but two minutes before. Going along the hall, in the second story, they beheld Mrs. Freddie again, sitting in her room, looking at a book, while in another room they saw Mrs. Jacob Vanderscheldt talking to a beautiful blond young woman. They engaged the rooms for a month.

A little later Mrs. Freddie came down and sought the kitchen. As that room was

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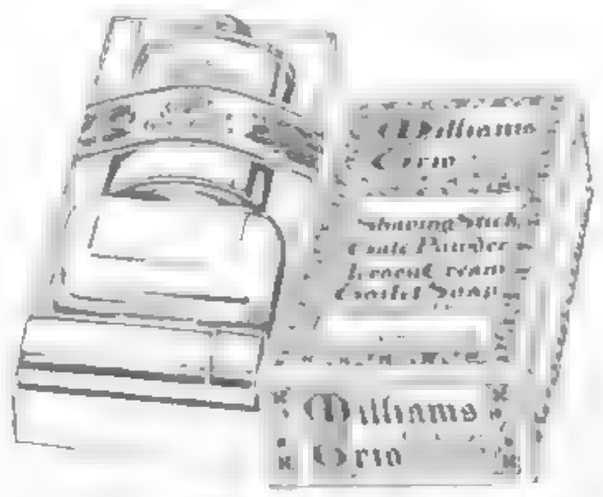

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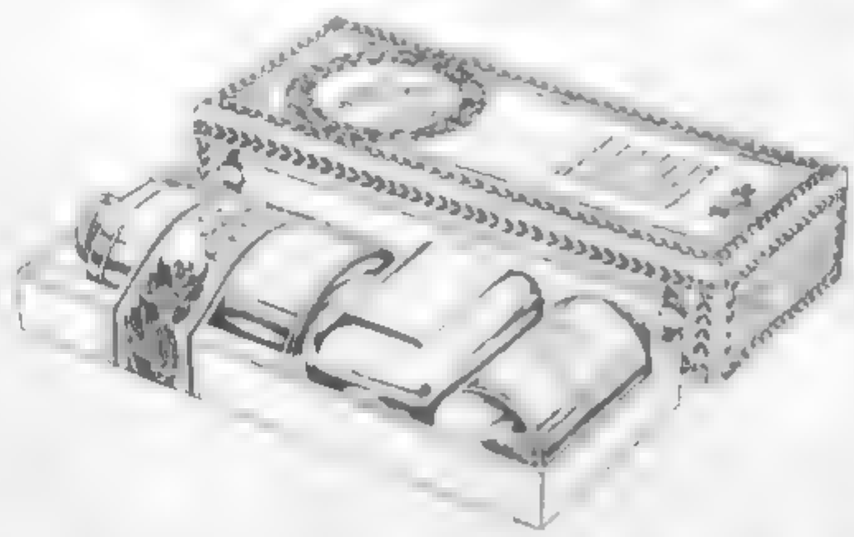

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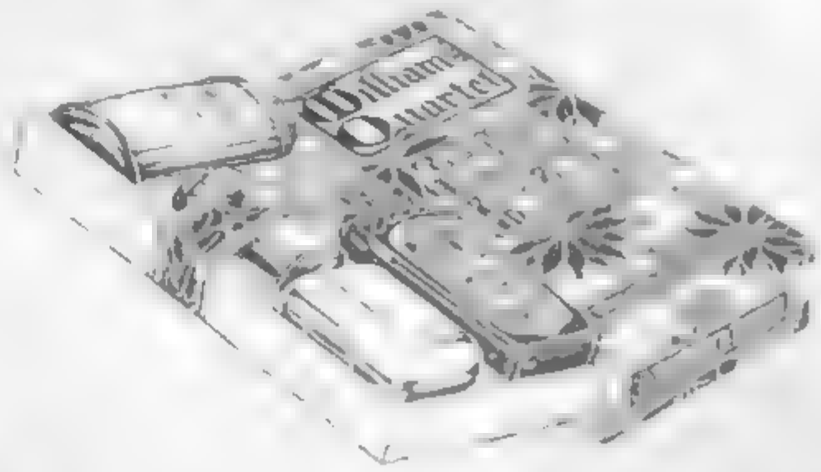

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the most remote from the other guests, she could laugh in it all she pleased. She was still at it, and Farthest, smiling approvingly, was standing in the kitchen door when Edith came down stairs hastily, looking much alarmed.

"Why, Frank!" she exclaimed excitedly, going up to her husband; "that poor Mrs. Vanderscheldt has gone out of her head!"

"What makes you think so?" Farthest inquired reassuringly

"Why," Edith explained in alarm, "I told her something about the sanatorium and how we were getting it started so nicely, and how you were sure many ladies would come to it now that she had been here; and by-and-by she asked me about the evening train and I told her the evening train didn't run any more, and she would have to stay over until noon tomorrow. She looked surprised, and then she looked so sort of sad and resigned; and she said to me, real kindly: 'I'm very sorry for you, child, because you have married the most abandoned villain in the world!' She must be out of her head."

"Oh, no, dear!" he assured her, "it's merely her headache. It gives her hallucinations sometimes. Won't you run up and see if Mrs. Morson and her friend want anything?"

He wished to get her out of the room because he was aware that Mrs. Freddie, in the kitchen, was rapidly succumbing to suffocation. When that lady was able to speak she panted, with wet eyes: "Oh, certainly; I shall stay for a week!"

On the last day of the week it snowed hard all day long. In the forenoon Mrs. Freddie assisted fat Mrs. Morson and her still fatter friend to construct a snow Goddess of Liberty in the front yard. She directed the work, helping to drag her corpulent assistants out of the drifts when they fell over, and nearly died laughing afterward. In the afternoon, having shoveled snow half an hour, she was standing with Farthest in the cheery but humble office. Her cheeks were still pink and her eyes sparkling from the outdoor exercise, and every time she looked out of the window she gave way to laughter.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, bending forward and twinkling at Farthest, "you're the greatest faker that ever lived?"

"Faker!" he repeated gently and inquiringly. "How do you make that out? You've been here a week. You've had a good time, haven't you? You're in better trim physically than you were when you came. You're not fidgety. You sleep better, eat better; your cheeks are pink; your eyes shine. Any fake about that?"

It was a new idea to her, and as she considered it she grew sober. "Why, I am fitter'" she acknowledged with surprise; "but I hadn't thought of it before." The more she considered, the more she wondered "I see!" she said at length. "I've really been one of your patients; you've been treating me according to your wonderful system too!" Regarding herself in that new light the whole transaction seemed to take another color in her mind. She drew a little breath of dismay and looked up at the proprietor with round eyes. "I see!" she breathed, without resentment, but only with wonder. "You've made as big a fool of me as of any of the others!"

"Oh, my dear lady," he protested, "why put it that way? You've enjoyed yourself; you go away feeling fitter. What sanatorium can do more or you than that?"

"By Jove!" said the lady, being fairly bowled over with the truth. She held out her hand impulsively and declared: "I'll come again too."

The train on which she left brought three applicants for admission to the sanatorium, and when Farthest returned to the establishment he found Edith in quite a flutter.

"Here's a long telegram," she said, "from Patrick H. McGoorty, of St. Louis—that patent-medicine man, you know, who's so awfully rich. He wants rooms for his wife and daughter and sister-in-law; but he says they must be all south exposure ——"

But Farthest cut her short. "Patrick H. McGoorty!" he cried in tones of disgust, his usually mild eyes flashing with a scorn and anger that surprised her. "I'll wire him the house is full. I wouldn't have 'em here on any terms. He's nothing but a vulgar faker. We'll have no people of that stripe around here!"

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last of the series of stories by Mr. Payne relating the adventures of Farthest North.

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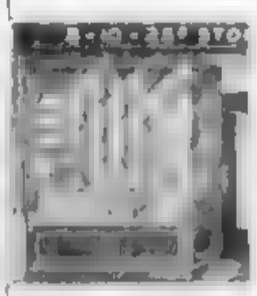

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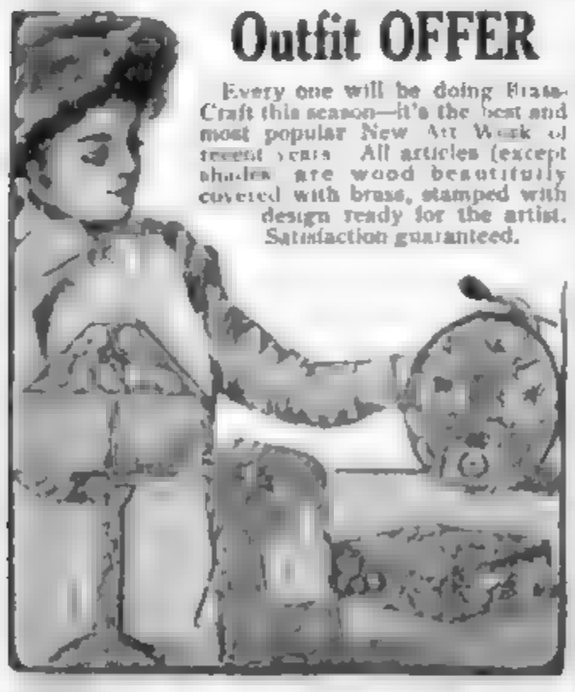

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THE INNOCENCE OF FATHER BROWN

(Continued from Page 18)

"Who is to tell his wife?" said Doctor Harris. "Will you go and tell her now, while I send a servant for the police?"

"As you will," said Father Brown indifferently. And he went out to the hall door.

Here also he found a drama, though of a more grotesque sort. It showed nothing less than his big friend Flambeau in an attitude to which he had long been unaccustomed, while upon the pathway at the bottom of the steps was sprawling with his boots in the air the amiable Atkinson, his billycock hat and walking-cane sent flying in opposite directions along the path. Atkinson had at length wearied of Flambeau's almost paternal custody and had endeavored to knock him down, which was no smooth game to play with the *Roi des Apaches*, even after that monarch's abdication.

Flambeau was about to leap upon his enemy and secure him once more when the priest patted him easily on the shoulder.

"Make it up with Mr. Atkinson, my friend," he said. "Beg a mutual pardon and say good night. We need not detain him any longer." Then, as Atkinson rose somewhat doubtfully and gathered his hat and stick and went toward the garden gate, Father Brown said in a more serious voice: "Where is that Indian?"

They all three—for the doctor had joined them—turned involuntarily toward the dim, grassy bank amid the tossing trees purple with twilight, where they had last seen the brown man swaying in his strange prayer. The Indian was gone.

"Blast him!" cried the doctor, stamping furiously. "Now I know that it was that nigger that did it."

"I thought you didn't believe in magic," said Father Brown quietly.

"No more I did," said the doctor, rolling his eyes. "I only know that I loathed that yellow devil when I thought he was a sham wizard. And I shall loathe him more if I come to think he was a real one."

"Well, his having escaped is nothing," said Flambeau. "For we could have proved nothing and done nothing against him. One hardly goes to the parish constable with a story of suicide imposed by witchcraft or auto-suggestion."

Meanwhile Father Brown had made his way into the house and now went to break the news to the wife of the dead man.

When he came out again he looked a little pale and tragic, but what passed between them in that interview was never known, even when all else was known.

Flambeau, who was talking quietly with the doctor, was surprised to see his friend reappear so soon at his elbow; but Brown took no notice and merely drew the doctor apart. "You have sent for the police, haven't you?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Harris. "They ought to be here in ten minutes."

"Will you do me a favor?" said the priest quickly. "The truth is, I make a collection of these curious stories, which often contain, as in the case of our Hindu friend, elements that can hardly be put into a police report. Now I want you to write out a report of this case for my private use. Yours is a clever trade," he said, looking the doctor gravely and steadily in the face. "I sometimes think that you know some details of this matter which you have not thought fit to mention. Mine is a confidential trade, like yours, and I will treat anything you write for me in strict confidence. But write the whole."

The doctor, who had been listening thoughtfully, with his head a little on one side, looked the priest in the face for an instant, said "All right," and went into the study, closing the door behind him.

"Flambeau," said Father Brown, "there is a long seat there under the veranda where we can smoke out of the rain. You are my only friend, and I want to talk to you. Or, perhaps, be silent with you."

They established themselves comfortably in the veranda seat; Father Brown, against his common habit, accepted a good cigar and smoked it steadily in silence, while the rain shrieked and rattled on the roof of the veranda.

"My friend," he said at length, "this is a very queer case. A very queer case."

"I should think it was," said Flambeau with something like a shudder.

"You call it queer, and I call it queer," said the other, "and yet we mean quite

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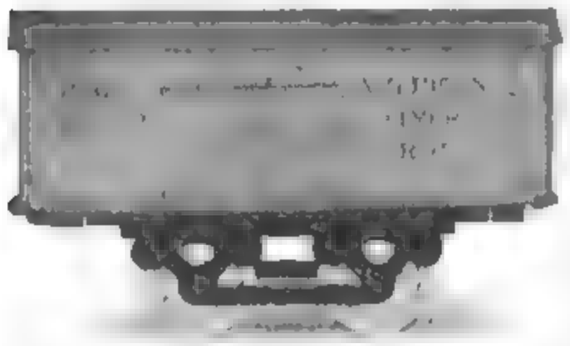

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Saturday, Dec. 10th, 1910, will be known as

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at every toy dealer's establishment or any department store where toy goods are sold in the U. S. Anyone purchasing an American Flyer Train on that day and returning to us the dealer's purchase slip, together with the American Flyer trade mark cut from the paste-board box containing the train, will receive free, all charges prepaid, one American Flyer freight car as illustrated above.

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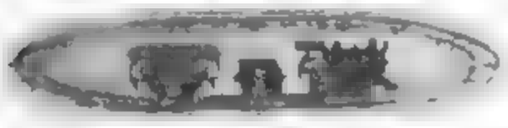

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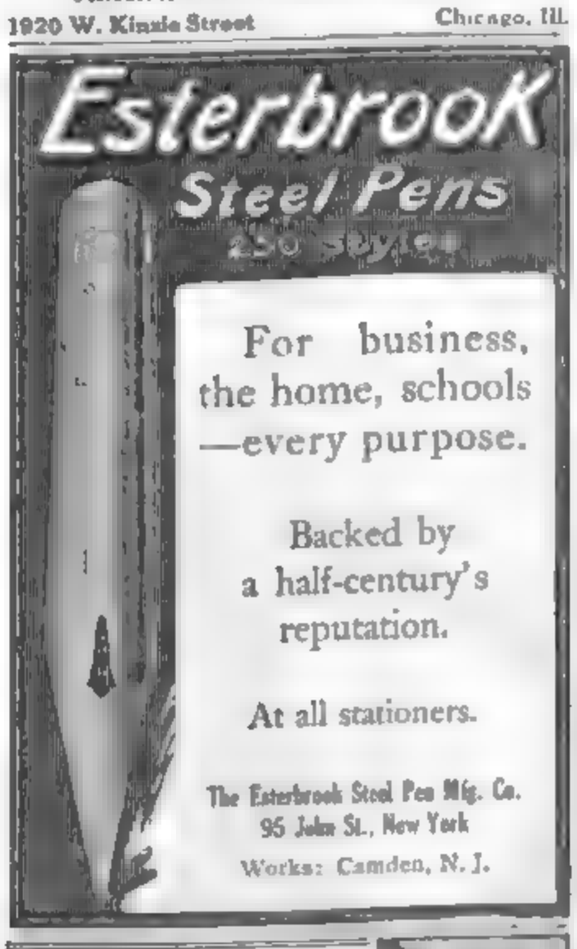

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opposite things. The modern mind always mixes up two different ideas: mystery in the sense of what is marvelous, and mystery in the sense of what is complicated. That is half its difficulty about miracles. A miracle is startling, but it is simple. It is simple because it *is* a miracle. It is power coming directly from God—or the devil—instead of indirectly through nature or human wills. Now, you mean that this business is marvelous because it is miraculous, because it is witchcraft worked by a wicked Indian. Understand, I do not say that it was not spiritual or diabolic; Heaven and hell only know by what surrounding influences strange sins come into the lives of men. But for the present my point is this: If it was pure magic, as you think, then it is marvelous, but it is not mysterious; that is, it is not complicated. The quality of a miracle is mysterious, but its manner is simple. Now, the manner of this business has been the reverse."

The storm that had slackened for a little seemed to be swelling again and there came heavy movements as of faint thunder. Father Brown broke off the ash of his cigar and went on:

"There has been in this incident," he said, "a twisted, ugly, coupled quality that does not belong to the straight bolts either of Heaven or hell. As one knows the crooked back of a snail, I know the crooked back of a man—or of a woman."

The white lightning opened its enormous eye in one wink, the sky shut up again, and the priest went on:

"Of all these crooked things, the crookedest was the shape of that piece of paper. It was crookeder than the dagger that killed him."

"You mean the paper on which Quinton confessed his suicide?" said Flambeau.

"I mean the paper on which Quinton wrote 'I die by my own hand,'" answered Father Brown. "The shape of that paper, my friend, was the wrong shape; the wrong shape if ever I have seen it in this wicked world."

"It only had a corner snipped off," said Flambeau; "and I understand that all Quinton's paper was cut that way."

"It was a very odd way," said the other, "and a very bad way, to my taste and fancy. Look here, Flambeau! This Quinton, God receive his soul, was, perhaps, a bit of a cur in some ways, but he really was an artist, with the pencil as well as the pen. His handwriting, though hard to read, was bold and beautiful. I can't prove what I say; I can't prove anything. But I tell you with the full face of conviction that he could never have cut that mean little piece off a sheet of paper. If he had wanted to cut down paper for some purpose of fitting in, or binding up, or what not, he would have made quite a different slash with the scissors. Do you remember the shape? It was a mean shape. It was a wrong shape. Like this. Don't you remember?"

And he waved his burning cigar before him in the darkness, making irregular squares so rapidly that Flambeau really seemed to see them as fiery hieroglyphics upon the darkness; hieroglyphics such as his friend had spoken of, which are undecipherable yet can have no good meaning.

"But," said Flambeau, as the priest put his cigar in his mouth again and leaned back staring at the roof, "suppose somebody else did use the scissors. Why should somebody else by cutting pieces off his paper make Quinton commit suicide?"

Father Brown was still leaning back and staring at the roof, but he took his cigar out of his mouth and said: "Quinton never did commit suicide."

Flambeau stared at him. "Why, confound it all," he said; "then why did he confess to suicide?"

The priest leaned forward again, settled his elbows on his knees, looked at the ground and said in a loud, distinct voice: "He never did confess to suicide."

"You mean," Flambeau said, "that the writing was forged?"

"No," said Father Brown. "Quinton wrote it all right."

"Well, there you are," said the aggravated Flambeau. "Quinton wrote 'I die by my own hand' with his own hand, on a plain piece of paper."

"Of the wrong shape," said the priest calmly.

"Oh, the shape be damned!" cried Flambeau. "What has the shape to do with it?"

"There are twenty-three snipped papers," resumed Brown unmoved, "and only twenty-two pieces snipped off. Therefore,

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VOL. XII No. 3 — **January, 1911** — 10c a Copy $1.00 a Year

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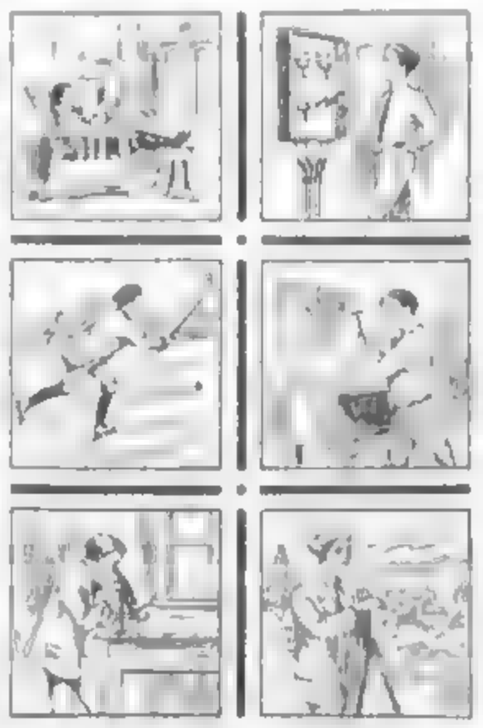

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one of the pieces had been destroyed, probably that from the written paper. Does that suggest anything to you?"

A light dawned on Flambeau's face and he said: "There was something else written by Quinton; some other words—'They will tell you I die by my own hand,' or 'Do not believe that ——'"

"Hotter, as the children say," said his friend. "But the piece was hardly half an inch across; there was no room for one word, let alone five. Can you think of anything hardly bigger than a comma which the man with hell in his heart had to tear away as a testimony against him?"

"I can think of nothing," said Flambeau.

"What about quotation marks?"

All words had left the other man's mouth, and Father Brown said, like one going back to fundamentals.

"Leonard Quinton was a romancer and was writing an Oriental romance about wizardry and hypnotism. He ——"

At this moment the door opened behind them and the doctor came out. He put a long envelope into the priest's hands.

"That's the document you wanted," he said, "and I must be getting home."

"Good night," said Father Brown, as the doctor walked briskly to the gate. He had left the front door open so that a shaft of gaslight fell upon them. In the light of this Brown read the following words:

"*Dear Father Brown: Vicisti Galilæe.* Otherwise, Damn your eyes! which are very penetrating ones. Can it be possible that there is something in all that stuff of yours, after all?

"I am a man who has, ever since boyhood, believed in Nature and in all natural functions and instincts, whether men called them moral or immoral. Long before I became a doctor, when I was a schoolboy keeping mice and spiders, I believed that to be a good animal is the best thing in the world. But just now I am shaken. I have believed in Nature, but it seems as if Nature could betray a man. Can there be anything in your bosh?

"I loved Quinton's wife. What was there wrong in that? I also thought that she would be happier with a clean animal like me than with that tormenting little lunatic. What was there wrong in that? I was only facing facts, like a man of science. She would have been happier.

"According to my own creed I was quite free to kill Quinton, which was the best thing for everybody, even himself. But as a healthy animal I had no notion of killing myself. I resolved that I would never do it until I saw a chance that would leave me scot free. I saw that chance this morning.

"I have been three times, all told, into Quinton's study today. The first time I went in he would talk about nothing but the weird tale called The Curse of a Saint which he was writing and which was all about how some Indian hermit made an English colonel kill himself by thinking about him. He showed me the last sheets and even read me the last paragraph, which was something like this: 'The Conqueror of the Punjaub, a mere yellow skeleton, but still gigantic, managed to lift himself on his elbow and gasp in his nephew's ear, "I die by my own hand, yet I die murdered!"' It so happened, by one chance out of a hundred, that those last words were written at the top of a new sheet of paper. I went out into the garden intoxicated with a frightful opportunity.

"We walked around the house, and two more things happened in my favor. You suspected an Indian and you found a dagger which the Indian might most probably use. Taking the opportunity to stuff it in my pocket, I went back to Quinton's study, locked the door and gave him his sleeping-draught. He was against answering Atkinson at all, but I urged him to call out and quiet the fellow, because I wanted a clear proof that Quinton was alive when I left the room for the second time. Quinton lay down in the conservatory and I came through the study. I am a quick man with my hands and in a minute and a half I had done what I wanted to do. I had emptied all the first part of Quinton's romance into the fireplace, where it burned to ashes. Then I saw that the quotation marks wouldn't do, so I snipped them off, and to make it seem likelier snipped the whole quire to match. Then I came out with the knowledge that Quinton's confession of suicide lay on the front table while Quinton lay alive, but asleep, in the conservatory.

"The last act was a desperate one; you can guess it. I pretended to have seen Quinton dead and rushed to his room. I delayed you with the paper and killed Quinton while you were looking at his confession of suicide. He was half asleep, being drugged, and I put his own hand to the knife and drove it into his body. The knife was of so queer a shape that no one but an anatomist could have calculated the angle that would reach his heart. I wonder if you noticed this.

"When I had done it the extraordinary thing happened. Nature deserted me. I felt ill. I felt just as if I had done something wrong. I think my brain is breaking up; I feel some sort of desperate pleasure in thinking I have told the thing to somebody; that I shall not have to be alone with it, if I marry and have children. What is the matter with me? . . . Madness? . . . or can one have remorse, just as if one were in Byron's poems? I cannot write any more. "JAMES ERSKINE HARRIS."

Father Brown carefully folded up the letter and put it in his breast pocket, just as there came a loud peal at the gate bell and the wet waterproofs of several policemen gleamed in the road outside.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of Mr. Chesterton's series of stories. The sixth and last story will be printed in an early issue.

CAN MR. TAFT COME BACK?

(Concluded from Page 4)

The President's viewpoint is astonishing. For example, he wrote a time ago about his trip to Panama. He said in substance: "Norton"—meaning his secretary—"is insistent that I shall go, but Crane and Aldrich advise against it." That is not the exact language, but it is the sense of it. That sentence gives the key to the whole Taft Administration. Norton wanted him to go and Crane and Aldrich did not want him to. Not a single word about what Taft wanted to do or thought he should do! No assertion of the President himself! Taking advice instead of acting on his own initiative!

The answer to the question, Can Mr. Taft come back? depends on Mr. Taft's action in the future in those exact circumstances. He never will come back, never will be more than negative, never will have more than the bored tolerance of the great mass of his countrymen, unless he quits taking advice and begins giving orders. He has only half worked at his job. He has pushed little things aside that have turned out to be big things and he has fussed with little things that have turned out to be even littler than they were when they first came in. He has been complacent when he should have been assertive. He has been quiet when he should have spoken and he has spoken when he should have been quiet. He has allied himself with men who have no interest in him, but have all the interest there is in themselves and the interests. He has let himself be used instead of using others. He has been stubborn when he should have been yielding and yielding when he should have been stubborn. He has let men most obviously self-seekers use him and his office for their own ends—not through any wrong intention on his part and not, perhaps, with any wrong result except the aggrandizement of those unworthy of his confidence, but sheerly through a mistaken idea of what they were doing for him, or said they could do.

There is no doubt of the ability, of the honesty, of the right intentions of Mr. Taft. If he will assert himself he can become the commanding figure his position and his character and his mental gifts entitle him to be. He is the only man who can rehabilitate the Republican party, but he can rehabilitate it only by cutting loose from all his old-line, reactionary, barnacled, non-progressive alliances and getting in step with the spirit of the times. Instead of doing business and taking advice from Cannon and Aldrich, and that crowd, he should advise with the progressives. Instead of being complacent he should become combative. Otherwise he will remain a submerged President—a whale stranded on the beach.

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THE SHANGHAIED SON-IN-LAW

(Continued from Page 7)

lighted one of the cigars with the proud thrill of the successful freebooter—a prouder thrill, indeed, than that with which he had handled the first copy of his first-born book of poems. His delicacy had been apt to shrink from cigars; he had smoked only cigarettes. He found his father-in-law's cigar a revelation in flavor. It gave him an amazing pleasure; and, as he enjoyed it, he abandoned himself deliberately to a dream of delicate and luxurious feasts. He was surprised and somewhat distressed to find that his fine fancy refused to toy with ortolans and caviar and vintages; it clung fondly to the vision of a very large and extraordinarily vivid beefsteak pie—and with the pie there was beer.

At half-past four a gentle reminder from his appetite brought back his wandering fancy from the entrancing pie to the painful reality. He stayed it with two biscuits—he was learning thrift—and once more considered his plight. It was plainly of no use to kick against the pricks—he had to work and he had to eat simple food. The thing to do was to make the best of these distressing facts. None the less his bondage chafed his proud spirit and he burned to escape. He was resolved to escape; he felt that it would be a bitter blow to his father-in-law. Meantime the thing to do was to improve the food and lighten the work. He pondered these simple problems earnestly. He perceived that a fine creative imagination was a vain thing if it could not create solutions of them.

When he arose next morning he stayed his appetite with two of the stolen biscuits and so was able to give more time to the making of his coffee. He made it very well. That morning he was longer over his bath, exercising his swimming muscles—with a view to escaping—till they ached. Then he dealt with the matter of tilling the earth in a masterly fashion. He wasted no time, but as soon as he had bathed began to dig. Whenever his back began to ache he rested. In this way he dug his patch in twice the time but with half the labor. He was acquiring the stern placidity of the British workman. He finished it perspiring, but without an aching back, and found that the coolness of the sea invited him. He bathed again. Joseph P. Mallett, who was walking swiftly round the island for the eighth time, observed the action with a faint smile of satisfaction.

As the poet came in to his midday dinner his creative imagination suddenly worked and he improved his food. Forbes was grilling a large sole for his master with the nicest skill. He invited the poet to help himself from the saucepan of boiling potatoes, and the poet helped himself with a liberal hand. So he came near to the grilling sole. The smell of it was heart-breaking. It acted as a sharp stimulus to his creative imagination. Forbes put the sole on the dish and the dish-cover over it.

Algernon set his plate of potatoes on the table and, with a sharp exclamation, ran to the window.

"By Jove! That ship's making for the island! Look! Through that clump of trees!" he cried and dashed out of the door.

Forbes hurried into the dining room, put the sole on the table, informed the millionaire of the poet's action and rushed out of the back door after him. Joseph P. Mallett dashed out after Forbes. They ran down to the harbor; there was no Algernon. They ran up on the cliffs; there was no Algernon. This was hardly to be wondered at, since the poet had gone no farther than the front porch of the house. Then they perceived that there was no ship. They came back to the house, wondering.

In the kitchen they found the poet eating boiled potatoes and bread and jam with a pensive air.

"It must have been an optical illusion—the mirage that starving sailors see," he said sadly.

The millionaire grunted. He had already taken his morning's exercise and he found the run before dinner excessive. He passed on into the dining room. From his plate confronted him the bare bones of an exquisitely grilled sole. He rubbed his eyes. No; it was not an optical illusion.

He sat down and breathed heavily. Then he said something under his breath with intense conviction. Then he rose, went to the door and roared: "Grill me another sole, Forbes! And see that that confounded thief doesn't steal it!"

Then he heard the chuckle of the poet and slammed the door.

That evening, from his sunny nook, Algernon watched the millionaire and Forbes drag the sea with a livelier interest. It might be that they fished for him.

After having washed up the breakfast things next morning he sought his sunny nook and lighted one of his father-in-law's cigars with a sigh of profound satisfaction. He was halfway through it when his father-in-law came strolling by. The poet assumed a rapt, absorbed air and went on smoking.

The millionaire stopped suddenly and sniffed the ambient air. Then he said: "That's a very good cigar you're smoking."

"Yes," said Algernon dreamily. "I always carry a dozen of them sewed up in the lining of my dress coat against emergency."

Joseph P. Mallett frowned: "Does it occur to you that you're a confounded liar and thief?" he asked.

"To the warrior the spoils," said the unruffled poet, and he winked at the master of millions in a manner truly unpoetic.

Joseph P. Mallett blinked and passed on with an expression of doubt on his heavy face. His son-in-law's character was undoubtedly developing, but hardly on the lines he had expected.

That evening, when the accomplished Forbes was milking the Mulling's Island cow, the source of all their milk, the poet asked him to give him a lesson in that rustic art. Forbes gave him the lesson without hesitation; and, since Algernon applied all his mind to learning it, Forbes had good reason to congratulate himself on the aptness of his pupil. Next morning the early rising poet had a bowl of milk fresh and foaming from the cow. Perhaps it was hardly consistent with the simple life that he should have laced it with the whisky of his sleeping father-in-law, but it was a delicious drink.

The grilled sole had stimulated the carnivorous propensities of the poet at once, but it was three days before it stimulated his creative imagination. Then, availing himself of the millionaire's absence on a voyage to Byehampton, he took a pickax and broke open the door of the larder. He used a pickax very well for a beginner. Three canned tongues and a bottle of olives were his booty. He buried them beside his precious cigars and smoothed the sand very neatly over the cache. Then, with a thoughtful air, he repaired to a likely spot five hundred yards away and turned up the soil for a space of four square feet. Then he presented himself before the eyes of the fishing Forbes, coming from the direction of the likely spot and bearing the spade jauntily over his shoulder.

When Forbes, with tears in his gentle eyes, showed Joseph P. Mallett the broken door of the larder, the millionaire said very dryly: "I shall make a man of him yet." Then he added: "But we must recover those tongues. I will not have him pampered."

"I think I can show you where Mr. Scrymgeour buried them, sir," said Forbes.

"Come along!" said the millionaire briskly.

Taking a spade apiece they repaired to the quarter of the island whence Forbes had seen the poet come so jauntily. The keen eye of the millionaire presently discovered the upturned earth and he chuckled. They fell to work with a will.

They had dug long enough to get into a pleasant perspiration when the poet approached. He did not offer to help them. He lighted a cigar, stretched himself with a languorous air on a piece of soft turf and watched them with mild interest. As they grew hotter and hotter his peacefulness more and more galled them. They said nothing; their triumph could only lie a foot or so deeper.

They had dug a really good hole, big enough to contain the three of them without any squeezing, when the poet said sadly:

"I gave up hope long before you"

"Hope of what?" said the millionaire sharply, wiping the sweat from his crimson brow.

"Treasure," said the poet. "If pirates ever did use this island as a lair that looked to me the most likely place for them to bury their booty!"

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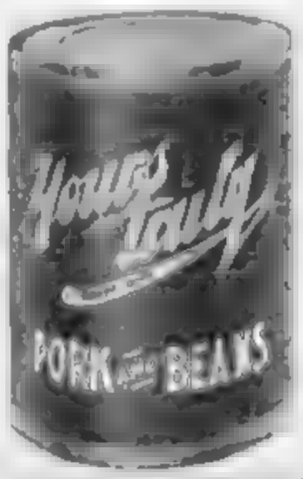

"Pirates! You must be a fool!" said the millionaire rather thickly as he stepped out of the good hole.

"Somebody is," said the poet gently.

Since fear of its being discovered made him unwilling to go too often to his cache, the poet made a point of eating a whole tongue at a sitting. He found that his father-in-law's cigars were of a finer flavor than ever after a full meal

It was on the drowsy afternoon of the tenth day that he first missed Elizabeth. As soon as he realized that he was missing Elizabeth he tried to persuade himself that what he really wanted was the inspiring converse of Mrs. Singleton-Byng. He could not do so. He wanted beauty and charm, not draperies and culture; and Elizabeth's delightful face and figure presented themselves with extraordinary vividness to his mind. Once having begun to miss her, once having let the ravishing vision of her present itself vividly to his mind, he was soon craving for her; and the simple life of Mulling's Island took on an appearance of inconceivable baldness. At the end of the thirteenth day he was raging at it even more furiously than he had done at the beginning. On the fourteenth day his creative imagination got to work and came to his aid with a plan of escape.

He had worked hard at his swimming, since that had seemed the only method of getting away from Mulling's Island. He worked at it harder than ever and now he could swim three-quarters of a mile at a time. He had also further hardened his muscles by digging his morning patch of garden as quickly as he could dig. Very clumsily he built a little raft, about three feet square, out of the case in which the provisions had come to the island. His boyish idea was to use it as a support in getting across to the mainland. To his inexperience the method seemed admirable. When it was finished he carried it down to the shore and hid it among the bushes.

Joseph P. Mallett had observed his son-in-law's carpentering with some wonder. He could not conceive what he would be at. At one o'clock the next morning he was awakened by a noise in the kitchen as Algernon, in passing through it, brushed a jug from the table. The millionaire rose, found the poet's room empty and the back door open; he hurried down to the harbor. He reached it in time to see Algernon take to the water with his raft, resolved to reach Elizabeth or die in the attempt.

Joseph P. Mallett went back to the house, roused Forbes, bade him light the kitchen fire, and dressed. Then he set out in his launch in search of Algernon. He was half an hour finding him. Without revealing his presence, he let the launch drift along thirty yards behind him. The white shoulders of the poet kept rising above the crest of an oily swell. He was moving very slowly. Half an hour later the millionaire drove the launch abreast of the swimmer and bade him stop playing the fool and come aboard. In the chill light of the false dawn Algernon's face was very white; he was chilled to the marrow and nearly done, but he cursed his father-in-law faintly and plowed grimly and feebly on. The millionaire let the launch drop back a few yards and watched the struggle with the liveliest interest.

A quarter of an hour later the poet's breath began to sob out of his lungs and he was scarcely kicking out at all. He let himself drift for a while, resting. The morning breeze from the land was whipping up the sea and it kept breaking over him. He started to kick out feebly again; then a wave smothered him, tore the raft from his chilled fingers and he went under. The millionaire gripped him by the hair as he sagged past the launch and hauled him in over the stern. For two or three minutes it looked as if he had hauled him in too late, but he drained some of the water out of him and pumped away at his arms till he got him breathing again. Then he poured a stiff dose of whisky into him, rolled him in a rug and drove the launch at full speed to the island, hoisted him on his shoulders and carried him to the house. The kitchen fire was blazing, and with the help of Forbes he rubbed the chilled body to a glow. It was ten minutes before the poet was revived to the point of cursing them for their roughness. Then they filled him up with hot whisky and quinine, carried him upstairs and put him to bed.

He slept like a log and awoke comfortable, but stiff and very hungry. He found himself in a much larger bedroom and saw on the floor of it the portmanteau he had taken to Twinkmouth; the millionaire must have fetched it from the inn on one of his voyages in the launch. He dressed stiffly in soft and luxurious raiment and came downstairs.

Forbes said that his master wished to speak to him. The poet pulled himself together and entered the dining room with a truculent air.

"Good morning," said the millionaire suavely. "I've been thinking that after the fight you made to get to the mainland last night you ought to be put on a man's diet and have a sole with your meals."

"A sole! What's the good of a sole? Two soles," said the poet truculently.

"Two soles are excessive in the simple life," said the millionaire sadly; "but just for this once you may have two. In the future you will have to help catch them if you want to eat them."

The poet did not thank him; he went and ate two soles. Also he told Forbes that he was to have a bottle of beer with them. This was not true, but he got it.

When the millionaire started on his morning walk the air was fragrant with the excellent cigar his son-in-law was smoking. It was at least the twentieth cigar the millionaire had seen between his lips. It passed his understanding. He was sure that no one but himself lessened the number of cigars in his box; he kept a wary eye on them. He pondered the problem, but could not find its solution.

All that day the poet's longing for Elizabeth grew stronger and stronger. The longing for her and his delightful visions of her filled his mind with beautiful phrases and images. After his midday dinner he borrowed a pencil and paper, without asking for them, from the study of his father-in-law. In his sunny nook he began to write. Never had he worked under so strong an inspiration; never had he found it so hard to satisfy himself.

That evening he helped work the dragnet; he permitted himself the luxury of cursing his father-in-law for his slowness on four several occasions. Twice his father-in-law, stung, retorted; twice he only grinned. The evening was balmy, and as the poet strolled along the cliffs after supper the longing for Elizabeth, her tenderness and her kisses, had grown almost to torture. He racked his brains fiercely for a plan of escape. Suddenly he slapped his thigh: he could not go to Elizabeth; Elizabeth must come to him!

The instrument to bring her to him was plainly Forbes. Forbes was the weak spot in his prison. Forbes sometimes voyaged to Byehampton in the launch, leaving the millionaire on guard. As he went to bed the poet gave that accomplished valet a very sinister look. He would try fair means; but if those failed he would assuredly try foul. Forbes must be bent or broken to his purpose.

The next morning he approached Forbes on the matter of posting a letter to Elizabeth. He offered a large bribe. Forbes proved incorruptible. In the afternoon Algernon spoiled a good clothesline by cutting six feet off it. From his sunny nook he watched his father-in-law start for Byehampton in the launch; when it had grown a mere speck on the horizon he suddenly became a red Indian.

Forbes was fishing peacefully, dreaming his dreams, when he was thrown forward on his face in a very startling fashion and the poet sat down on him. Then, somewhat awkwardly but securely, Forbes' hands were bound behind his back and the poet turned him over. Forbes looked at him in a sickly fashion.

"Will you post that letter for me next time you go ashore?" said the poet.

"No, sir!" said Forbes.

"Do you know what the bastinado is?" said the poet.

"I can't say that I do, sir," said Forbes.

"It's an Oriental practice," said the poet darkly.

With that he took off Forbes' shoes and displayed a stout switch. "It ought to be a bamboo," he said; "but here goes!" And forthwith he began to belabor the soles of the unfortunate valet.

Forbes kicked and twisted and threw his feet this way and that; but the stinging switch found them. At the end of twenty strokes the poet paused and said: "Will you post that letter?"

"It'll be the ruin of me!" groaned Forbes. "I shall have to leave Mr. Mallett's service."

"If you do I'll take you into my own. I've formed the highest opinion of your

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abilities. You'd form the perfect buffer between me and the trivial things that waste life," said the poet generously.

"It'll be a sad come-down, sir," groaned Forbes.

"A come-down! To serve a poet instead of a millionaire! You unappreciative hound!" cried the poet indignantly, and he cut viciously at the valet's soles.

"No, no, sir! Not a come-down! But very different," howled Forbes.

"I should think so," said the poet in a somewhat mollified tone. "Are you going to post that letter for me?"

"Well, sir, seeing that you have the whip-'and of me, so to speak, I may as well promise now as later," said Forbes.

"You show your good sense," said Algernon. "I must certainly take you into my service."

With that he unbound him and, leaving him rubbing his soles tenderly, he betook himself to the millionaire's study and wrote the letter. It was a good though not a true letter. He set forth his plight in pathetic terms, but with a manly restraint. He painted his sufferings with a masterly but exaggerating hand. He conveyed the impression that he was still enduring starvation and ill-treatment with manly fortitude buoyed up only by the hope of being one day reunited to his dear Elizabeth. Any one reading it could not fail to picture him as a pale, shattered and emaciated wretch, to the last degree unlike the tanned and hardy young man who plied the pen. But the bulk of the letter dealt with his sufferings at being parted from her; his unceasing longing for her. In that part, since he was writing in all sincerity, he surpassed himself; it was the cry of passion of a genius.

He inclosed the poem he had written. As he put one of his father-in-law's stamps on the envelope he heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction.

After supper that evening, as he took a cigar from the box, the millionaire's finger touched something hard underneath it. He looked into the matter, found the novels and swore softly; then he laughed and lighted the cigar.

While he was thus engaged Forbes came in and gave notice that he would leave his service.

"So Mr. Scrymgeour has at last succeeded in bribing you, has he?" asked the millionaire.

"No, sir," said Forbes with dignity. "It was the bastinado. Leastways that was what he called it; but really it's lamming you on the soles of your feet with a stick. It's best to give in."

"I should think it was," said the millionaire, laughing. "I suppose he's given you a letter to post. Where is it?"

"But I've promised to post it. It's to Mrs. Scrymgeour, sir."

"You can't post it unless I let you and I sha'n't let you unless I approve of it. I'll give it back to you, anyway," said the millionaire. "Bring the kettle too."

Forbes brought the kettle and the letter. The millionaire steamed it open and read it. Twice he remarked softly, "The infernal young liar!" Then he said, "I suppose that all's fair in love, and this looks like it." Then he read the poem.

"By Jove, this is the real thing—at last!" he cried. "You can post the letter, Forbes. The simple life has done its work."

"Yes, sir," said Forbes in hearty assent.

"Take the launch and get it posted at once. Don't let him know I've seen it."

"No, sir," said Forbes.

During his father-in-law's absence on his morning walk Algernon borrowed his field-glasses from the study. At five o'clock, sure that Elizabeth would take a special train, he was watching the sea toward Byehampton with all his eyes. At a quarter to six his heart leaped with joy to see that a steam-launch two miles out was making straight for the island.

He walked down to the harbor and waited behind a screen of trees. Elizabeth landed and came quickly toward the house. When she was abreast of his screen the poet showed himself. Elizabeth saw a bronzed and somewhat bearded stranger; then she saw that it was Algernon and ran to him with a little cry. She was in a whirl of emotion, but she was dimly aware that there was little of the shattered and emaciated wretch in the vigor with which he hugged her.

Presently she loosed herself from his bearlike clasp with some difficulty, very pink, her eyes shining with tears of joy, and said in a very stern voice: "Where's my father? I want to talk to him."

"Oh, bother your father! I want to talk to you! I want to tell you what a fool I was and how I've missed you."

"No. I want to talk to him!" cried Elizabeth, the light of battle in her eyes.

The poet slipped her arm through his and they walked to the house. As they reached it Joseph P. Mallett came out.

Elizabeth did not waste any greetings on him. She cried out furiously: "How dare you treat poor Algernon so—wrecking his health and constitution!"

"Poor Ananias! Look at the wreck!" cried the millionaire with some heat.

"The sight of Elizabeth has restored me a lot," said the poet without blinking.

"You know how delicate and sensitive he is!" cried Elizabeth.

"Delicate and sensitive! You should see him at meals!" howled the millionaire.

"You promised me you'd treat him like a lamb," said Elizabeth.

"You can't treat a wolf like a lamb!" cried the millionaire.

"And now you're traducing him. It's shameful of you!" cried Elizabeth.

"Traducing him! What did he do with the pickax? Who bastinadoed Forbes?" cried the millionaire.

"Of course Algernon would show spirit!" said Elizabeth.

"Spirit! Spirit! If ever I came across a gall—a cold, six-hundred-horse-power gall—it's your blamed poet's!"

"Come, come; it's no good recriminating. Perhaps there were faults on both sides," said the poet amiably.

"Perhaps!" sneered the millionaire.

"The important thing is that you've rescued me, Elizabeth," said the poet equably. "I don't bear malice—now that I'm rescued."

"I do—for you!" cried Elizabeth.

"And I'm willing to let bygones be bygones," said the poet generously.

"Oh, are you?" asked the millionaire.

"And what I think is that this island, with sufficient food, would do Elizabeth good. She looks pale," said the poet. "I'm afraid it's my fault," he added in a tone of compunction; "but my idea is that we should have another honeymoon here."

"I haven't any clothes with me!" cried Elizabeth.

"I'll lend you some of mine," said the poet generously.

"Algernon!" cried the pink Elizabeth.

"You see, you'd be rather in the way, sir," the poet went on calmly.

"The devil I should!" cried Joseph P. Mallett.

"Well, a third person is always a third person," said the poet.

"What! You'd turn me off my own island!" roared Joseph P. Mallett.

"I think that we'd rather you went," said the poet. "And you might leave us Forbes to cook for us and the launch to get things from Byehampton. You could go away in the one which brought Elizabeth."

Joseph P. Mallett gasped. "A gall! Did I say a gall?" he muttered.

"I was only putting it to you," said the poet.

"Really, after the way you've treated poor Algernon, it's the least you can do," said Elizabeth warmly.

Joseph P. Mallett's powerful but tottering mind recovered itself a little and took its usual firm grip on essentials. A course of the simple life together might be the best thing in the world for the reunited pair. He turned on his heel and flung into the house; he flung into the dining room; then he flung into his study. The poet and Elizabeth went into the dining room. Five minutes later the millionaire came out of the house and walked to the landing place. He had taken his seat in the launch which had brought Elizabeth and had bidden the driver take him to Byehampton when loud shouts gave them pause.

The poet was tearing down to the beach. In his hand fluttered a white sheet of paper. It was a telegram form. He gave it to the driver of the launch with half a sovereign and begged him to dispatch it as soon as he reached Byehampton.

Then he turned to his father-in-law. "It's those cigars of yours—I like them—better than cigarettes. You've only left about ten in the box," he said breathlessly but reproachfully.

Joseph P. Mallett's face looked too small for his eyes. He said thickly but sourly: "I was hoping to make a man of you. I never expected to produce the limit."

The poet waved his hand graciously. "It's what comes of tampering with genius," he said.

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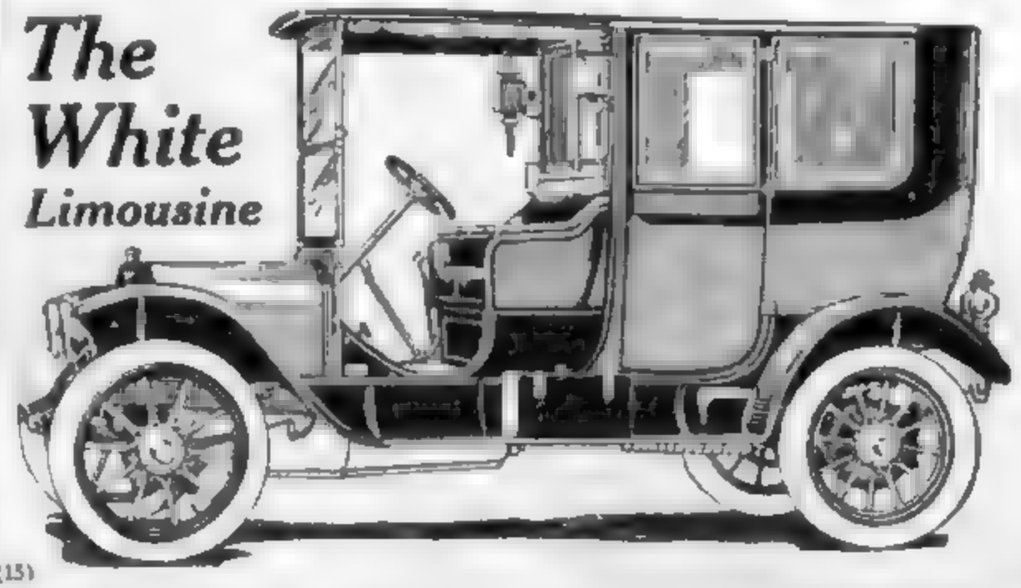


(15)

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

Continued from Page 17

up waiting for him and that I like to retire early. This makes him hurry home. Of course there are a thousand lights in this street, but this one shines just for him. It helps a man's conscience, little things like a lamp in the window. They are poor creatures, very sentimental morally, and have to be managed this way."

It was as though she were speaking of a child, and not of one of the most distinguished financiers of the country.

As for me, I believe the original woman set a light in her window for her husband. There is no reason in the performance. It is simply a conjugal instinct. I remember how I felt this first night that I did it, as if something in me, unknown before, had been suddenly gratified. It may have been a vanity. As deep as you can ever fathom in a woman you will find that. It is, undoubtedly, one of the prayer pillars even of her faithfulness.

So, I say, I sat by the window of our house and waited for Adam. My thoughts went one by one out into the dark like wise virgins swinging love's light, looking for him. They signaled to one another up and down every street of the old town. A hundred times they seemed to come back to me—"We have found him! He is in Clancy Drew's office talking about the campaign," or "He is over at the Middlebrooks' making friends with the Colonel." Each time my heart leaped with relief, only to sink down saddened as the little telepathic tapers seemed to say after a pause: "No; we are mistaken, he is not there. If he had been so detained he would have sent you word."

All women who put a light in the window and sit beside it seek their husbands after this fashion.

At last I heard the click of the latch on the front gate, then a queer spongy step upon the gravel walk. Before I had time to wonder who was coming at that hour—it was past midnight—Adam stood before me. He had a teetotaling expression of remorse in each eye so heavy that he could hardly support it. The lids seemed to lag over it. There was a lost-boy look about the mouth. His hat merely clung like a drowning man to the back of his head. His clothes were disheveled, his shoes covered with dust, and he appeared to have become suddenly bowlegged. As I sat regarding him standing in the hall at the open door of our room, this leg ellipsis increased as if he were slowly sinking down.

"Adam!" I cried, "what is the matter with you?"

"D'no, Eve, darlin'—hic—I'm subject to these spells. Don't worry; be all right in th' morning!"

He continued to regard me for a moment with the expression of a child that is not sure whether its mother will spank it or weep over it. Then he softly withdrew into the parlor across the hall, where I heard him fall heavily upon the sofa.

As I have already intimated, I have always been a dull woman. My body is too large, my mind too small. I feel more than I can think. And I think more than it is proper to say, being a woman.

So now I turned down the lamp and continued to sit in silence, although it was my privilege to follow Adam into the next room and say the things he was expecting me to say. I understood with the clearness of having had a vision what had happened to me. It seemed to reach as far as I could see into the future, this sad mirage of myself sitting with folded hands at night beside a lighted window waiting for Adam. I had come to one of those experiences in actual life that desolate wives describe in their "confessions," looking over tear-stained handkerchiefs at their readers. It is a publication method they have of winning consolation for their woes. The tears they shed are often only the watermarks of a good-selling tale. But I was too near to being Adam's Eve-rib to be guilty of this fault. It would not have comforted me to betray his weakness. However, some time near daybreak I had the impulse to cast myself upon the floor and weep aloud, I was so appalled. This is the truth. Many women in their nerves, and nearly all men in their appetites, remain chaste to the last. If the woman about to have hysterics would take a highball she would avoid the hysterics and be drunk instead. If the man about to take his accustomed highball resisted the temptation he'd have hysterics instead and remain sober. We are only male and female in sex. Otherwise we are very much alike.

But to return to my own experience that night. I finally compromised upon prayer. If there is a good God He has a very poor way of showing it sometimes, and this was one of those times for me. Still, I was anxious to give Him the benefit of the doubt, so I knelt and prayed. There was nothing else to do. Men, I have observed, can help themselves more than women can, and therefore they are not so much inclined to take refuge upon the spiritual plateaus of prayer when in trouble. But for good women life is simply untenable without faith in a paternal Providence.

It is so long ago I cannot remember what I said in this petition. All I recall is the pathetic peace I had as I arose from my knees. It was founded upon nothing but resignation with a rose in its hair. Really, there is no doubt about it—God is good, or He could not create such a tender, forgiving clearing-house of sorrows as a woman's heart.

When the sun arose that morning I was already shriven and bathed and dressed and about my tasks. I had not gone near the parlor. It contained the skeleton in my closet and I was in no hurry to look at the thing. Instead I had milked the cow. Every respectable person in Booneville kept a cow. She was milked morning and evening, then turned into the street, where she grazed until next milkingtime. Then she reappeared at the back gate far more intelligently than the master sometimes did at the front. The men in Booneville were nearly all skeletons in their wives' closets. I never knew a Booneville cow to make a mistake. The Middlebrooks' cow would have died before she would have paused at evening at our back gate. And with equal distinction our own cow never failed to chew her cud under the shade of her own tree that grew behind our lot fence. If I were consulted, by the way, I should advise every "unhappy wife" whose published "confessions" are made up so entirely of her husband's sins to keep a cow. This animal is of a sedative temperament that makes her a profitable companion at times, and she furnishes a primitive employment for nerve-racked women. My advice, too, is to milk your own cow, rain or shine. Men not only are poor milkers but they are also stupid in their relations to the gentlest of all beasts, and receive very little benefit from her beyond the milk she gives them.

Well then, as I have said, on this morning of desolation I had got Spot's milk and some of her innocuous peace of mind. I had opened the gate to her and watched her past the next street corner. I had returned to the back porch, put the milk in a yellow crock, set it upon a white shelf in a cupboard at the end of the porch, and was bending over the churn, settling the top firmly around the dasher, when I heard a step behind me. I dreaded to look up lest it should be Mother, who sometimes made very early calls. I did not want her to know what had happened. Looking under the crook of my arm, however, I beheld not the stout form of Mother but Adam's legs.

"Eve!"

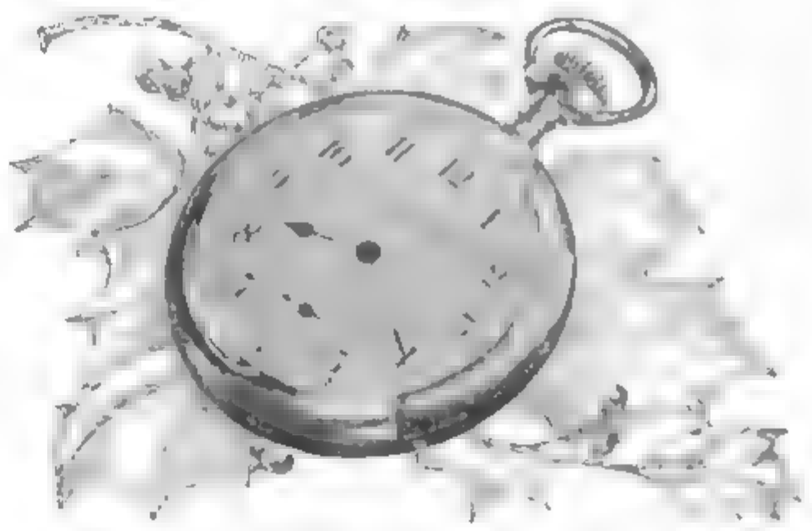
It was his Eden voice.

I stood up and looked at him. When one does not make it up on purpose one does not always know her own expression. I was too much astonished now to dramatize my own countenance, and could not tell how I appeared to Adam. I had pictured the end of my happiness during the night, and a husband that would be to me forever the body of death to which I was bound. Instead, I beheld Adam looking as cheerful and immaculate as though his guardian angel had shaved him and dressed him. It was really my Adam, not the revolting idiot I had seen the night before.

"Eve! Do you know what would have happened if you had not been here this morning?"

Speech had not yet returned to me. I felt Adam beating upon my silence as a man knocks upon a closed door.

"If you had not been here, Eve, I should have gone out at once and got some more. I should have gone on drinking. But when I awakened I remembered that my house was not empty. I thought of you in the garden. I knew that the flowers were not orphans and that I was not alone."



For a Man's Christmas

Is there anything that so delights a man's heart as a fine watch—one that permits him to speak the time with authority? It is refined and beautiful, as a gift should be, and besides is his most personal and useful possession. For years he carries it wherever he goes.

But his satisfaction depends upon its being an exact timer. Among watches there is one, though *moderately* priced, which has come to be conspicuous for its *close timing*—accurate as only high-priced watches have been.

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The I-T is sold exclusively by *responsible retail jewelers*, because fine watches should not be bought by mail nor from those who do not understand them and their adjustments. Over 9,000 good jewelers now handle it.

Go to your own jeweler's and examine it before buying any watch. If, by chance he hasn't the I-T, we will gladly send the name of one nearby who has. Our booklet, "How to Judge a Watch," is the best explanation of a watch ever written, and is free on request. The $5 Ingersoll-Trenton has 7 genuine jewels and is in a solid nickel case.

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He began to laugh happily, like a child who has escaped from a bad dream. But he did not approach. The churn and about two yards were between us.

"Eve," he went on, "if you can forgive me this time I swear it shall never happen again!"

I had to pass the churn, walk those two yards that were as long as a mile in my pride, but I did it. Then I kissed him.

I said nothing about forgiveness. According to my experience a wife never forgives her husband anything. In the first place, it is neither moral nor decent to do so. In the second, it is not worth while. He will surely commit the same fault again. Besides, love has nothing to do with forgiveness. That day I loved Adam as I never had before. And to the disgust of all those women who tattle nobly in fiction of their sensibilities that are outraged by living with brutal husbands I'll confess here that this was a radiantly happy day for Adam and a pitifully happy one for me.

He spent the day with me, sharing in delightfully awkward man fashion all the household duties. He made a great fuss shaking up the corner of a feather bed in the company room. His efforts to smooth it were so inadequate, so ridiculous, that I began to laugh. This afforded him so much encouragement that he set himself the task of amusing me and causing me to forget. I understood and was grateful, but not for one moment did I forget—not even when he elevated me to the pedestal of being his guardian angel as well as his wife, although I accepted the pedestal with that feminine vanity women always show about being willing to be lifted up on account of their superior goodness. Later I discovered that it is not wise to permit one's husband to place one on a pedestal. He does not suspect such a thing, of course, but this is one way he has of imprisoning his wife. She is a lonesome little stool divinity fastened there by her virtues, while he goes his way with fewer virtues and has a better time. He is so comfortable about her being at home on her pedestal practicing the best Scriptures that his mind is at ease. And it gets so easy he is capable of queer digressions even in worship. The only pay she receives is the solemnly repeated catalogue of her virtues he makes to her now and then by way of keeping her satisfied. One of the things I have learned is that it is best for a woman to stay down in the dust of the road with her husband, no matter how pluperfect she is, and to hike along with him, no matter how imperfect he is. Women were not made for pedestal praise. And men were not made for us to be divorced from them, either by our superior characters or by the courts. It is our duty to keep wedded to them.

The longer I have lived with Adam the more I am convinced that men are created for this particular purpose, and not nearly so much as they think for the purpose of becoming great statesmen or philosophers, or financiers, or nation builders. The way to build the right kind of nation, including statesmen, philosophers, and so forth, is to marry, remain married, to beget healthy children and bring them up properly, whether you are elected to the legislature or not. Woman cannot do this alone, neither can man. They must accomplish it together even if they get tired of one another.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Friendly Cheer

THE big land boom in the cities in western Canada caught a lot of local investors as well as outsiders, although that is somewhat against the rules.

A Scotchman bought some lots in a subdivision of a booming city. He consulted with a friend about his property.

"Where is it?" asked the friend.

The Scotchman got a wagon and drove out a good many miles on the prairie. They came to a section thickly grown with poplar trees about the size of a man's wrist, through which streets had been cut.

"Do you think I'll get my money back?" asked the Scotchman.

"You can't lose," asserted his friend.

"What makes you think that?" asked the canny but gratified Scot.

"Why, if you live long enough you'll get your money back from lumber after these trees grow up."

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The enamel of the teeth is among the hardest of substances, yet it fairly *crumbles away* under the attacks of "acid mouth," and unless professional aid is resorted to, the result is *tooth destruction* for when the enamel is pierced the way is open for bacteria to disintegrate the interior tooth structure

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PEBECO Tooth Paste

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You should try our [illegible] wild grown Pecans—new winter crop—the sweetest, meatiest, most delicious nut you ever [illegible] between your teeth, the [illegible] shelled and the easiest cracked nut that grows. Just one taste will convince you. They are put up in 10, 15 and 20 pound bags, and we are going to sell them direct to you at 30 cents a pound, express prepaid (east of the Missouri River). If you want to try them first, send us 10 cents in stamps and we will send you by return mail a large, generous sample. Write today.

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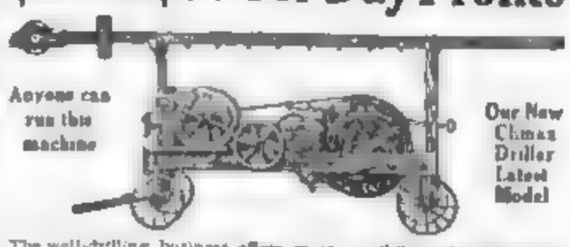

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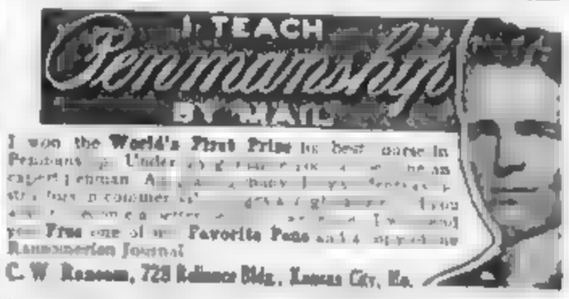

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LAST SUMMER, a Toledo manufacturer, while traveling in Europe, journeyed to a famous Hungarian pottery, in order to contract at first hand for a certain type of colored porcelain ware. When the proprietor learned the traveler's home city, he was much surprised.

"You have come a long distance to see me," he said, "and if I wished to buy the finest of cut glass, I should be obliged to go back to Toledo with you—to Libbey's."

The American, on his return, said that while he knew that Libbey cut glass is the best in the world, he didn't know that all the world knew it. However, the Libbey Glass Company should certainly know its business by this time, as the house was established ninety years ago, and has won first honors at as many expositions as the oldest reader can remember.

But it is literally true that Europe was collecting choice specimens of Libbey glass long before the great bulk of Americans were alive to its splendor and intrinsic worth. Today the Libbey name (cut on every piece) means as much in every city, town and hamlet in America as it has always meant to the cultured European collector.

Perhaps it now means more, because today cut glass has come into its own to a degree that could hardly have been foreseen less than two decades ago, when the Libbey Building at Chicago was one of the really great attractions of the greatest world's fair this country has ever seen.

Cigar Jar and Match Holder

The change in the public viewpoint has been two-fold. Today cut glass for the table is a necessity; one finds it in hundreds of charming and graceful forms—for almost as many uses—while only a few years ago the types and styles could almost have been counted on the fingers.

Fern Dish and Flower Pot

Cut glass declined to remain in the dining room—shut up in a crystal cabinet. It has found its way to my lady's boudoir—into the living rooms—to the man's den and even his office. It carries not only the message of beauty and art, but teaches us that beauty can and should be the attribute of the "every day things" about us.

Extravagance? Not a bit of it. Cut glass is more durable and holds its glorious beauty more securely than articles wrought from the precious metals. Its superb sheen is for all time—its brilliancy will challenge your admiration long after the years have dimmed the luster of your gold and usage has marred your treasures of silver.

But in buying your cut glass, give due heed to a reputation well earned. Choose from a Libbey stock for the all sufficient reason that it is "The World's Best."

"What every woman wants"

In no other field of artistic handicraft is leadership so clearly shown as in

Libbey
THE WORLD'S BEST

CUT GLASS

Quality and design of the highest type are wedded by a master's touch in the graven crystal.

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to give THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL as a combination Christmas present, for three dollars (Canadian price four dollars).

THINK of the advantages that belong to such a gift. Fifty-two copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST at weekly intervals; twenty-four copies of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL—practically once a fortnight—each of these magazines coming as a distinct remembrance from you in frequent, helpful, entertaining fashion.

WE SUGGEST that you sit down and consider what other present you could buy for three dollars that would give the recipient as much pleasure.

And, to make sure that you, yourself, do not miss any of next year's issues, let us enter your subscription as a gift from yourself to yourself—with best wishes, of course.

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To the one you wish to please most give a

Premo

There are fifty models of Premo Cameras from $2.00 to $200.00. There's one to please a boy or girl, a man or a woman of any age, and a Premo will be a lasting reminder of the donor for years to come.

The Pocket Premo C, illustrated in this advertisement, is a beautifully finished, thoroughly efficient camera.

As light and compact as a purely film camera, yet it takes films or plates with equal facility, permitting ground glass focusing and tank development with either.

Simple to operate, easy to carry. Makes excellent pictures. For 3¼ x 4¼ pictures, $12.00; 3¼ x 5½, $15.00.

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You can buy it now from your dealer in Pin sealing tubes ready for instant use; also in bottles with new patented cap. No waste-no leak-no-trouble. Demand LE PAGE'S Sold everywhere

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TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, *half usual prices.* Do not buy till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H-55, Chicago

BUILDING A RAILROAD

(Concluded from Page 11)

hundred dollars. On a cold January morning the engine whistled, rattled over a few new switches and the promoter, with a party of local dignitaries, started on the initial trip. Four miles from town the engine struck a grade which, in the language of the chauffeurs, it was unable to negotiate. After several attempts the engineer gave up and started to back into town. Then one of the rails crumpled like tin under the weight of the train, and the party clambered out, observed the wreck for a while and walked solemnly back to town. The promoter-owner tried for several weeks to operate his road, but his unpopularity grew rapidly and he left town. Since that time every few months a real railroad man comes down to look at the line with a view to purchase. He always laughs and goes away.

In the early days of railroad building the matter of a bonus was attended to in many states by the legislature and on a much more liberal scale than at present. One Southern state offered a bonus of five thousand dollars for every mile of road constructed, the law being passed along with another offering twenty-five dollars for each gray wolf killed.

In order to facilitate bookkeeping, the law provided that the county surveyor should survey each mile of track as laid; and a certificate from him to the effect that the track had been laid amounted to a warrant on the state treasury for five thousand dollars, just as the pelt of the wolf secured the twenty-five dollars when presented at the nearest courthouse. Such a law was calculated to encourage construction, and soon lines were racing in every direction. One crafty railroad man equipped himself with a lot of second-hand rails and ties and began the construction of a line that started at an isolated point and wandered westward in a route that sought level ground and avoided bridges. After building two miles of track and collecting ten thousand dollars for it from the state treasury the contractor had exhausted his supply of rails. Undaunted by this, he took up the first mile of rails and ties and with them built the third mile of track. He collected for it, and then with the torn-up second mile he built the fourth mile. This process was repeated, with large profit to the promoter, until the man from whom he had stolen the rails had him arrested. After that the law was amended in a way to make railroads permanent.

The Promoters' Golden Age

In many states bonds were issued and turned over to the promoters in advance of construction work. Sometimes the railroads were built and sometimes the promoters sold the bonds to more or less innocent purchasers and hurried away to Europe. It was the frenzied age of railway construction; in six years, between 1879 and 1885, three billion dollars' worth of stocks and bonds of railroads were listed on the New York Exchange. Look on the old lists and you will find many bonds of railroads that never boasted anything more valuable than a prospectus. In Missouri, owners of these bonds issued on railroads never built are still trying to collect them, and several county judges are in continual contempt of court because of their refusal to redeem the bonds. Technically they remain in jail during the entire term of office.

In that golden age for promoters Congress gave away millions of acres of land. Rival promoters raced with their lines to connect important points, while an enthusiastic public rated bond issues, bought stocks and bonds, and cheered while gold and silver spikes were driven with impressive ceremony. Whole states went railway mad, and a generation later the same state legislatures that had encouraged with bond issues chastised with restrictive laws. Again the parent was punishing the grown-up child it had spoiled.

No one is very proud of that period of American railway building. Money was given and squandered recklessly; stockholders and bonus-givers were equally and impartially duped. But every town has been repaid what the railway cost, no matter how dear the price; for commerce follows the cowcatcher.

Let Santa Bring *You* a

Santo Vacuum Cleaner

IT'S a gift that gives the whole family the good cheer and happiness that go with true household cleanliness. It's a gift that lasts a lifetime.

Think of the blessing it confers in overcoming the drudgery of cleaning. Think of the security it gives from contagious diseases by removing ALL of the germ-laden dust and dirt.

The Santo makes your home life dustless. It is the greatest life insurance in the world.

Sold on Convenient Monthly Payments

No need to strain your holiday appropriation—a modest payment puts the Santo into your home in time for Christmas. You can pay the balance in convenient monthly payments no larger than your present expense of cleaning. It saves its cost 20 times.

The Santo is the original portable VACUUM cleaner, licensed under the Kenney Patents and protected by our own basic patents fully covering its construction. Many imitations are offered under names *suggesting* the vacuum principle, but the Santo still stands alone—a real VACUUM cleaner.

Its positive vacuum pump automatically regulates the vacuum and the volume of air according to the tool in use. This insures the high velocity of air necessary for thorough cleaning without injury to furnishings.

Santo efficiency can not be equalled in any other portable cleaner. Anything short of this efficiency gives merely surface cleaning. This is a scientific fact, established by modern engineering practice.

Anybody can use the Santo with ease. Only the light aluminum nozzles, weighing but a few ounces, are moved over the furnishings. Complete with tools for 20 different purposes and adapted for use in home, church, store—anywhere.

The Santo Guaranty Bond is perpetual, protecting the user against defects at any time. No other cleaner is guaranteed in writing for more than one year.

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"Short Cuts and Money-Making Methods" was compiled from actual methods hammered out through years of experience by red-blooded, up-to-date managers and executives in 239 distinct lines of business. These men need no introduction. They have faced a thousand times the same kind of problems in handling lists of names that now confront you. The same difficulties of perfecting systematic follow-up methods—the same difficulties in the auditing department of promptly getting out statements—the same perplexities in your pay and shipping departments that you are dealing with today, these men have dealt with and eliminated at a profit by the money-saving short cuts explained in this book.

Examine this table of contents:

PART I. How to Compile a Mailing List. Possibilities of getting business by circularizing; How to Make Up a Prospects' List; How to Compile a Customers' List.

PART II. Handling Lists. How to Make Up and Arrange Lists; How to Correct Lists; How to Use Prospects' and Customers' Lists.

PART III. Getting In The Money. How to Make Regular Statements; Special Systems for Rendering Statements; How Public Utility Companies Handle Statements.

PART IV. Handling the Pay Roll and Miscellaneous Lists. How to Make Up and Handle a Pay Roll; How to Handle Stockholders' Lists; Making Up Factory Records; Special Uses for the Addressograph.

PART V. Special Appliances for Special Lists. Operating the Addressograph; Special Attachments for Special Work; Addressograph Equipment.

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